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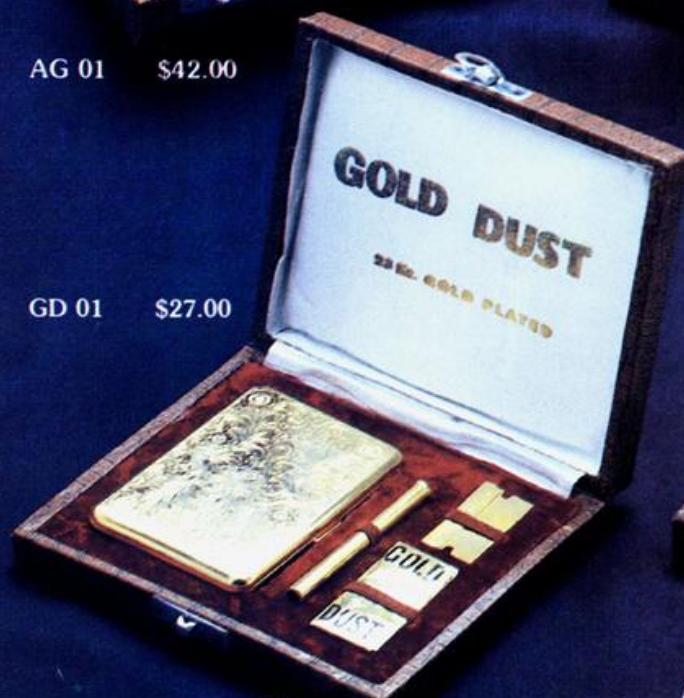
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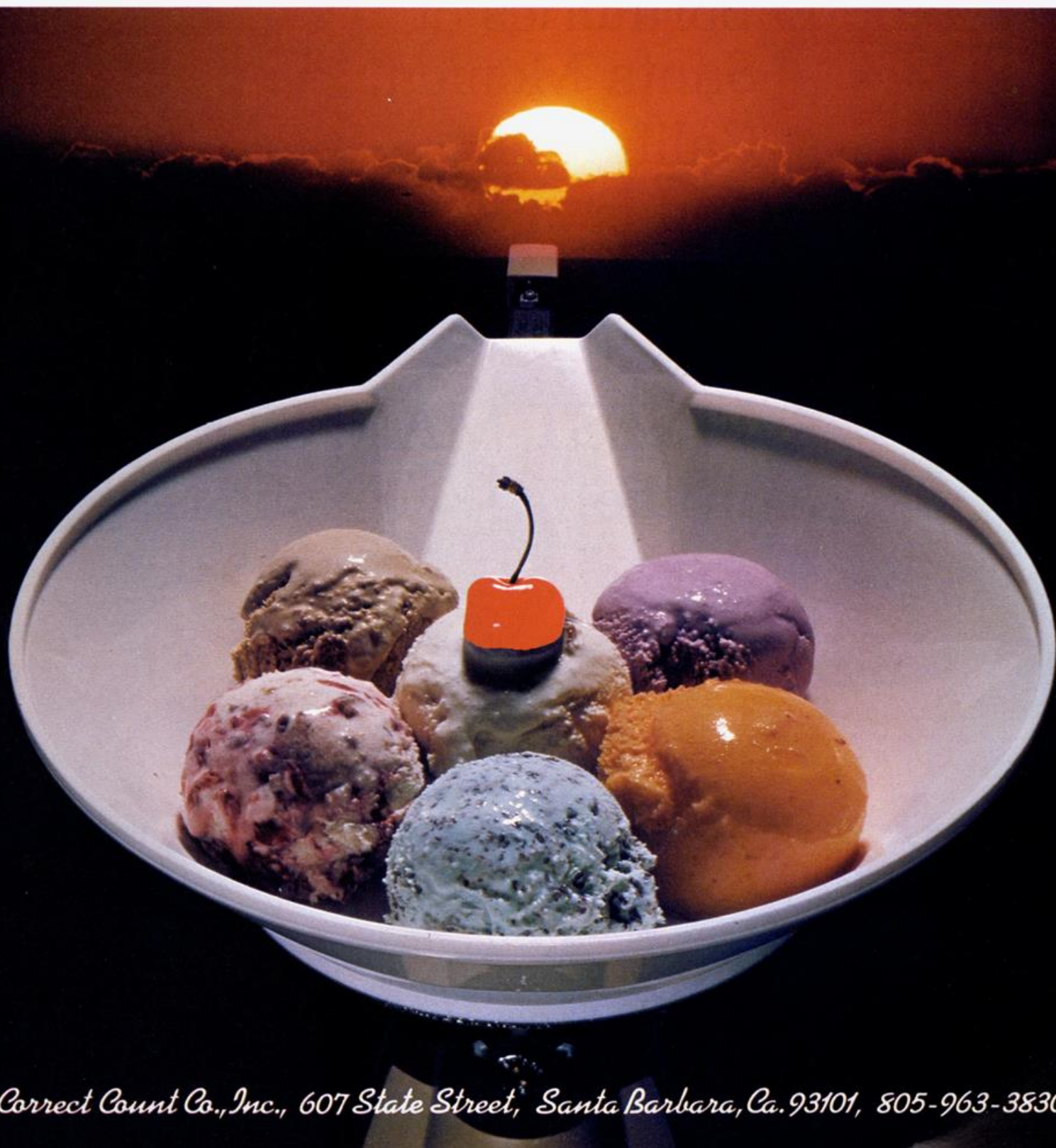
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High Times

JANUARY '80

No. 53



INTERVIEW:
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A DAY IN THE FUTURE
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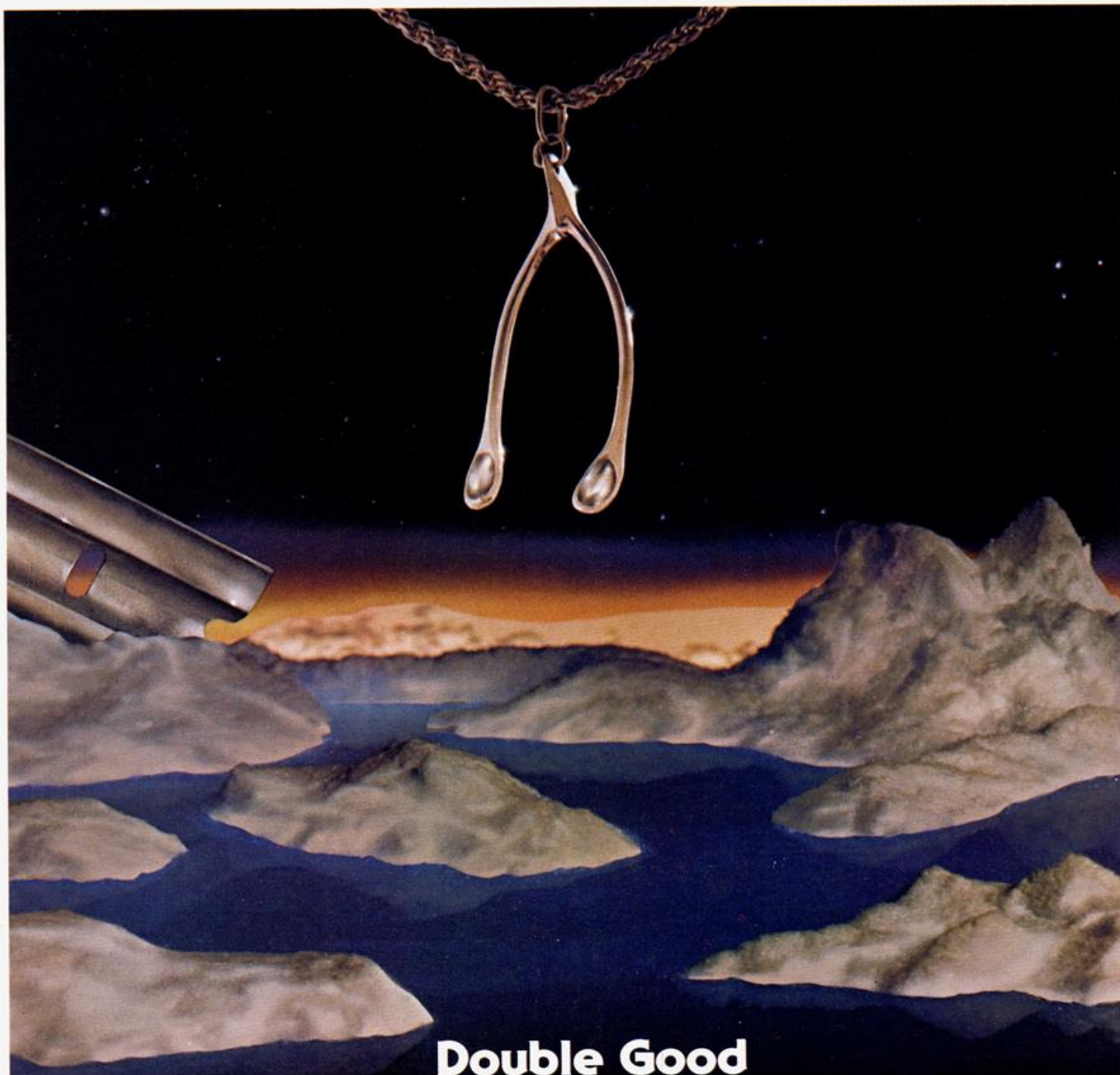
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Thomas King Forcade, 1945–1978

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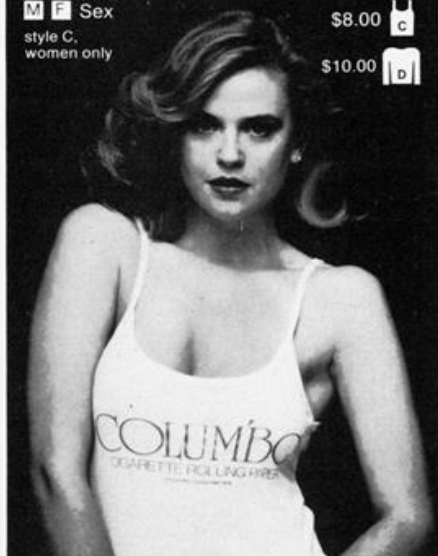
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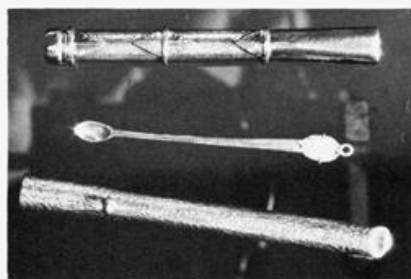
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Who's High



The fiction of the '70s will be the science of the '80s, so for our first issue of the '80s *High Times* sent **Brad Balfour** to talk with a dozen of the best science-fiction writers, including Isaac Asimov, Ray Bradbury, Samuel R. Delany, Tom Disch and Norman Spinrad, about "A Day in the Future." Some expressed optimism, others pessimism, but they all see lots of sex and drugs in your future.

High Times editors **Jeff Goldberg** and **Dean Latimer**, always a step ahead, explore some of these "Future Drugs" and suggest that within a few years you will be able to turn on to your body's own chemicals and experience the greatest highs ever.

Meanwhile, author **Laura Daltry** reports on today's status drug, "Freebase." Baseballers (aficionados of coke smoking) hail freebase as the "Perrier of toot," but critics say "freebase is so expensive, the process so risky and time-consuming, the hangover so wasted, that the whole fad is obnoxious."

In this month's "Interview," contributing editors **Charlie Frick** and **Harry Wasserman** talk with Nicolas Roeg, the director of the '80s. Roeg, who directed Bowie in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, Jagger in *Performance* and Christie and Sutherland in *Don't Look Now*, talks about his newest film, *Bad Timing*, starring Art Garfunkel and Theresa Russell, and reveals what the Hollywood dope scene is really like.

Also in this issue is an 11-page excerpt from the official program of the **MUSE** (Musicians United for Safe Energy) benefit concerts held at New York's Madison Square Garden this fall. The shows featured Bruce Springsteen, Jackson Browne, Bonnie Raitt, Peter Tosh and many other smart rockers. "Woodstock Nation vs. Nuclear Power" is an information primer about the dangers of nuclear power and offers nonpollutant energy alternatives. Energy certainly is the issue of the '80s.

Dealing takes a great leap forward as **CAMP** founder **Shay Addams** demonstrates in "Electronics for Fun and Profit," a guide to pocket computers and other high-tech devices that simplify under-the-counter transactions.

Nancy Borman, publisher of the defunct feminist newspaper *Majority Report*, chats with "A Dope Dealer's Old Lady" who offers a humorous view of her sometimes unglamorous life: "The daily humdrum of driving your man from pay phone to pay phone, explaining to your cleaning lady what \$25,000 in small bills is doing in the bread box, finding parking places for six vans, each with the same tacky desert landscape painted on the side, and remembering where you put them, can really get to be a drag."

In our "Sex" column **Al Goldstein**, publisher of *Screw* magazine, complains, "While I am better looking and reportedly have a bigger cock than Woody Allen, sexual rejection still makes me feel like a fly being digested in the gut of a Venus's-flytrap."

"Disco is... the most plastic, manufactured, sickening, disgusting, enraging, cheap shit I ever heard or had to compete against"—at least that's the "Opinion" of **Joey Ramone**, star of the film *Rock-n-Roll High School*.

Jim Morris, author of *The Strawberry Soldier*, talks about falling from high places in his "Sports" column on skydiving. In our "Connoisseur" column (formerly called "Dope"), "R." solves the "Great Thai-Stick Mystery"; he also makes his comedic debut in a new comic strip drawn by artist **Caroline Marshall**. Our January centerfold celebrates the best Lebanese hash that we've seen in a very long time. "High Jinks" is a four-color photographic portrait of some Asian high jesters and their well-worn chillums.

Next month: *High Times* goes Hawaiian.



Balfour



Goldstein



Frick



Wasserman



Latimer



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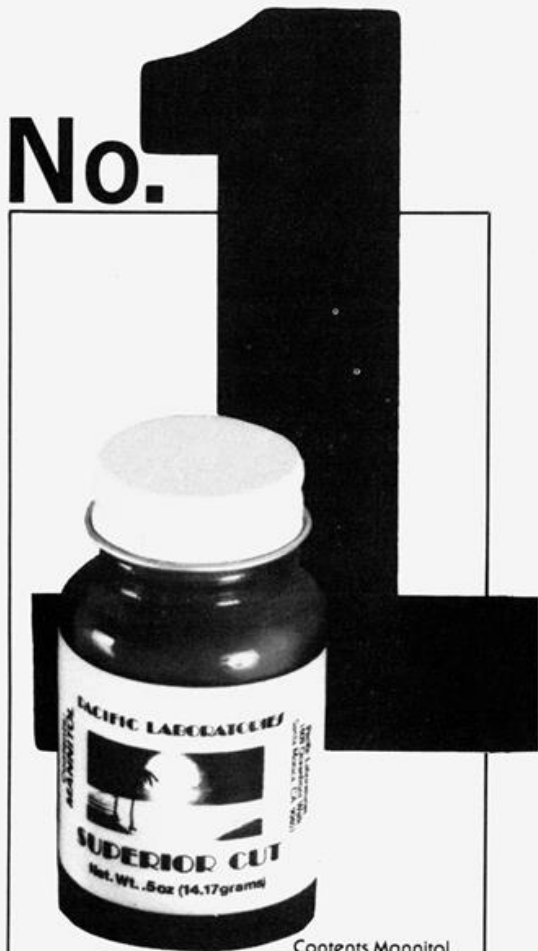
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Opinion



Michael N. Marks

THE STATE OF ROCK

The Who is the perfect example of what rock 'n' roll stands for and was always meant to be. Whether it be the '60s, '70s, '80s or '90s, the definition of rock 'n' roll is: Daring. Exciting. Bein'. Very visual—catchy and melodic tunes. Not half-hour, boring guitar solos or mindless songs about sex: She left me. Who the fuck cares!!! The kids of now are being deprived, cheated and brainwashed bad. It's not their fault, most of them just don't know better. Rock 'n' roll is dying 'cos the media are trying to kill it as they've always been trying since the days of Elvis and Gene Vincent. The media are spreading propaganda about how youth

listening to this music are having their minds poisoned and are bein' turned into habitual sex-crazed, hard-core, trisexual, mindless, pill-popping, pot-smoking, dropout mass murderers, which we all know is bullshit, but it's always worked successfully to promote the clean-up-the-image campaign. Remember Pat Boone and Doris Day—the soft-decor public image that parents will approve of. Rock 'n' roll is for rebels and outcasts. Rock music was not meant for your parents' pleasure.

Anyone who is involved, it's 'cos they're dissatisfied with things and want change. They want to experiment. They're disgusted in general. But it's the same old story throughout the generations. Corporate radio is big business now, caring only about making money, not knowing or caring what music they're playing—neatly formulated. So the DJ (whose fault it is as well, 'cos if he cared he wouldn't be working at the station) doesn't have to think either. He just follows the color-coded chart: Play the red-dotted albums 20 times an hour; the blue, 10; the green, 1, and so on. Or just follow the Top 40 playlist and don't forget five commercials for every three songs played and everyone's happy.

In the '60s radio was incredible. It was the best. Radio was very adventuresome. They played everything, which opened up a lot of marketplaces for all kinds of music. Remember AM, the WMCA Good Guys, WABC, Murray the K? The late '50s and early '60s were the best time for music.

Now everything is a copy of a copy of a copy because that's where the bucks are. Something bein' a major seller, they're out to re-create it to order. Led Zeppelin was a major record seller and influential financial success of the '60s, so record companies and radio stations are out to find and create another Led Zeppelin. Hearing a set of songs on the radio compiled of Led Zeppelin, Deep Purple, Toto, Foreigner and Van Halen, it is almost impossible to tell one from the other, there bein' no difference between '68-era heavy metal and heavy metal now except, of course, that the quality of the songs—like Deep Purple's "Highway Star"—was better then. From Elton John to Billy Joel, who sounds as much like Elton John as Elton, everything financially successful has turned into '70s acceptability, like Kiss, Boston, Aerosmith, Ted Nugent. I gotta get off this topic or I'll go crazy. I mean, I'm happy Billy Joel made it, he deserves it, but his music, like Meat Loaf's or the Eagles', is for an older crowd—like ya mother or father. It should be played on the easy-listening stations. No way is that rock 'n' roll. And disco is mindless-at-heart music to dress up by and have all the big and little fashion designers make a buck off you (sap!!!). Take Quaaludes, sway by the palms . . . It's the most plastic, manufactured, sickening, disgusting, enraging, cheap shit I ever heard or had to compete against.

AN UNSOLICITED TESTAMONIAL

—Joey Ramone
Lead singer of the Ramones



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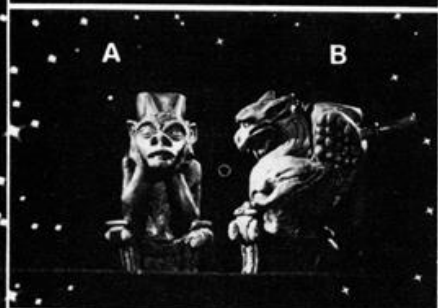
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Letters

WE'RE ALL CULTISTS ON THIS BUS

In regard to "Mind Control U.S.A." [High Times, August '79], I would like to ask: What is a cult? If you deify yourself, you are a schizophrenic. If you deify a contemporary rhetorician, you are a cultist.

In my opinion, the reason for all this hysteria is that to respect cultist beliefs is to question the validity of established religions. If we tolerate the view that some John Doe might be God, that calls into question the divinity of the famous Galilean. Pious Catholics and Protestants can easily ignore the claim that the Holy Trinity is no more sacred than the gods of Mount Olympus: Accepting cults as legitimate religions comes too close to admitting this fact.

What harm do cults do? The tragedy in Guyana was possible for the very same reason that the Japanese government was able to get the kamikaze pilots to perform suicide raids. Jim Jones had life-and-death power over his community. I doubt that any other church in the United States, whether Lutheran or Hare Krishna, would

ever be able to have such power. Besides, the Jones community was located deep in the jungle, isolated from civilized law. I do think it's reasonable to assume that most cultists are or were significantly unhappy people, hence their shopping for a new faith they can relate to.

What is the moral of the story? Lucretius said it two millennia ago: "Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum" ("Religion induces great mischief").

—John Smith, Seattle, Wash.

RAPE: LABOR OF LUST?

In the "Opinion" column, "Legitimized Prostitution Prevents Rape" [High Times, August '79], Margo St. James states that "punishing the prostitute promotes the rape of all women." We agree that prostitution should be legalized but do not feel that this theory of rape prevention ties in. Rape is a crime of violence, not sexual need. In most rapes, that violence "ranges from threatened bodily harm to blows or weapons that kill." According to Stop Rape, published by Women Against Rape in 1971, "one-third of the cases studied

wonderful gesture for world peace and harmony (get it?).

I'd be glad to put together the charts and book some studio time. Is January too soon, do you think?

Yours,

Randy Cohen

Randy Cohen

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

October 11, 1979

Dear Mr. Cohen:

This is to acknowledge your recent message to President Carter.

Thank you for giving us the opportunity to consider your views. We find it helpful to know the frank and candid opinion of all citizens. You may be sure that your remarks have been carefully noted and that your interest is appreciated.

We hope that in view of the great variety and number of concerns which are brought to our attention each day, you will understand that it is impossible for us to undertake to comment on them point by point.

Sincerely,

Landon Kite

Landon Kite
Staff Assistant

SPECIAL DELIVERY

Aug. 20, 1979

Dear President Carter:

I read in the papers that you and Mrs. Carter left Camp David early this past weekend to attend a violin recital by your daughter Amy and her fellow students of Ronda Cole. I noticed that the program included "Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star." I'll bet you and Mrs. Carter really enjoyed that one. I know it's a favorite of mine.

I was thinking about Amy's violin playing, and then I remembered that during the Newport in Washington concerts you sang "Salt Peanuts" with Dizzy Gillespie's band. That's when I got the idea.

Wouldn't it be terrific if someone produced a record album of music performed by world leaders and their families! You could sing, Amy could play her violin, and many other world leaders could also be in the band. Remember President Nixon? Well, he plays the piano. And, I once saw a photograph of Idi Amin playing the accordion. I've heard that Queen Elizabeth plays the trombone, although this is unconfirmed. Do you know if this is true?

I know that you and your fellow world leaders are very busy people, so you wouldn't have to go on the road, just do studio sessions. This could be a

showed roughness was employed by the rapist; in one-fourth the victim was beaten 'nonbrutally' during rape; in one-fifth she was choked and gagged by her assailant. This data should discredit the image of the rapist as a man suddenly overcome by sexual needs."

Come on, Margo! Prostitution should be legalized, but for different reasons; women in any field deserve the right to legal standards and representation and to have employment discrimination and malpractice dissolved.

—Bonnie, Lesley, Mary, Lisa,
South Lake Tahoe, Ca.

Thank you for the viewpoint by Margo St. James. Unfortunately no address was given to support either COYOTE or her campaign for president. Could you please supply the details?

—Name and address withheld

Write: COYOTE, Box 26354, San Francisco, Ca. 94131. —Ed.

CHUNKY BUT CUTE

On a vacation in Colombia, we were lucky to see where all the U.S. money is going. We really enjoyed this hefty 12-gram



chunk of coke, considered the best crema ("cream") from Peru. Notice how I used the past tense to describe it. Sigh!

—Name and address withheld

CREAM OF MUSHROOMS

Down here in southern Texas, a phone call from me saying "It's tea time" usually brings my friends running. They know I've made a batch of mushroom tea and that it's party time. We have many varieties of



"hongos" here in the Rio Grande Valley, and more than one are psychoactive. This photo shows a batch of *Psilocybe cubensis*, the most common and potent, and they have provided me with a gambit of personal highs.

—Larry, Border Shroomers Anonymous ☛

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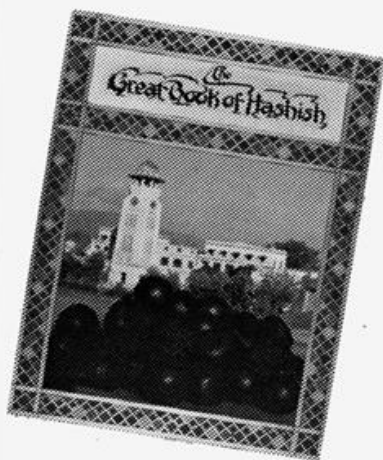
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RAZOR KNIVES: THE CRUELEST CUT

Q: I hate to use a rusty razor blade to chop up cocaine because of the detrimental aesthetics of and health factors presented by iron oxide flakes. So I've taken to using a razor knife, instead of a single-edge blade, because it seems to delineate more blow before rusting up. However, a friend who's an ex-model-airplane builder and current coke aficionado recently told me the reason the razor-knife blades don't oxidize quickly is that they're packaged with a light coating of oil. Is this true?

—Nick Rhodes, Nashua, N.H.

A: The hobbyist's boon is indeed the doper's bane—the knife blades are indeed anointed with preservative oils. Cocaine hydrochloride readily absorbs liquid, as we all know, and it's definitely worth going out of your way to avoid petroleum-permeated toot. Considering the investment one must make to score genuine coke nowadays, a box of paper-wrapped single-edge razors is a negligible expense, even if you throw the blades out after one use.

CBs AND SUNSPOTS

Q: I spent over \$6,000 getting my house and three vans fitted out with long-range CB equipment last spring—never mind why—but now I'm feeling ripped off. About one-third of the time there's so much static we can't hear each other, and we keep picking up other weird signals on our bands. Like, I nearly piled up once when I got a police dispatcher on the band—except that he turned out to be in Augusta, Georgia. Did I get stung on this CB gear, or what?

—Bobby M., Hibbing, Minn.

A: No, just put up with it for a couple of years and it'll get better. The sun's raising hell right now, that's all: It's the peak of the 22-year sunspot cycle. Whenever there's a big solar eruption, huge clouds of radiation float out past the earth's orbit, and whenever that happens, radio signals go all haywire. Satellites go out of commission, the Concorde has to fly lower, and CB-radio owners go nuts. During the sunspot peak in 1957, it wasn't such a nuisance; but now Pan Am and Trans World Airways are recording radio trouble on their high-altitude runs over the Pole, and mechanisms on the Alaskan pipeline are fritzing out. The further north you are, the more likely your high-frequency communications will be screwed by sunspots, so in Minnesota you've got trouble. The current peak, astronomers believe, is probably the most violent solar activity they've recorded

since 1848, when reliable records were first kept: There may be as many as 152 major eruptions this year alone. It's all slated to subside within the next 18 months or so, and after that your CB gear ought to work swell for another 22 years.

TAINTED TRAWLERS FOR SALE

Q: I would like some information on the boats in southern Florida that have been impounded by authorities for ferrying weed. I've heard that they are kept tied up



Some discount dope dinghies awaiting adoption.

at Customs docks, sometimes for years, waiting for auction. What do I have to do in order to purchase one of these boats?

—L.B., Pegua, Ohio

A: The General Services Administration auctions off boats when their confiscation becomes final—after the smuggling cases are out of court. They will mail you information about auctions if you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: General Services Administration, Sales Branch, 75 Spring Street SW, Atlanta, Ga. 30303. They won't tell you anything about auctions over the phone, but the boats probably sit in dry dock for months or even years, said the Sales Branch there. The prices range from \$6,000 to \$50,000, they said discouragingly, but perhaps they're just trying to keep a good thing to themselves.

Questions on all topics will be considered for "Adviser," including all highs, health, sex, law, science, technology, music, etc. Only those of most interest can be answered. Please be specific. Anonymous queries are accepted. ☐

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 - B. Plain View Seizures
 - C. Consenting To A Search
 - D. Protecting Your Right To Privacy
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 - B. Your Right To Consult An Attorney
 - C. Waiving Your Rights
 - D. Custodial Interrogations: When The Miranda Warnings Apply
 - E. Why Do People Confess?
 - F. Interrogation Techniques
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High Society



Wide World

Manson: the most social guy in solitary.

Charles Manson may never leave the cell-block but he still gets around. Since he's been incarcerated at California's Vacaville, **Tim Leary** passed through the cell next to his, and now he's bosom buddies with President Carter's nephew, **Willie Carter Spann**, serving time at Vacaville for robbery. Manson and Spann were recently photographed together by a fellow inmate, comparing families, no doubt.

They're the best on grass and clay, but when it came to Mudd, new-wave net stars **Vitas Gerulaitis** and **John McEnroe** accepted a few tips from **Stiv Bators**, former vocalist of the **Dead Boys**. The tennis stars visited New York's underground watering hole the Mudd Club on a recent tour and wound up giving Mr. Bators a few tips on his serve. The redoubtable singer held the boys in equal thrall, however, with his tips on faults and the smash shot.



Kate Simon

Vitas, Stiv and John (left to right) compare moves.



Kate Simon

The Clash's Joe Strummer ties one on.

While Britain's top new-wave band the **Clash** may be a long way from opening their own fashion boutique (like the **Beatles'** Apple), lead singer **Joe Strummer** has been trying his hand at fashion design. Here's Joe's latest in neckwear—a hand-penned design on brown wrapping paper. Could this signal a move away from those skinny ties?



Kate Simon



Naipoliano

Debbie Harry slaps the skins; Chris Stein gives some to wrestler Bob Backlund.

The **Blondies** are branching out. **Deborah Harry**, lead singer of the top pop group, has been picking up more and more instruments lately. Some Blondie fans have had a brief sample of her trumpet work, but now Debbie's working out on drums. She's pictured here slapping the skins for violin and synthesizer wizard **Walter Steding**. Ms. Harry's main squeeze, **Chris Stein**, has also been exploring some new fields. Stein, with a little help from the aforementioned Mr. Steding, has completed the sound track for Debbie's first major motion picture, *Union City*, coming soon to a theater near you. Although the picture is generally described as a moody, psycho-thriller love story, Stein says that a lot of his musical inspiration came from the wrestling matches he attends frequently at Madison Square Garden. The writer of "Heart of Glass" and "Dreaming" is pictured with buddy **Bob Backlund**, the current champ of the World Wide Wrestling Federation. Stein has denied any ring ambitions; Backlund has denied any musical ambitions. But rumors persist that the band's next opening act may be two women's tag teams in a pit of mud.

Folk-rocker **Eric Andersen**, **Bob Dylan's** compadre during the Greenwich Village golden folkie era, is aghast at Dylan's recent conversion. Says Andersen: "Born-again Bob? You mean dead-again! All kidding aside, I'll always defend Bob. But Christianity? There's nothing more macabre and less fun!" Andersen recently appeared at New York's C&W Lone Star Cafe with **Johnny Sunday**, a satirist of fire-and-brimstone evangelists. No newcomer to show biz, Johnny is really **Vaughn Meader**, JFK's imitator on the First Family albums. Vaughn has abandoned his Camelot coif and Brooks Brothers suit for a scraggly beard, long hair, cowboy hat and boots. Meader began to develop the new routine during the lean years after the JFK assassination, when he was the voice of a resurrected Jesus Christ on the comedy album *The Second Coming*. Maybe Vaughn will do Dylan next, although his impersonations seem to be the kiss of death. ☐



Chuck Pulin

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FEAR OF FALLING

by Jim Morris



Photos by James B. Adair

Sky divers talk about death the way 12-year-old boys talk about sex. Their frightening but tantalizing preoccupation is perhaps best explained by Juan Matus, Carlos Castaneda's Yaqui Indian sorcerer. Says Don Juan: "Without the awareness of death, man would lack the necessary potency, the necessary concentration that transforms one's time on earth into magical power. Your body likes fright. When you fear you see in a different way."

There is a magical power in skydiving, because the fear of falling is The Fear. And besides, if I don't do something truly frightening periodically I grow fearful of ordinary life, of car accidents, career reverses and overdue notes.

I coasted into Carlos Brannon's Paradise Drop Zone, five miles south of Noble at Slaughterville Corners, Oklahoma. Carlos had a mobile home refitted as an office and rigger shed. There were already a few jumpers packing on the ground out in front. Carlos, a short, well-made man, sat on the sleeve of his paracommander, stowing lines. Packing with him were Fred Leslie, a self-proclaimed sky god of the DZ, and his girl friend, Jenny Henson, a peculiar combination of peaches and steel. She wore one of the chutes Carlos rents out, and the way the reserve chute was rigged was unfamiliar.

"Don't worry about it," Carlos joked. "If you hammer in I'll just send you back up with another one."

"Don't say that," Fred laughed. "If she goes in I'll be eating at McDonald's tonight."

It took several minutes for the plane to reach 7,500 feet. Carlos motioned me into the door, the engine died and I climbed out onto the step, into the wind. In the next 30

There is a magical power in skydiving, because the fear of falling is The Fear.

seconds I had to be alert to make a conscious decision to keep on living. Surprising how few people trust themselves to do that.

As I hurtled down, I cocked my hands to the left and the ground spun clockwise like a top. I cocked them back a little to stop, then swirled the other way, then stopped again. Then I grabbed some sky and tucked my knees up. Everything blurred—brown, blue, brown. My needle dropped past three grand, so I went for it, flared back out and a second or so later felt a jerk at my back as the canopy opened. And that's how it is when it goes right.

A couple of Sundays later, I was supposed to pick up my kids for the day at noon and decided to buzz out to the DZ for a quick one. It was a perfect day, clear sky, almost no wind, but I was distracted, worried about getting the jump in and picking up the boys on time.

Spaced-out like that, I very nearly violated the maxim The time to pull is when the people look like ants; when the ants look like people it's too late.

I was wearing a borrowed chute. The straps were rigged a little differently than I was used to, but I figured if I got them good and tight they'd be okay. As we climbed higher, I kept tightening them.

The engine died and I bombed out, got halfway into my arch and my body just stopped. The straps were so tight that I bound up, hunkered over and couldn't get into a stable position. All I could see was sky and feet, falling straight toward the ground at 125 miles an hour, screwed up like Hogan's goat. I grabbed the rip cord.

Tug...SLAM...POP! My rate of descent, slowing from 125 miles an hour to 17 feet per second, snapped me over, cracking my neck like the tip of a whip. I was knocked nearly out of my parachute. My vision wasn't right either. The trees below were shimmering, luminous emerald green surrounded by golden, pulsing shadows. Screwed up as I was, I could only marvel at the beauty of it.

Then the ground started coming up fast, and although I remembered to get my feet and knees together, I let my toes draw up and landed on my left heel, snapping the ankle inside its steel shank boot—both bones clean across.

I'd landed in the backyard of an elderly gentleman, who came out the screen door in bib overalls and a straw hat and said howdy do as if finding a banged-up parachutist in a cloud of bright nylon in his backyard was an everyday experience.

Some jumpers showed up in Ben's old blue pickup and hauled me off to the emergency room.

I've jumped since then, but during the year it took my leg to heal, I spent a lot of time worrying about just how safe the sport is. I have known two people who got killed jumping, and three jumpers who lost a husband, a son and a fiancé. I called the



U.S. Parachute Association and talked to a young man named Ted Roland, who said that in 1976—the last year for which they had completely collected data—there were 54 fatalities out of an estimated one and a half million jumps. That means your chances of getting waxed on any given jump are about 1 in 30,000.

As straight odds go, these aren't worth worrying about. However, of those fatalities, 40 percent had fewer than 25 jumps and were probably too snaky to deal with an emergency. Thirty percent had over 200 jumps, and my guess is they went out with a ho-hum attitude. The remainder, I'd be willing to bet, all went out like I did, with their bodies in the air and their minds elsewhere. Jumping when your act is together is not dangerous. Jumping when it is not is deadly.

Don Juan says, in a slightly different context, "A man goes to knowledge as he goes to war, with fear, with respect, and with absolute assurance. Whoever goes to knowledge or to war in any other manner will live to regret his steps."

My eyes have never healed right. I must have popped the retinas or something. There is a little shimmering cloud in the center of my right vision, and a little shimmering ring in the center of my left vision. Sometimes I go running in the evening. Coming home, I run into the sunset. I close my right eye, squint my left, and that little ring shines like fire. It makes the steady stream of traffic topping the rise ahead look like it's jumping through a hoop of fire. At first it was a little unnerving, but I enjoy it now. ■

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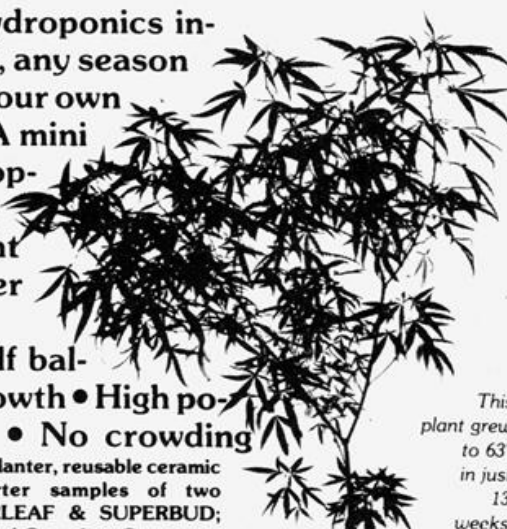
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SOLD AT BETTER HEAD SHOPS EVERYWHERE

I WAS A SEXUAL REJECT

by Al Goldstein

As I approach my slumbering, doddering senior years, I feel more and more like a prisoner in an endless Woody Allen film. While I am better looking and reportedly have a bigger cock than Woody (he plays a better clarinet, though), rejection still makes me feel like a fly being digested in the gut of a Venus's-flytrap. I am a sexy package tied with a neat ribbon, but were you to open me up, you would find only an empty box. At least that is how I am made to feel by my rather pathetic defeats at the hands, bosoms and pussies of the women I fervently seek to seduce.

Many sex symbols are very lonely people. It has been reported that Marilyn Monroe cried herself to sleep many a night because nobody took her out, always assuming that she had made other (and doubtless better) plans. Ali MacGraw and Farrah Fawcett are likewise considered to be so obviously unattainable that they too are left alone by the roving male animal. I wish that were the case with me, but my rejection is much more intimate and well-directed. Women do not rebuff me by their lack of attention; they turn me down right to my face.

As a Jew from Brooklyn, I grew up in the lap of sexual rejection. I always felt that a woman was doing me a favor when she let me cop a feel of her left tit through the shirt. In those rare drunken moments when that copped feel included raw flesh because I got inside her brassiere, I would almost faint from the excitement. Most of the time, however, I was lucky to get a polite handshake after a heavy date.

As I left my teen years behind, I started failing on a much larger scale. Though I have never been turned down by a hooker, almost every kind of amateur woman has passed my cock by. It may have been the huge weight and mammoth girth that I carried with me for much of my adulthood. It might simply be my rather shabby personality and insecure ways, or perhaps others are responsible for those macho insecurities. But regardless of the cause, failure is my middle name.

A few months back I finally hit the zenith of my career as a sexual reject. I was at the Brown Derby restaurant in Hollywood, attending the annual Adult Film Awards show. In attendance with me were the meat and potatoes of the flesh peddlers' marketplace; the essence of all that is wanton and decadent. Wall-to-wall porno stars, washed-up hookers, trolls-



Women do not rebuff me by their lack of attention; they turn me down right to my face.

to-be and a chef's salad of perverts were all on display. And there I was, being featured as the publisher of *Screw* in my new, thin body; spotlighted onstage while presenting an award to the director of the best fuck film of the year. With all that attention, how could I fail?

Well, it wasn't easy, but I managed. After the presentations and festivities were over, I watched members of the audience peel off to party in various sexual combinations and configurations. There were several good-looking porno actresses at my table, but for some reason—whether it was latent homosexuality or active fear of rejection—I never made a move.

Like Woody Allen, I have the problem of wanting to be swept off my feet. I don't like to venture out of the cave that hides my vulnerability and reach out to a woman. I want her to grab me, heave

me madly to the floor and jump on top of my limp body as she moans, "I must have you! You are everything a man can be. Take me please, I'm yours!"

Short of that, I am the nerd of the year. I am not too good at small talk, and the idea of asking a lovely lady "Who's your favorite singer?" or "Seen any good movies lately?" is so vomit-inducing that I can hardly stumble through anything faintly resembling a cool approach. I sometimes think that the best tactic for me would be to simply unzip, take out my small Jewish cock and lay it on the woman's shoulder. The odds are that most women would rather run away screaming or would say, "I always throw back the small ones," but then again, there just might be one or two ladies who would chomp on my meat tube. But that's all theory. The harsh reality is that I don't make an honest effort, so I get turned

down 1,000 times out of 999.

A friend of mine named Shelly is a fat ball of fur who packs nearly 250 pounds on his five-foot-two frame. Shelly is so rotund that if he fell down while crossing the street, he would automatically roll into the gutter. But I always see Shelly with women, and they're usually very attractive. He doesn't even pay for his pussy, and it is surely not due to his intelligence, which is on the level of a rusty fire hydrant. I once asked Shelly to what he attributed his success with women, and he told me, "I'm not afraid to ask for the order." What he meant was that he took the chance and risked the sting of rejection—something I fear just a little bit less than being castrated with a McCullough chain saw.

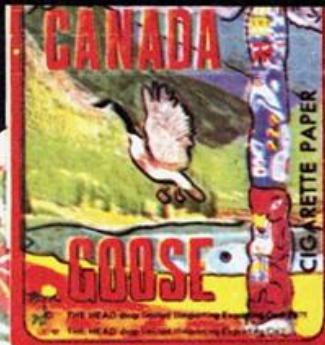
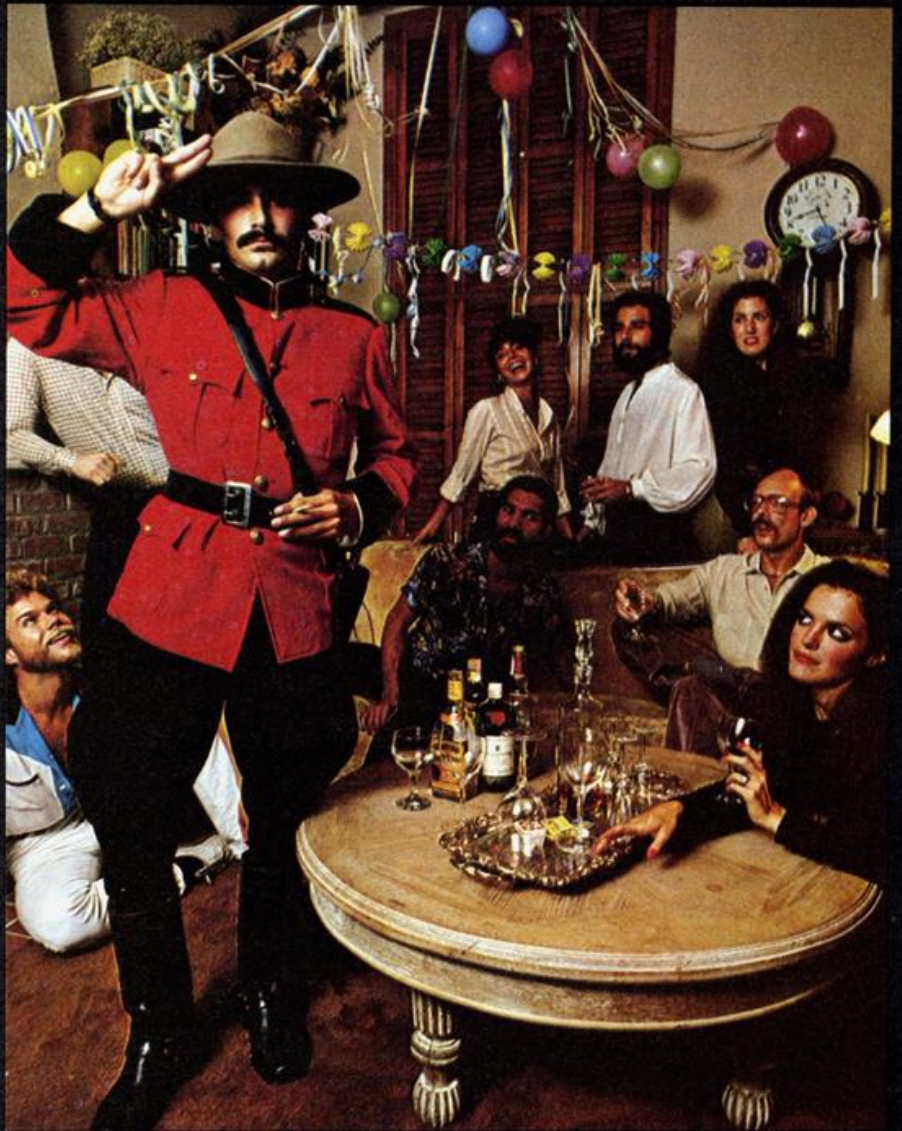
So there I was, at the table at this high-priced Adult Film Awards dinner and making no move, feeling more and more sorry for myself and plummeting deeper and deeper into the black hole of depression. Finally I found myself alone at the table, as all the other men and women had already made connections and were no doubt nimbly fucking their brains out while I looked at my coffee and dreamed about strawberry shortcake.

But hark!—all was not lost. I found out later that a group of people were going to Plato's Retreat West, the notorious Hollywood swingers' mecca. Because of my reputation as a pornographic legend, the impossible was done—I was allowed to enter Plato's West unaccompanied by a woman as I tagged along with three other couples. I figured that here I was sure to get laid. There was bound to be some woman who was so sexed up that she would be inclined to throw some my way. After all, I reasoned, it would be like Mount Everest losing a pebble: Who's counting?

And so I sniffed around Plato's West for two hours, praying that some woman's boyfriend or husband would collapse and I would be called upon to fill in as a stunt cock. But no, my evening of sexual rejection continued, and the ever-lengthening shadow of my own incompetence got longer by the minute. It was like being a blind person at a film festival or a dieter at a three-star French restaurant. I was looking at everyone else humping and pumping while I mourned my own fate. The only thing I was getting good at, by dint of concentrated practice, was failure. I finally packed it all in and went back to the hotel, where I found my only sexual success of the entire evening—jerking off into my fist.

What this all proves is that it isn't the illusion that counts, but rather the reality. In my case, the harsh truth is that as an embodiment of the new sexual permissiveness, my life is more like Catholic celibacy. It would be all right if that were my chosen vocation, but with me it is simply due to repeated rejection—a fatal side effect of chronic social incompetence. ■

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THE GREAT THAI-STICK MYSTERY

by "R.," Dope Connoisseur

At last I can report I've solved the Great Thai-Stick Mystery—a puzzle that has perplexed puffers for years. What *did* become of Thai? It's a complex story involving international intrigue, revolutionary upheavals—but it has a happy ending, so let's start with that.

Strangely enough it was in Hawaii, home of the only marijuana that has ever rivaled Thai, that I rediscovered this lost treasure of Indochina. And learned the secret of its mysterious mid-decade disappearance. I was relaxing in the home of a wealthy local connoisseur and he was treating this mainland visitor to an island-by-island tour of the cream of his stash when he announced: "Now I'd like to let you smoke something *really* special."

By that time I was so far out in deep space from the Kona gold and Puna butter we'd begun with that I couldn't imagine anything more special. What was it, I asked him.

"Thai," he said.

"Thai?" I scoffed. "I thought all Thai was bogus. The only stuff that reaches the mainland is second-rate sinsemilla masquerading as Thai." In one of my first columns, a year and a half ago, I'd denounced the phony-Thai scam and wrote a sad obituary about that delicious smoke.

"I remember that column," he said, "but the international situation has changed drastically since then—the new regime in Cambodia, the Vietnamese upheaval. But the key is the Meo tribesmen."

"Why them?" I asked.

"Before I explain the politics of it all," he said, "let me show you what the result has been." Five minutes later he emerged from his air-cooled walk-in humidor with several glistening plastic pouches filled with thick clumps of green, gold and brown material. There were sticks, colas, big buds, little buds. The first thing I noticed before he even opened any of the sealed packets was the subtle coloring—that special dusky gray green that has always characterized the very best Thai.

Then he opened them and with a rush of excitement I sniffed that pungent, musky, exotic fragrance that's peculiar to Thai. Still I was skeptical. I was greedy for a taste and almost tore the stuff out of his hands in my eagerness to roll up a joint.

The very first toke flew me straight back to a room on New York's Greenwich Avenue where the Original Dope Taster himself first turned me on to the first big shipment of Thai to reach the East Coast.

I remember the red velvet rug I was sitting on suddenly turning into a magic carpet rocketing me into new realms of thought and feeling. It took me to a place no other grass had shown me. What was astonishing was the clarity of the impressions I had, none of the vagueness and emotional melodrama that can blur and color the insights on some lesser weed highs. There was a kind of majestic detachment that was somehow not without compassion for distant earthly phenomena.

Since Thai sticks had first become popular with American GIs in nearby Vietnam, it is possible that the grass was bred to produce a high that would afford the venerable grunt the maximum amount of detachment and well-being in an existence that would otherwise be intolerable. Whether or not that widespread Thai-stick detachment can be blamed for the amorality of some American conduct over there, or whether sticks might have, as some have suggested, been a secret

weapon of the NLF in subverting the American soldiers' will to wage an immoral war, is a matter for speculation on some other occasion. Suffice it to say that the taste for Thai returned to the States with the returning GIs, and as long as the war or American presence continued so did the supply. But after the 1975 fall of Saigon not only the really good Thai, but almost all Thai, began to disappear.

The trouble, my host explained, was that the Meo tribesmen left the trade and the new Thai sticks began to be made by the Thais themselves.

I had been sampling some of the colas and loose buds and with some effort I returned to the subject at hand.

"The Meo tribesmen?"

"Yes, they had their smuggling routes for opium and weed through the Golden Triangle, and they controlled some turf in Thailand even though they weren't ethnic Thai. For complicated reasons having to do with the Vietnam-Cambodia split and the lack of American routes once Saigon

I was greedy for a taste of Thai and almost tore the stuff out of the Hawaiian's hands in my eagerness to roll up a joint.



Mark Rosoff

fell, they were forced to give up their weed business. There was still a big demand for 'Thai' and some of the lowland ethnic Thais began to grow it themselves. Well they just didn't know how to do it the way the Meos did. The stuff they grew was just ordinary."

"That's why the quality of Thai dropped?" I asked.

"Yes, because Thai Thai is nothing like Meo Thai, if you follow me."

I was following a cloud of smoke from one of the sticks that I lit—following it up to the ceiling, meditating on the meaning of its dispersion patterns.

"Well," I said, pulling my thoughts back down to earth. "This is obviously Meo Thai. I mean, this is the real thing. It is coming back, for real?"

"That's what I've been trying to tell you. Only very recently—right after the Vietnamese takeover of Cambodia for some complicated reasons I don't have down clearly—the Meos have got back into the Thai-stick business and they're working with American growers on branching out from sticks into Thai sinsemilla colas, and loose Thai-bud lids. This is the first big season for them, and so far most of it is scarfed up in Hawaii and the California coast; but if things go well, genuine Thai could go national again."

"I hope they keep doing them in sticks," I said. "I always liked the delicate way they were tied."

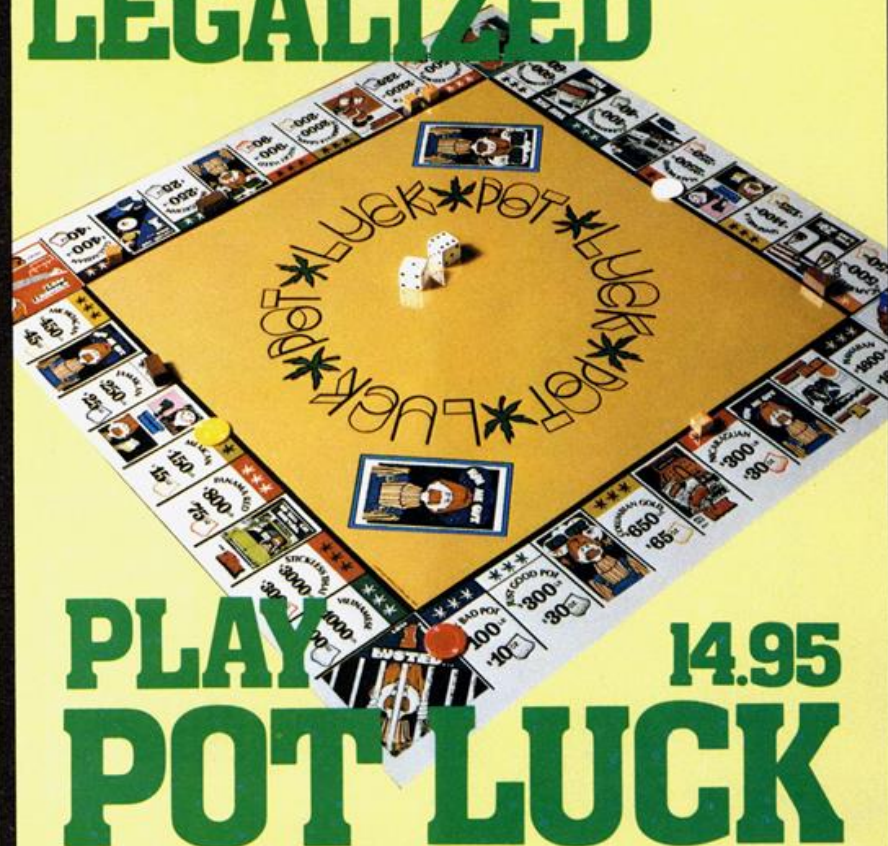
"Right. You could tell it was the real thing because the Meos used a special hemp fiber twine they got from their own plants. Hey, if you like, I could introduce you to this old guy, a refugee who was a professional Thai twine tier for the Meos before he had to flee. You should see this guy's fingers work. He's doing some tying work for some friends of mine. Gets a good price, so he's friendly. Want to see a Thai stick tied?"

A half hour later I was in the presence of this nimble-fingered master. He wasn't that friendly as it turned out. He was a cantankerous old Indochinese who was constantly muttering about how Americans didn't know the right way to tie Thai and he would be damned if he'd give away any secrets to people who would use it to pass off fraud Thai as the real thing.

When he calmed down he did agree to allow me to watch him tie up one single stick. Carefully he laid out some freshly imported buds, gave them an expert twist and bit off and set next to them a thread-like length of hemp fiber and a slender bamboo sliver stick. Then his fingers flashed and in seconds he laid in front of me a delicately crafted, tightly laced, perfectly proportioned Thai stick. It was a magic moment I'll remember whenever I have the privilege of smoking Thai. And from the promising advance word in Hawaii it looks possible we may all come to share that extraordinary privilege again soon. ■

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Gabrielle and the crew at **High Times** who brought you the good news, and to Andy and the **Digest** for good advice and common sense. To our retailers, who wanted to get MAXIMIZER™s to you and who paid in advance when we needed the money. You patronize 'em, hear? And let us never forget Kim, John, Peggy, David, Betsy, Andrew, Florian, and Bill without whose support, both financial and personal, there would be no MAXIMIZER™s for Christmas.

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Highwitness News

Jan. '80

No. 53

DEA, Navy Team Up with RCMP Dope Warriors

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA—Federal narcotics agents here have joined forces with U.S. agents to work out closer tactical links, including joint military surveillance and apprehension setups, to combat the flourishing grass trade in this region. Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RCMP) dope chief Dave

Staples has been in steady contact with the Seattle Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) ever since the DEA brought down three spectacular multiton busts last year in Puget Sound and tipped the RCMP to various other shipments.

The biggest DEA-RCMP bust so far was of

the 200-foot freighter *Samarkanda*, which brought 35 tons of Colombian gold into Sydney Inlet north of here. DEA snitch-tips had alerted the U.S. feds that a monster load of dorado was due along the B.C. coast, and they staked out a mobile home on Orca Island in the sound, which was evidently used as a communications center. The DEA tipped the RCMP to the *Samarkanda*'s destination and estimated time of arrival: After she nosed into Sydney Inlet about 4 a.m., then, the Canadian Navy destroyer *Qu'Appelle* blocked off the inlet's mouth. When dawn came, the *Samarkanda* was seen to be grounded on a bar, listing badly and taking water, so the RCMP boarded and busted the 20 crew members, mostly Costa Ricans and Colombians; the ship is believed to have been out of Tumaco, on Colombia's Pacific coast. Simultaneously, DEA agents raided the Orca communications trailer—outfitted with a single-side-band transceiver and other elaborate gear—and busted the occupant.

Impressed with the big bust, RCMP narcs have been talking openly about a paramilitary linkup with the U.S. feds. Seattle DEA special agent Bob Waltz has told Canadian officials that his outfit enjoys close cooperation with the U.S. Navy, using its satellites to help track big dope loads like the 13.5 tons that were seized by the RCMP on Tofimo Island last year up on the B.C. coast, an ideal smuggler region.

"It is certainly valid to speculate that because of the remoteness of the area and the standpoint of marine attraction," says Waltz, "new routes are being established here as the heat is put on smugglers in the Caribbean." RCMP narc Staples concurs: "I know of literally hundreds of places along the coast where even large vessels could come in and be completely hidden from view."

In exchange for intelligence assistance from the DEA and the U.S. Navy, Staples has suggested placing 24-hour lookouts along the coast near Tofimo. "If you take a map and try to select an ideal smuggling area on the West Coast," he observes, "the first place you'd pick is the area north of Tofimo. It's isolated. There's little marine traffic. And there are plenty of places to hide."

Bogus Narcs Strike Again in Cop-Terrorized Miami



MIAMI—Three men entered, searched and thoroughly trashed a private home here recently, while the occupants watched, simply by pretending to be narcs. Three men carrying .38-caliber pistols, one of them in a Miami city cop's outfit, approached an occupant in her front yard, identified themselves as Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) agents and gruffly demanded entry. Then the men went through everything in the place and left, witnesses said, without taking anything.

"Those were not our people," said Miami DEA chief Allan Pringle. "We don't know who they were." The Miami P.D. let the witnesses go through the photo files of the whole

patrol division, but no positive identifications turned up.

According to a Miami attorney, the police-sponsored dope war in southern Florida has reached the point where any given resident of Dade County stands a better than 50 percent chance of being detained, searched or interrogated by cops within the next year. The situation has created opportunities for persons ready to impersonate narcs in order to gain entry to people's homes. Not long ago, three bail bondsmen pretending to be narcs terrorized a Miami woman in her home for half an hour, demanding she divulge the whereabouts of a high-bond skip, before they realized they'd hit the wrong address.

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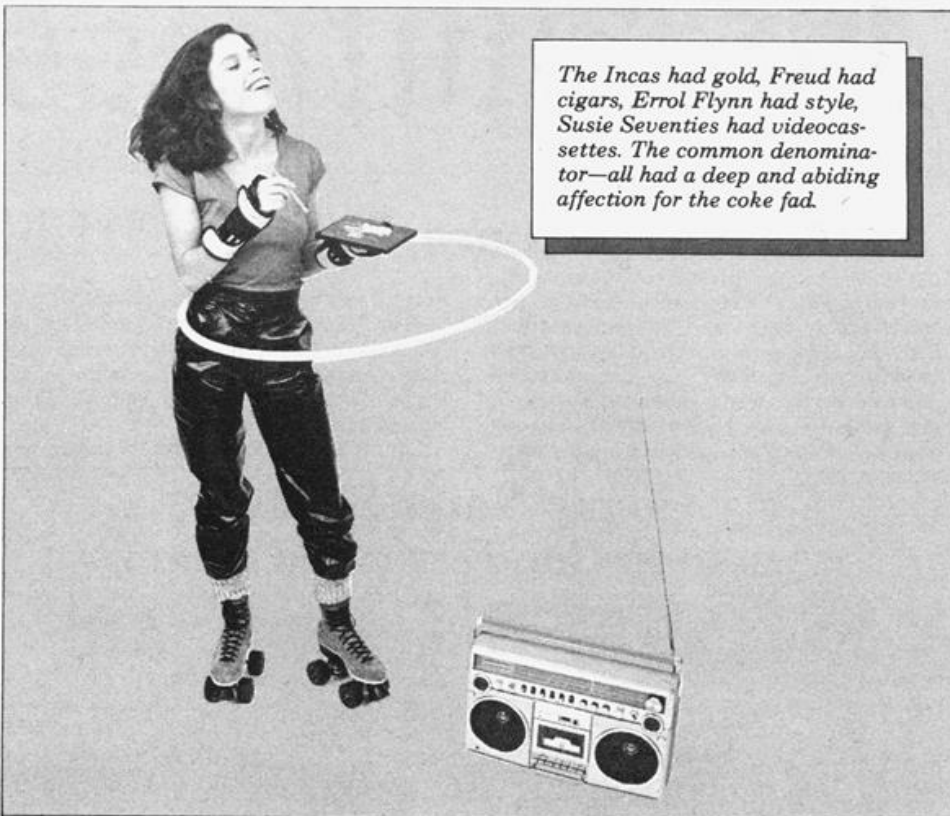
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NIDA Doc Calls Coke a "Hula-Hoop" Fad

VANCOUVER—A top U.S. expert on stimulant drugs, testifying for the prosecution in the federal cocaine case here, has observed that while coke use has every aspect of a fad, opiate use hasn't changed materially in over a century. Characterizing cocaine as a fashionable "Hula-Hoop drug," Dr. John Griffith of Baltimore's National Institute on Drug Abuse pointed out that the percentage of narcotics addicts in the general population hasn't changed since the 1800s.

Justice Thomas Burger, presiding in crown court over a case involving nine coke defendants, was told by Dr. Griffith that Canadians could expect a sharp rise in coke snorting in the next few years if dopers in Canada follow the example of their U.S. counterparts. Estimating that there are currently 5 million occasional tooters in the United States, Dr. Griffith termed it essentially a "middle-class situation" and said the drug has gained popularity among professionals. Asked by a defense lawyer if coke dealers should be dealt with harshly, Dr. Griffith responded, "They should be dealt with, but harshly is another matter."

The NIDA ups chief noted that heroin, unlike cocaine, doesn't seem to become either more or less popular over the years. Both the demand for it and the number of people addicted to it wax and wane according to changes in population; the price and accessibility of the drug do not seem to affect use.



The Incas had gold, Freud had cigars, Errol Flynn had style, Susie Seventies had videocassettes. The common denominator—all had a deep and abiding affection for the coke fad.

Jack Abraham

Arizona DEA Cited for Explosive Stash

PHOENIX—"If they will comply with what they know is the law, then there won't be any problems," promised city fire marshal Elmer Hess as he ordered the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) to remove a huge cache of highly volatile chemicals from the Valley Bank Center here. "We've had trouble with the DEA before. We want to work with them in a positive way because we know they have a job to do. We aren't, however, going to tolerate them keeping dangerous chemicals in the bank building."

An anonymous caller tipped the fire department off to the lethal chemical stash, complaining of a noxious stench emanating from the DEA office on the floor that also holds the offices of Rep. John Rhodes and Gov. Bruce Babbitt's wife. When firemen checked the DEA office they found no stench,

but they did find considerable quantities of ether, piperidine and other extremely inflammable chemicals. The local feds had made two jumbo PCP-lab raids during the previous two weeks and were storing all the precursors for evidence right there in their office.

Phoenix DEA chief Joseph Arpaio ex-

plained that the boom-boom room was the result of his lads' zeal to round up Arizona's proliferating dustmen: "The DEA had made these labs our second top priority, right after heroin smuggling." Arpaio has promised "close cooperation" with the fire department in the future.

"Fat Lady Gang" is Busted into Oblivion

by A. Craig Copetas

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The Fat Lady Gang is no more.

Cobby Lynch, a local grocer who maintained a stable of fat women to purchase amphetamines, was convicted of 15 counts of dealing Preludin and Dilaudid, ending a five-year career as the East Coast's foremost

under-the-counter speed dealer.

Lynch was one of America's more original pill pushers. He recruited teams of overweight women, and occasionally men, and dispatched them to Atlanta, Pittsburgh, New York, Birmingham and Miami. The Fat Gang began hitting "walk-in" doctors, those who accept patients without an appointment. Once inside, Lynch's rotund raiders obtained speed scripts and sometimes ripped off prescription pads.

Lynch's fatties would keep returning to the same physicians, often two or three times a day, disguised in wigs, glasses and costume-shop clothes. Some 12 physicians throughout the East Coast are currently serving prison time for supplying the speed scripts.

The speed king dished out \$25 to each gang member who successfully filled a script. Then he sold individual pills for upwards of \$25 a hit under the counter of his two grocery stores in the Washington area.

Lynch was quite the character, stalking about Washington in electric-pink suits and a Cadillac painted pink to match the color of Preludin pills.

The gang sported names like Sweetmeat, Little Jimmy, Mr. Wonderful and Bim Bim. Most of them were released on bond.

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Mexican Police Chief Called Narcotics Trafficker

by Craig Pyles

MEXICO CITY—This city's police chief, Arturo Durazo Moreno, is a leading narcotics trafficker, according to U.S. intelligence documents recently turned up by Washington, D.C., muckraker Jack Anderson. Durazo has been a high-ranking law-enforcement official in each of the last three Mexican presidential administrations.

A former Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA) official who left Mexico in 1975 confirmed for *High Times* that the U.S. drug agency considers Durazo "a class-one narcotics trafficker." Said the former narcotics official, "It was well known by us that Durazo was dealing in hard drugs. He was our contact and inviolate, and undoubtedly used us for intelligence to further his own racket."

Narcotics trafficking by Mexican authorities was so prevalent during former president Luis Echeverría's administration, states one highly sensitive U.S. intelligence document, that over 100 prominent Mexican officials were implicated in a top-secret report commissioned in October 1975 by the former chief executive. The report listed the former governor of Baja California, the entire office of the attorney general of Colima State, the Tijuana state attorney's office and 12 top commanders of the Mexican Federal Judicial Police. But the U.S. report quoted only one Mexican official by name: "the notorious Arturo Durazo."

zo," then presidential candidate López Portillo's personal bodyguard.

Many of the other Mexican officials were removed to mollify U.S. congressmen key to funding the joint U.S.-Mexican antinarcotics effort, and discussions were begun on how to proceed against Durazo. But as soon as López Portillo assumed the presidency, Durazo was promoted to his present job as Mexico City's police chief and all "discussions" were apparently dropped.

"Often a corrupt official is removed only to be replaced by an equally corrupt one," noted the U.S. document prophetically. This is apparently what happened as the new Mexican president filled top slots in Operation Condor, the Mexican name for the antidrug campaign, with a series of controversial appointments.

One such official, Carlos Aguilar Garza, the former head of Operation Condor and now federal attorney general for Baja California, has been implicated by both U.S. and Mexican law-enforcement sources in narcotics trafficking, car theft, systematic torture, extortion and murder. Garza was a prodigy of the DEA, with whom he worked closely during Echeverría's term.

Although the DEA has a record of Garza's activities, they have stated that they would continue to work closely with the corrupt official because "he's the only game in town."

The U.S. document reported that the going

price for a top police commander in 1975 was \$80,000 a year. For that price police would allow heroin shipments to pass, and on some shipments even supply armed police guards to ride shotgun on particularly sensitive moves. The price of protection is considerably higher now.

When confronted in Mexico City about Anderson's allegations, Durazo claimed that both he and President López Portillo had a paper from the State Department clearing him of the narcotics allegations. But neither Durazo nor López Portillo would produce the exculpatory document, and the State Department would neither confirm nor deny that such a paper existed. "There is no evidence," alleges the Anderson column, "that Durazo has severed his connections."

Eyewitness Report:

"It Came from the Sea!"

FORT LAUDERDALE—"I was drinking my morning coffee on my balcony when I saw the object in the water," recalls a resident of the Royal Ambassador condo on Galt River Drive. Roughly rectangular, the thing appeared to be swaddled in tattered, salt-soaked burlap, with a shiny plastic coating underneath. When the man went out to in-

Ohio Coke War Ends with Murder

by Bob Tkacz

ATHENS, OHIO—The execution-style murder of a cocaine dealer and his girl friend may have marked the conclusion of a south-eastern Ohio coke war, with the victory apparently going to a motorcycle gang called the Meigs County Varmints.

"The Varmints are fighting anybody who moves into their territory," said one former dealer and lifelong resident of this sparsely populated county bordering the Ohio River. The same source described the Varmints as a loosely knit motorcycle-type gang most of whose members came into the hill country of Appalachian Ohio from New York. "They're city macho turned country," he said.

One area coke dealer admitted he is fearful that the deaths of Elias "Dude" Howard, 33, and his girl friend, Danita Manley, 20, on the night of May 17, marked a Varmints' attempt to consolidate their turf, which includes 13,000 students at Ohio University in Athens, just 28 miles from the area where the bodies were discovered.

Howard's corpse was found in a ditch in Meigs County with a single bullet wound through the head. Manley was found near the home the couple shared in the village of Cheshire. She too had been shot in the head and, according to one prosecuting attorney close to the case, had been severely pistol-whipped also.

The affair is complicated by the discovery of "a small black book with first names and phone numbers" that officials said was found on the body of Howard. Meigs County sheriff James Proffitt said the book contains "mostly East Coast and New York" phone numbers. News of the book's existence sparked

rumors that the FBI or the Drug Enforcement Administration would be brought into the case. Proffitt said neither agency is actively involved, although the FBI had been notified of the murders. The Ohio Bureau of Criminal Investigation and Identification is assisting in the case.

Authorities refused to allow this reporter to examine the book, which, parties who knew Howard suggested, may have been placed on the body to confuse investigators. "That was just a plant. Dude would never carry a book," a Pomeroy coke dealer said. "The names in it are low-level dealers somebody wanted out of the way."

Sheriff Proffitt said that his department is conducting the inquiry in cooperation with the sheriff's department in neighboring Gallia County. The sheriff said that his department "has no evidence, just sort of surmise." "It was an out-of-state deal," Proffitt continued, "not local. If it had been a local thing, there would have been some word out by now."

"I figured the Dude was gonna get blown away and so did most everyone else around here," an acquaintance said. "I met him once and hated him ever since. Dude had a lot of enemies or else he wouldn't have got run out of Detroit." Howard was reported to have come from Detroit.

Despite Howard's lack of popularity, the Varmints—whether or not they were his executioners—elicited little more praise. "The Varmints moved in and all of a sudden you started seeing green pot mixed in with the gold," an area retailer said. "I've lived here all my life and things used to be really nice until the Varmints moved in."



The hair rose on the back of the beachcomber's neck as the sinister bulk moved remorselessly toward shore.

spect the apparition and picked it up, it split open to disgorge damp clumps of green-gold, leafy matter. A teenage girl begged for a handful of it but the salvager, who claimed, "I don't even smoke the stuff," gave it all to the police for nothing.

Cops say five more bales of dope washed up the same day between Hillsboro Inlet and Miami Beach. "People are going to start getting up at 5 A.M. to comb the beaches," one suggested.

CIA Had Gas Chamber in '50s

by Martin A. Lee

LANGLEY, VIRGINIA—During the early 1950s, the Central Intelligence Agency constructed a gas chamber at an undisclosed location in the United States. The gas chamber was used to test lethal chemicals on human subjects.

According to previously classified documents obtained by *High Times*, the CIA considered the possibility of "using gas chambers or airtight rooms as a means for rendering a subject unconscious." The memo suggests that gas chambers might provide a proper setting for secret mind-control experiments in which test subjects could be made to breathe a certain gas that would render them "more suggestible or pliable."

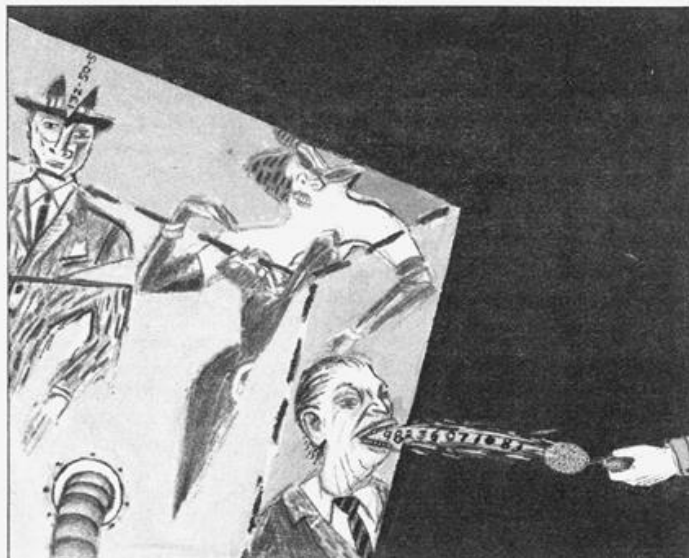
The memo continues by urging that such experiments be carried out "at a specially designed permanent-type installation," rather than at a normal CIA safehouse. This would solve numerous problems "such as the protection of the operator to prevent his being affected by the fumes and inherent dangers such as lethal dose, etc." Another document dated February 5, 1952, indicates that a gas chamber was under construction and would be ready for use "in the near future."

The gas chamber tests were conducted by the CIA's Office of Security as part of Operation Artichoke. The Artichoke program, which began in 1951 and continued through the mid 1950s, was oriented

primarily toward developing unorthodox special interrogation techniques involving the use of hypnosis in combination with various drugs, including LSD-25.

An Artichoke document dated April 11, 1952, refers explicitly to the use of gas chambers in oxygen-deprivation studies. Oxygen deficiency "affects the higher brain centers, resembling alcoholic inebriation. Some subjects become exhilarated, talkative, or quarrelsome, with emotional outbursts or fixed ideas. Some complain of headache or numbness. Voluntary coordination and attention are impaired, but perception, memory and discriminatory judgment remain good. Burns and bruises are not noticed." It is not known if the researchers inflicted the injuries themselves or just observed them.

An even lower oxygen range exaggerates these symptoms. "Nausea and vomiting may set in. Vigorous movements become impossible. There is ascending paralysis of motion,



then of sensation. The patient is bewildered and does not realize that anything is seriously wrong until his 'legs give way' and it is too late to escape. He may then realize he is dying, but is indifferent. Consciousness is lost, with amnesia on revival."

Carbon dioxide was also studied for possible use in the program. If a room was relatively airtight, agency scientists postulated, it would be possible to gradually fill it with CO₂ so that a person "might well become unconscious without being alarmed."

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DEA and GBI Square Off

MACON, GEORGIA—Rolland Hughes, special agent in charge of the St. Louis, Missouri, office of the Drug Enforcement Administration (DEA), risked contempt-of-court charges recently by graphically detailing the operation of a Georgia-based dope outfit at a public press conference here. At the conference, Hughes and other St. Louis DEA narcs characterized two local men, recently busted in a grass case, as the "brains" behind a cross-country network of dope and money movements.

The narcs' actions incensed U.S. district court judge Wilbur Owens, who was forced by the DEA disclosures to unseal an indictment pertaining to the two men in question; the names of six codefendants had to be blanked out because none of them had been busted yet. Fearing that premature disclosure would give the other six suspects a signal to split, Judge Owens resolved that any further DEA leaks would result in a contempt citation.

"Government agents are not privileged people," observed Owens. "They can't go about breaking the law, and I don't approve of their conduct." Sources in the national dope traffic suggest that Hughes and his lads may have pulled their press conference stunt in direct retaliation against the Georgia Bureau of Investigation, whose narcs recently blew a long-term federal infiltration of a Missouri dope ring by busting two of its members on Georgia turf.

Jet-Hopping Industry Execs Risk Death with Drugs

NEW YORK CITY—Hemisphere-hopping corporation execs are using speed and downs to cut the agonies of jet lag. A National Institute of Mental Health (NIMH) psychophysicologist, writing in a recent issue of the popular *Psychology Today*, speculated that coffee or tea might help people flying westward to combat jet lag, while the clinical antidepressant imipramine might help those flying eastward. Once on the grapevine in business circles, this evidently got a little garbled: silk-stock-district dope dealers here now report that their executive-level clients are scoring speed caps like Dexedrine for flights to the West Coast, and any old sort of tranks—reds and Miltowns mostly—for European visits.

For the record, the actual *Psychology Today* report noted that symptoms of jet lag

appear to be temporary visitations of physically conditioned emotional depression. Loss of appetite, sexual dysfunction, obsessive worrying, gastric troubles and lethargy are common to both conditions and probably have much the same physical causes.

The bodies of normal, stay-at-home people are regulated by daily changes in brain activity. The brain alters production of potassium and sodium (the main chemicals involved in nerve-impulse transmission) on roughly a 24-hour cycle and lowers the body temperature at night, raising it again in the morning. The critical point seems to happen at dawn, when the body abruptly resets itself for the coming day.

A person jetting east or west, then, gets physically screwed up when his or her body hits sunrise at the wrong time of day. The

westward bound have an easier time of it, since their bodies just wait until dawn eventually hits, and then change; but those flying eastward will experience the premature sunrise as a distinct physical and emotional shock. Travelers to Europe (particularly SST passengers) typically have a dreadful jet-lag problem, which can take from one to three weeks to resolve.

Making a rough comparison of this syndrome with clinical depression—which is caused by the patient's body systems being out of phase with a 24-hour day—the NIMH doctor suggested that antidepressant medications might come in handy for jet lag. Since a certain kind of depressive *does* respond to amphetamines, he suggested that "caffeine and other stimulants" might help the westward bound; and since imipramine helps another class of depressives, he seemed to indicate it might help the eastward bound. In no case, though, were pharmaceutical drugs actually suggested for jet lag. For a premature sunrise, he counseled that a person might best try to face the dawn directly, so as to hype the body clock as much as possible, and to eat a big, tasty breakfast in order to bring all the body hormones into play.

Certainly the indiscriminate use of ups and downs by jet-hopping business types—people who are already subjecting themselves to considerable physical stress—seems ill advised. Most drugstore preparations have a variety of extreme side effects, especially on blood pressure and heartbeat, that could be distinctly uncalled-for in a jet-lag situation.

Skag Narc Laments Penny-Ante Trade

MONTREAL—Gilles Favreau, head of this area's narc feds for the last two years, states that Montreal's heroin traffic is irremediable and permanent: "We're always in second place—we have to react to the crime."

Since the extinction of the French Connection, Montreal's smack trade has diminished to the point where it's handled largely through mail order, with Thai wholesalers shipping consignments of China white to Montreal independent dealers by parcel post. This penny-ante system, says the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, is impossible to stop.

So when his Mounties rounded up 50 street-smack pushers not long ago, Favreau fatalistically remarked, "We didn't win the fight today. Our mandate is to keep trafficking of heroin as low as possible, as low as society feels it should be. All we can hope to achieve is to control it."

Favreau's narcs only confiscate an average of eight ki's of skag per year. But then, Montreal's population of 1,500 junkies only consume an estimated 22 ki's of skag per year; cut generally by about 90 percent, it sells to junkies for about \$400 per gram!

Thus the smack situation here is radically different, for some reason, from Canadian cities of similar size. In Vancouver, where there are ten times as many smack heads, shit is much more abundant, pure and inexpensive. "It's not the way it used to be," com-



Gilles "Syringe & Spoon" Favreau, looking for all the world like a "wet head" version of the DEA's Peter Bensinger.

plains Favreau of the Montreal scene. "Large heroin traffic operations don't exist anymore. France no longer exports heroin. Marseilles has been put out of business."

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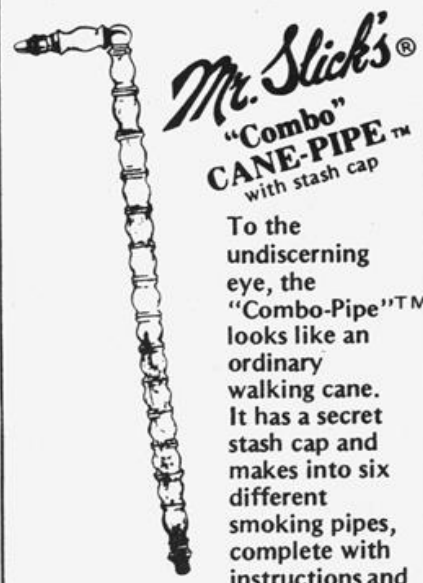
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HIGH CRIMES

Nine-Ton Bahamas-to-Florida Bust Turns Up Link to N.J. Mob

BROWARD COUNTY, FLORIDA—A reputed southern Florida capo of the legendary New Jersey family of Sam "the Plumber" Di Cavalcante was popped in what is described as a classic sting operation involving 18,000 pounds of pot moving between the Bahamas and Broward County. It seems the man—whose police-blotter nickname is "Tumac"—had the nine tons of Colombian stashed on Plana Cay, an uninhabited Bahamian island, and needed a mother ship to move it to smaller boats for transport to the mainland. A police informant put "Tumac" in touch with Rick Look, a Florida State Department of Investigation narc, who scored an impounded ship, the 60-foot *Endless Seas*, where she'd sat since a previous pot bust, and the sting was afloat.

"Tumac" put only two of his own people aboard the *Endless Seas*, cops say. The rest of the members of the crew, including Look himself, were narcs. The dope was duly loaded at Plana Cay, and the narc boat subsequently reconnoitered with two smaller craft at sea and split the nine tons between them. One of the mosquito craft, with 84 bales and three men aboard, was nipped by Bahamian coasties, and the men were released after paying small fines. The two men aboard the other craft were nosing into Haulover Inlet on the Intracoastal Waterway when the Broward cops popped them.



Origin of the specie: New Jersey cops paw \$550,200 of what they believe to be "dope money," found in a car trunk.

"Tumac" at the time was discreetly "vacationing" in Aruba, so the narcs suppressed all bust details for days until he got back on U.S. turf. Then he was busted for possession and conspiracy to import, and released on \$35,000 bond. "We have the biggest one now," gloated Broward narc chief Nic Navarro, who described "Tumac" as "one of the upper echelon" in the Di Cavalcante mob. Previously, the Jersey-based crime syndicate had been mainly involved in show business, gambling and prostitution up and down the East Coast; the "Tumac" bust is the first clear proof that the Mafia's getting into grass, now that cops are wiping out the independents.

• **Manatee County, Florida**, narcs popped a man allegedly engaged in selling half a pound of methaqualone powder in the College Plaza parking lot in Bradenton Beach. The man, who'd been under investigation for two weeks, lit out in his car when the cops showed up, but the car got stuck in a soggy field.

• **Boca Raton, Florida**, cops used sledgehammers to bash into a waterside home on Blue Inlet in order to bust four men and confiscate five tons of pot. Out back on a loading dock was moored a \$200,000 yacht, the 48-foot *Nerissa*, with a few pounds still aboard. Most of the dope was piled around the house, near a weighing machine. In the garage was a customized Ford van mostly loaded already with plastic-wrapped bales, each tagged with a weigh-out down to the very ounce. House, yacht and van were all stocked with night goggles, infrared scopes and superduper communications gear.

The four men on the premises, who'd presumably rented the place from a New Jersey minister, were not busted right away, but held in the Boca Raton slam on suspicion of "conspiracy to violate drug-abuse laws, and sale and possession of contraband." After core samples were extracted for evidence, the bulk was quickly burned in a Pahokee incinerator. The biggest prize in the deal, the *Nerissa* (registered in New Jersey), went to the local cops.

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NYC Feds Link Coke and "Terrorism" in 44-Pound Snort Raid

NEW YORK—John Fallon, the Drug Enforcement Administration's regional director here, brandished a vintage Untouchables-era Thompson submachine gun, gestured at 44 pounds of neatly bagged toot and claimed his lads had discovered "an international organization of Colombians" operating the Queens coke trade. Also impressively displayed on Fallon's table at the postbust press conference were 47 assorted automatic rifles and large-caliber handguns and a small library of what was described as "terrorist" literature. "This kind of weaponry is alarming," Fallon declared, "and its association with the cocaine business is certainly disturbing."

The bizarre collection of firearms, snort and reading matter was assembled after the feds popped a 28-year-old Colombian as he left a Queens apartment. The man was wearing a long-range summoning beeper and carrying a gadget for counting and binding money. The beeper went out of commission when he was arrested, so that when two other Queens flats rented by the man were raided, no one was on the premises. Evidently the 44 pounds of pure were simply left lying in one of the places, along with scales, cut gear and all that weird ordnance.

"A gun with a silencer," Fallon said at the press meet, "is a gun meant to kill someone." Though the New York snort racket has been



"Machine Gun" Fallon: the Elliot Ness of nose candy.

remarkably peaceable lately, Fallon referred darkly to the 40-odd dope snuffs in the Miami area last summer, where Cubans and Colombians fought it out for turf, and predicted similar horrors for New York.

Like the ancient Thompson, much of the collateral "evidence" displayed by Fallon had a fishy look to it. The prime "terrorist" manual, for instance, was a U.S. Marine Corps handbook, *Destruction by Demolition, Incendiaries and Sabotage*. All of the literature was in English.

HIT PARADE

And what were you doing New Year's Eve? Out abusing your precious body tissues, no doubt, by subjecting yourself to all manner of controlled substances. Well, while you were ringing in the new by imbibing everything from acid to Zoom, a number of transporters and purveyors of holiday cheer were ringing up their lawyers—in an attempt to see in the '80s from a location other than the clink.

• 30,000 lbs of Guajira dorado aboard fisher

Lisa Lee at dock in Biloxi, Mississippi; DEA and Customs popped 1 man.

• 24,000 lbs of Colombian aboard the fisher *Myrtle S* in St. Helena's Sound near Charleston, South Carolina, when USCG cutter *Cape Upright* swabs made "routine boarding" after a DEA tip; 6 busted.

• 17,500 lbs of low-grade, Bahamas-grown dope aboard woefully overloaded DC-6 abandoned near Six Mile Marsh, Florida; Glades County sheriffs got plane, but no busts.

• 16,000 lbs of reefer in a mobile home in Bartow, Florida; Polk County sheriff's collar, 4 busts.

• 12,000 lbs of grass aboard shrimper off Turtle Mound, Florida, by the marine patrol and USCG, acting on the tip of a suspicious witness; 3 South American crew members nailed.

• 17 lbs of grass and 2,250 hits of speed in Del Ray, Oklahoma, home, by cops working on a snitch tip; a married couple and two teenage boys were nailed.

• 20,000 Quaaludes purchased in a Fort Lauderdale parking lot by Broward County, Florida, narcotics cops; 2 arrested.



Red-oxide Leb: Quebecois hash movers packed 450 kilograms beneath barrels of red-oxide paint primer, which leaked all over the hash. RCMP narcs pounced on the stained smoke in a secluded Laurentian mountain chalet.

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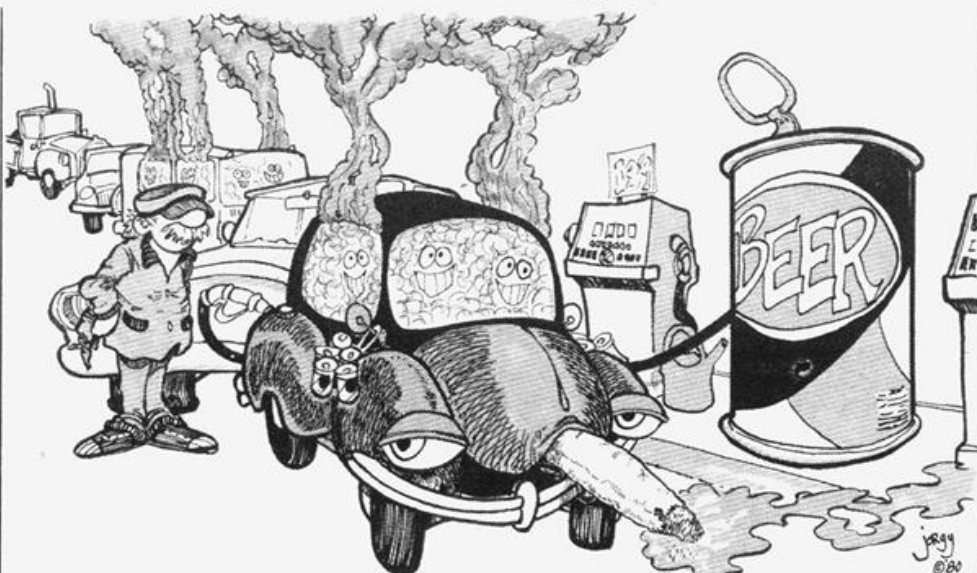
SAN FRANCISCO—During last summer's fuel crisis, Friday night gas lines in this petrol-dry city regularly turned into open booze-and-marijuana street parties.

According to Linda Beth Remington, who was interviewed sitting on the back of a rusted '50 Chevrolet woodie station wagon, "It's like a drive-in party without the movie." Linda Beth and several dozen other revelers had been hanging out at the gas line at 24th Street and Church, walking from car to car and occasionally popping into custom-painted Ford Econoline vans or funky VW bugs for refreshments and music.

This particular line stretched three blocks around the corner, with waits for service averaging two hours. Yet the smell of marijuana hung in the air, obliterating the smell of gas. Jerry Garcia's whining wa-wa pedal and the Dead's hard beat filled the air. A man named Socks told me, "I don't want any gas, man, I came here to party."

- If you have a pet named Tanya, steer clear of the Prion Animal Institute in San Carlos, California. Seems a guy took his Doberman, so named, to Prion for obedience training, and introduced her to a female staffer. When the woman heard the dog's name, she snorted, "You won't be around here long." The staffer, Patricia Hearst, AKA Tania of the SLA, was not amused. Exit Tanya, still disobedient.

- Last year, Illinois magistrate Dexter



Knowlton chucked a woman in the Springfield jail for three days on contempt, because she'd shown up in his courtroom wearing a T-shirt with "Bitch Bitch Bitch" stenciled on it. Although in Judge Knowlton's opinion the girl's apparel "bordered on obscenity" and "impinged on the dignity of the court," the girl subsequently had the contempt citation overturned in appellate court: Seems she'd

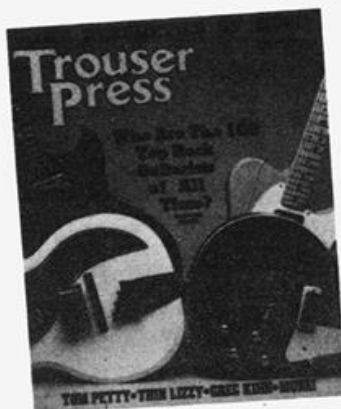
been wearing the shirt when she heard her brother was being arraigned on rape charges before the judge, and rushed straight to the court without thinking about her shirt. The girl subsequently brought Knowlton up on abuse-of-office charges, but a five-judge panel quashed the complaint; clothing guidelines in Illinois courts are too vague, they said.

- In what may be a new twist to divorce, American style, a defendant-husband in Buffalo, New York, recently dropped a tiny pack of coke onto the witness chair in the state supreme court at the conclusion of his testimony. Presiding judge Joseph Mattina, spotting the snort, quietly pointed it out to the court deputy. It tested out to less than one-eighth of an ounce of sneeze, so the hubby was charged with a class-A misdemeanor. Since it was Judge Mattina who found the dope, he had to disqualify himself from the divorce case; and since it was the wife who'd brought the divorce suit, she was faced with all the expenses of starting a new trial from the beginning. Thus, even if the hubby pulls the maximum six months on the class A, he may be saved from years of alimony.

- "He started at 8:00 Friday morning and came by at 6:30 that night to tell me that he and his wife couldn't adjust to a small-town atmosphere," says Mayor Tom Hook of Pateros, Washington. "The next day they packed up and left." The job the man ducked out of was police chief; the couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ron Hublitz, had previously run a hardware store in Reno, Nevada.

- Either Chicago cops are unbelievably well versed at lying under oath, or "stress analyzers" just aren't what they're made out to be. When a Cook County vice cop applied for membership in a "playmate" joint called the Quest Club, he was hooked to a supposed lie detector and asked, point blank, questions like "Are you a police officer?" Although he certainly was, he lied and passed without question, paid \$20 for a membership and \$60 for a playmate. What happened once he got alone with her is now a matter of court record—the club's owners are up on prostitution charges.

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Denver Comets Brass Hauled Out of Game on Coke Charges

Spectators in Denver's Auditorium Arena, watching a closely contested professional volleyball match between the Denver Comets and the Albuquerque Lasers, had some extra excitement in the game's closing seconds. Narcs clapped the cuffs on the Comets' ticket manager in full view of the crowd and dragged off the Comets' general manager, director of operations and concessionaire on grass and coke charges. It happened to be Coca-Cola T-shirt night at the arena.

The Comets' owners and managers were being popped on a 23-defendant "conspiracy" indictment involving 165 witnesses, state cops from four states, Customs officers from Florida to Canada, and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

According to the indictment, Comets co-founders Robert and David Casey, 27 and 29, were involved in a marijuana cartel that imported fume from Colombia and Mexico and moved it to Boulder for distribution all along the West Coast and up into British Columbia. It's also indicated that the Caseys were dabbling in ki quantities of coke during the six-week investigation. The busts came down at the stadium, say cops, because it was the only place they could be sure of rounding up all the "principals" at one fell swoop.

Perhaps even more intriguing than the alleged conspiracy itself are the police machinations that led to the busts. The investigation was carried out by something called the "Quad State Task Force," a coalition of state narcs from Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah. Also present at the auditorium sweep were Canadian narcs, the local PD and cops from Florida and Wisconsin. Codefendants included people from places as diverse as Boulder, Denver, El Paso and British Columbia.

• The Dominican Republic has a consul general in Philadelphia, one Sandino Grullon, and he was recently rapped for plotting to move \$1 million in arms to the Sandinistas in Nicaragua and to ship coke into the States. A federal court has put a \$3-million bail on Grullon, and \$2 million more on alleged coconspirator Virgilio Mejia, a Container Corporation of America inspector and

Philadelphia restaurateur.

• Scooter Herring admitted he gave a gram of pure pharmaceutical snort to Gregg Allman in 1976. It was Allman who informed



A pound of detention for a gram of pure: Scooter Herring (right), sent up for 75 years by supersnitch Gregg Allman, now faces only half a decade in the slam.

on Herring and sent him away in the first place. Herring's five-count sales conviction got him 75 years in 1976, but it was overturned on appeal to the fifth circuit and a new trial was ordered. Now Herring, 39, faces a maximum of five years and \$35,000 in fines.

• Alaska attorney general Arrum Gross has done nothing that would "embarrass" the Arctic Circle state since his official appointment, he claims, though once upon a time he "fooled around with pot." According to the Anchorage Times, in 1976 some Juneau cops taped an interview with a local toot merchant who detailed the psychedelic recreations of Gross and "a lot of people who work for the state." Gov. Jay Hammond, however, is not calling for a top-level dope sniff-out in his administration: The talkative dealer—one Raymond Johnson—killed himself and the tape in question has been erased.

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Trans-High Market Quotations

The connoisseur pot market continues strong through the holiday season, dominated by California and Jamaica sinsemillas and an increasing flow of prime Colombian. But overall, 1979 turned out to be one of the worst pot years in the last decade. The psychedelic renaissance continues strong across the United States—hundreds of types of trips are available, including synthetic crystal mescaline and the original-recipe MDA. Homegrown mushrooms are also big. The coke market continues to suffer as bad drives out good—even big money can rarely score stronger than 30 percent pure.

AFGHANISTAN

Local Kabul hash	a gourmet season	oz	1-2
Water-pressed hash	dark and spicy	kilo	40-70
Shirac hash	profuse	oz	2-3
Mazar-i-sharif	available	kilo	100-175
Opium	Xanadu grade	oz	6-8
		kilo	50-80
		oz	4-6
		kilo	135-200
		6 pipes	20

AUSTRALIA

Domestic bush grass	quality varies	oz	30-40
Domestic sinsemilla	mediocre at best	lb	350-550
Colombian pot	mostly 'merish	oz	55-75
		lb	500-700
		oz	75-225
		lb	800-1200
Kenyan shake	better than nothing	oz	80-120
Thai sticks	super but sparse	lb	900-1200
Pseudo sticks	useless	one	15-20
		oz	175-240
		one	8-13
		oz	100-120
		oz	75
New Zealand homegrown	excellent	lb	600-750
Domestic hash	truly shit	oz	50-100
		lb	300-500
Nepalese fingers	slabs too, top-notch	oz	250-400
Indian hash oil	at times primo	lb	3000-4500
Mushrooms	ubiquitous	gm	20-45
LSD	tiles, blots	oz	420-620
		one	50-75
		one	4-6
Mandrax	rare but there	100	300-500
		one	2-3.50
		100	100-200

CANADA

Commercial Colombian	usual glut	oz	50-65
Gold and red Colombian	mostly red	lb	500-750
Hawaiian buds	Vancouver and west coast	oz	70-85
Mexican tops	back in business	lb	600-900
		oz	180-250
		lb	2000-3000
California sinsemilla	for an arm and a leg	oz	60-100
Homegrown pot	decent, considering	lb	600-800
Hash	lots of Leb	oz	225-300
		lb	2200-3000
		oz	25-35
		lb	100-250
		oz	90-135
		lb	1200-1500
LSD	4-way and strawberry blots	one	4-10
MDA	all PCP	100	200-450
		one	3-5

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	voluminous, much warehousing	oz	5-10
Commercial domestic	megatons	lb	50-80
Colombian hash	still trying	oz	2-4
Hash oil	z-z-z-z	lb	50-80
		oz	10-30
		lb	100-250
		oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	coming to U.S. soon	oz	40-75
Cocaine	bull market, a top year	oz	175-225
		lb	2500-3000

ENGLAND

African grass	some ho-hum	oz	120-150
Colombian grass	sticks on blue moons	lb	1250-1300
Kashmir twist sticks	only small but good	oz	120
Thai sticks	OK, nothing exciting	lb	1000
		one	6
Black Kashmir hash	knockout, scarce	oz	25
Moroccan hash	average, strong supply	oz	180-225
Paki black hash	more than usual	oz	90-100
Hash oil	in milligram units too	lb	950-1000
LSD	embargoed by cops	oz	120
Cocaine	loads, reasonable	lb	1450-1500
		gm	25-30
		oz	480-540
		one	4.50-7.50
		100	300
		gm	135-180
		oz	270



An indication of available acid: Michigan cops turned up 37,856 4-way blotters of Mr. Natural.

Opium	vintage year	oz	180-300
Mandrax	limey 'ludes	lb	1800-2100
		one	1-1.50

MEXICO

Torreón violet	scarce as the Holy Grail	oz	10-15
Oaxacari tops	bigger than your head	lb	50-100
Mexican sinsemilla	much pollinated	oz	2-5
Acapulco gold	Aztec treasure	lb	50-90
		oz	2-5
		lb	30-60
Guerrero gold	paralyzing	oz	10-20
		lb	50-100
Pueblo gold	on the comeback	oz	6-10
		lb	25-60
Emerald hash	trail sold mostly to L.A.	oz	5-8
Cocaine	sucker's buy	lb	30-75
		gm	20-50
		oz	300-500
		oz	30-50
Opium	searching for a market	oz	400-700
		oz	50-100
		lb	400-600

NEW ZEALAND

Buddha sticks	chewed looking but great	one	12-15
Homegrown "heads"	ace pot	oz	50-65
Afghani hash	impotent	gm	20
		oz	120-175
Hash oil	good stuff	cap	15-20
		oz	80
Psychedelic cactus	local varieties	oz	30-50
LSD	less than impressive	one	4-6

PERU

Brown buds	swamp weed	oz	4-5
		lb	55-75
Gold buds	highland treat	oz	10
		lb	70-80
Lechuga grass	"lettuce" pot from the coast	lb	35
Coca leaves	more fun than gum	kilo	2-3
Coca paste	head salve	gm	1.50-2
		kilo	1100
Cocaine	90 percent pure, world's best	gm	5-10
		kilo	8500
Quaaludes	local boots, real losers	one	.20

USA

Contiguous			
Top-grade Mexican	good selection	oz	30-60
Mexican sinsemilla	quality-control problems	lb	450-650
Quality Jamaican	rising tide	oz	45-60
Jamaican sinsemilla	taking country by storm	lb	500-600
		oz	35-50
		lb	425-500
		oz	75-125
		lb	800-1250

Commercial Colombian	more than enough	oz	20-35
Connoisseur Colombian	astonishingly hard to find	lb	350-450
Seedless Colombian	back to the drawing board	oz	50-70
Colombian shake	infested with seeds	lb	500-700
Colombian seeds	take your chances	oz	40-55
Pseudo Thai sticks	go home	lb	450-550
Thai sticks	caveat emptor	one	20
		oz	200-275
		lb	25
California red hair	kickass fume	oz	75-125
California sinsemilla	leafy	lb	750-1250
California indicus seedlings	six-to-eight-week-old babies	one	15-20
Hawaiian	lots, all good	oz	150-175
		lb	175-200
Moroccan hash	a good last resort	oz	150-200
Lebanese hash	hello old friend	lb	150-200
Black Afghani hash	costly but boss	oz	1200-2000
Nepalese hash	pressed balls and fingers	lb	75
Paki hash	suitcase stashes	oz	150-225
		lb	1200-2200
Indian hash	from the old masters	oz	75-100
Hash oils	little of late	gm	675-900
Psilocybin mushrooms	healthy cottage industry	oz	85-120
Peyote	strong supply	lb	1000-1400
		oz	150-200
		lb	1500-1800
LSD	101 varieties	one	100-150
		100	100-1350
Cocaine	sniff around for buys	gm	25-50
Quaaludes	endangered species	one	400-800
MDA	truly wondrous if real	100	25-45
Crystal meth	here and there	gm	100-250
PCP	the pits	oz	15-25
		gm	125-400
		one	1.50-3
		100	100-200
		gm	60-100
		oz	900-1800
		one	3-5
		100	250-350
		gm	35-60
		oz	40-75
		oz	750-900
		gm	60-75
		oz	50-60
		lb	450-525
		oz	60-75
		lb	525-750
		oz	25-40
		lb	100-200
		oz	30-50
		lb	350-450
		oz	200-275
		lb	2000-2300
		oz	35-50
		lb	275-490
		gm	10-20
		oz	130-175
		gm	35-65
		gm	100-150
		oz	2000-3000
		one	6-15
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		100	20-35
		oz	125-200
		lb	1200-2000
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		lb	1000-1500
		oz	100-130
		lb	1200-1500
		oz	100-150
		lb	1000-1800
		oz	20-40
		lb	350-500
		one	5-10
		four	.25
		one	2-4
		gm	free
		gm	75-125
		oz	1500-2000
		one	2

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INTERVIEW

NICOLAS ROEG

THE DIRECTOR OF PERFORMANCE AND THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH TALKS ABOUT SPACE, TIME AND THE MADNESS OF FILMMAKING

BY CHARLIE FRICK
AND HARRY WASSERMAN

"My films are controversial because their underlying truth is almost pagan," says Nicolas Roeg, the man who directed David Bowie in *The Man Who Fell to Earth* and Mick Jagger in *Performance*. "The premise of my films makes people a bit uncomfortable. It makes me uncomfortable."

Uncomfortable notions like Mick Jagger dressing in drag, David Bowie as an alien who ejaculates semen from every pore of his body, the disquieting occult terror haunting Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie in Roeg's *Don't Look Now*, the eerie mystic experience of proper bourgeois English children with the aborigine boy in Roeg's *Walkabout*. Kinky, spooky, slimy, teetering over the edge of reality.

"I tend to reach the point of being close to crazy," says Roeg. "I mean really intensely crazy, on the verge of madness in the tradition of Strindberg."

Performance, Roeg's debut directorial effort, also made a lot of important people mad prior to its American release. After its production in England, the finished film was confiscated by U.S. Customs, heavily censored by American distributors and blocked from release by its own producers for two years.

Roeg gets turned on by the controversy and excitement surrounding his films. But his greatest satisfaction is the filmmaking experience itself. And he admits that some actors he works with turn him on more than others. "It's like a love affair. I wouldn't make a comparison between Mick and David; at one time, they meant everything to me. Ever since *Don't Look Now*, I think I would get jealous if I saw Julie Christie in somebody else's film."

Roeg was born in 1928 in England, where he went to school until he joined the military and became a pilot and parachutist. "I loved flying," he recently confided. "Actually, you're the first person I've ever



Roeg and crew on set of *Bad Timing*.

"My movies deal with the split between what is accepted as the conscious, and another state of consciousness."

told that I flew." He parachuted for the incredible rush of the adrenalin high.

He started in films at Marylebone Studio ("my father knew the owner"), where he worked on dubbing French films into English; his first camera-crew job was for *The Miniver Story* (1950) at MGM's Borehamwood Studios.

Roeg later became second-unit cameraman and helped film the train crash in the desert for Lawrence of Arabia. He was director of photography for Clive Donner's chilling *The Caretaker*, Roger Corman's surrealistic, harrowing Poe opus *The Masque of the Red Death*,

Truffaut's arid parable *Fahrenheit 451*, Schlesinger's explosive *Far from the Madding Crowd* and Richard Lester's crazy *Petulia*.

Walkabout was Roeg's first choice for his debut as director but had to be shelved due to lack of financial backing. So first came *Performance*, with money available on the strength of Jagger's decision to accept the role of Turner. The idea for *Performance* evolved from an idea by codirector Donald Cammell about a gangster in London's underworld. Cammell had previously done one screenplay, for a light thriller directed by Robert Parrish called *Duffy*, in which one of the leading actors was James Fox, who later played a major role in *Performance*. Roeg was an old friend of Cammell's. "He'd been a painter, but he wanted a change from that. And he loved movies. We knew we both held the same attitudes, so there was no personality hang-up between us. *Performance* was really a fifty-fifty collaboration." (Cammell has since directed the science fiction thriller *Demon Seed* with Julie Christie.)

Performance starred James Fox as a gangster on the run named Chas who has the unfortunate luck to hide out at the home of Mick Jagger, an ambisexual eccentric rock-star recluse named Turner who plays surrealistic sex games with Chas's mind. Off the set, says Roeg, "Jagger leads quite an extensive social life, and I think he sort of gets satisfaction from that." Sex and dope? Roeg won't say, but he admits, "I know quite a few heavy and great drug takers, you know, great ones who I know have had problems at times."

Roeg's next film was *Walkabout*, a Castanedaesque tale of the mystic experiences shared by two British children (Jenny Agutter and Lucien John) and an aborigine native (David Gumpilil) in the Australian outback. Roeg says *Walkabout* isn't saying "that the noble savage's life is



better. That would be too elementary. Obviously there are better things in life than the noble savage ever experienced. It's nicer to be indoors than outdoors when it's pouring rain."

Don't Look Now was an occult thriller, although Roeg sees it as a love story, starring Donald Sutherland and Julie Christie as a haunted couple. "I just make love stories, really," says Roeg. "It's more interesting to shoot people making love than to shoot them eating dinner."

Roeg considers *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, of all his films, "the most demanding. I was trying to do something with the syntax of film that at the time was very difficult to explain to the crew."

David Bowie starred in a role not unlike those he often takes on in his music, an alien on a mission who gets wrapped up in earthbound relations and becomes a reclusive billionaire media wizard.

In the scene most representative of the alien's multilayered, obsessive persona, Bowie scans a wall full of television screens, rapidly clicking his remote-control device, sublimely comprehending a multitude of simultaneous images.

A bold cinematic innovator, Nicolas Roeg has also achieved something that has eluded most of his European contemporaries—acceptance and popularity in America.

Success keeps him on the move, but contributing editors Harry Wasserman and Charlie Frick caught up with Roeg during a short break in New York as he was finishing work on his latest film, *Bad Timing*, starring Art Garfunkel and Theresa Russell. He had flown in the day before on the Concorde. "At one point they told us that the temperature of the outer skin of the plane was just below boiling," he laughed. "I was more distressed than impressed." He sat smoking cigarettes in an ebony holder, dressed in a blue blazer, white shirt and red cravat over joints and drinks. Our reporters were quickly caught up in his naturally high energy as he filled them in on his life and work.

High Times: Art Garfunkel, who stars in your next movie, *Bad Timing*, is the third rock star you've directed—you previously worked with Mick Jagger in *Performance* and David Bowie in *The Man Who Fell to Earth*. Did their experience of performing in front of rock audiences help them as movie actors?

Roeg: I found Bowie fascinating. This man can hold 40,000 people spellbound just by sticking a finger in the top of his trousers. I'm drawn to rock performers more than to what you'd call "standard" actors. Actors have become so accepted as a profession that they're almost like lawyers—there's an accepted way of doing things. British and American theater has become so standardized, so ritualized, it's almost become like the Kabuki theater in Japan. Rock performers are actors, but their per-



Jagger gives an unforgettable *Performance*.

"I'm drawn to rock stars more than to actors. Rock performers are actors, but their persona comes out more."

sona comes out more.

High Times: How was Jagger to work with?

Roeg: Jagger was highly professional, he has style. But he's got other things that give him satisfaction, to quote one of his songs. Off the set, Jagger leads quite an extensive social life, and I think he sort of gets satisfaction from that.

High Times: Who was more fun to make a movie with, Jagger or Bowie?

Roeg: I wouldn't want to make a comparison between Mick and David. It's like a love affair—at one time they meant everything to me.

High Times: Your new movie was filmed partly in Morocco. Was there any good dope over there?

Roeg: There was a curious potion we got over there, distilled from the leaf of a North African tree. I'd like to find out what it is. It's a wonderful thing, it excites and raises the senses as much as anything I have ever taken. I must rediscover that fascinating, mysterious elixir.

Drugs are marvelous if you are under control from the start. When Aldous Huxley was writing his book *The Doors of Perception*, he realized that there was another state of consciousness that he wanted to be in, and that mescaline could take him there. But he didn't write the book on mescaline. He took the mescaline beforehand. Afterward, he realized, "My

God, I've seen that my mind can go into another place, I don't have to think this way." That's the marvelous thing: Human beings can realize that the mind is boundless, endless. Every human being is a microcosm of the whole universe inside his skull. We use only a millionth part—who knows, maybe a billionth part—of the mind.

High Times: Do you get a rush off making a film?

Roeg: Right now, working on *Bad Timing*, I'm as high as I've ever been. This group of traveling players has driven me to a state of high that I've never reached before. I'm really frightened of it because it has to end, inevitably, like life. I have a few days left on the film, a few days to get higher. I don't know whether this film will be a success or a bomb, but I know it's given Art, Theresa and me a big high. I think the highest I'll ever be will be the very last time I actually shoot those two people, Art and Theresa. They get me off, the actors and what they have made of their characters in the past three or four months.

High Times: Does the euphoria of filmmaking continue when you go in to edit? Are you still living that movie?

Roeg: Absolutely, totally.

High Times: Are there any dream sequences in your new movie?

Roeg: I don't like dream sequences, really. I don't think any of my movies have a "dream sequence" at all. My movies deal with the split between what is accepted as the conscious, and another state of consciousness that is more than a dreamlike state. I like to feel that although the sequence might appear to be a dream sequence, the mind is in control—the person is acutely conscious of another state of reality. A dream sequence is when you're out of control, when something is imposing itself on you.

High Times: Let me rephrase that: Are there any sequences in the new movie that could be going on just in the character's mind, and not in reality?

Roeg: Yes, I like dealing with that. It's that sort of state that I like to actually see happen on the screen.

High Times: Why is your new film called *Bad Timing*?

Roeg: "*Bad Timing*" has a double meaning: one, "Are you bad-timing me?" (as in you're "bad-timing" a girl, or she's "bad-timing" you); and two, your affair can just be a case of bad timing.

High Times: Or bad times.

Roeg: I hope you'll like this new one. It's a strange story, an extraordinary love story. It's a love story of betrayal, of possession, of going totally out of balance, beyond jealousy to the abyss of obsession.

And it's about this fulfillment craze. There's one scene where Art, the young clinical psychologist, says, "What do you want to do?" And Theresa answers, "I don't want to do anything. I don't want to be a fucking painter. I don't want to be a poet. I don't want to be a revolutionary. I don't

want to do anything. Why must I do?" People get frightened of not doing anything that's worthwhile anyway, so they might as well end up doing nothing.

There are two stories, one traveling at eight or nine months, the other taking four and a half to five hours, and they both start at the beginning; one travels faster than the other, but they end at the same time on screen.

I know that lovers have candle-lit dinners and they are nice to each other, but I've taken all that out. Each scene starts either on its way to being a happy time or at the end of a happy time; that middle area that is like a commercial of a young couple running through a field hand in hand is eighty-sixed. I hope it has an extraordinary, unsettling effect—the tough side of a love affair is difficult to enjoy. But when you can enjoy the tough side, then you are hooked. These two get stuck with each other and it wipes away all of the sexual role playing—of being super macho or super feminist—all of that is by the boards; they are just lovers, and demanding of each other as lovers often are. They constantly wrestle to possess and be possessed.

High Times: Did the characters' love affair translate to a relationship between Art and Theresa in real life?

Roeg: Art and Theresa's characters, Alex and Milena, are shadows up on the screen. They have a love affair on the screen. I don't know whether Art and Theresa translated it to real life. As far as I know, they didn't.

High Times: Have you ever worked on a movie where the actors were relating as lovers for the cameras, and it carried on into real life?

Roeg: You mean, from screwing on the screen to screwing in real life?

High Times: Where they lose their own personalities so much that these two actors continue to play the role offscreen?

Roeg: It doesn't happen that often. It hasn't happened with me. Obviously there are affairs on movie sets. But it's a dangerous game, to actually translate your on-screen character to real life. I have found that on the screen I can generally see when it's turned into an actual love affair offscreen, because they look at each other in their own personal way and not with the characters' persona, which can destroy that moment on film.

High Times: Do you cast your movies yourself?

Roeg: I do, but it's not always a director's choice. Sometimes the studio goes, "Here is a script, and so-and-so has to star in it," and they come to an agreement on it. But I like to think that actors are destined for their roles. We hadn't cast one major role in the new movie until two days before we started. We were nervous about it, but I tried to reassure my producer Jeremy Thomas: "We will get our Inspector Muller. He will come to us. And he did



Directing Art Garfunkel in *Bad Timing*.

"The less one does with a drug scene, if it's rooted in truth, the more startling the effect."

—Harvey Keitel. The actors who turned the role down did so because it was not destined to be their role.

High Times: At that time, although the movie had not been completed yet, you felt it had a life of its own. Does this happen with all the movies you do? At what point does the movie take on a life of its own?

Roeg: I don't know when it happens, but it happens. This is the first time that Jeremy and I have worked together. During the first six weeks of production he seemed rather withdrawn from it, but at a certain point he realized it had become a living organism.

High Times: Certain movies can totally suck the viewer into the screen: The life you have no longer exists, you have become part of the movie. Does that happen on the other side of the camera, too?

Roeg: Absolutely. I said the other day to Art Garfunkel, "It's our film." And I meant it. Without those two, Art and his costar Theresa, I could never have made it. It wouldn't exist. We were all around, and the lights went on, and everybody was revealed, and it was us.

High Times: How were they to work with?

Roeg: Art's extraordinary. Theresa is wonderful. She's frightening, she's only 22.

High Times: What do you mean, "frightening"?

Roeg: She breathes life into this person, Milena Flaherty. It's almost like a split, like

something peeled off her; it's not like a performance, it's not like acting.

High Times: Do your actors ever change their lines during filming?

Roeg: Yeah, I feel that since the script is not literature, it's not something that exists on its own anyway; I mean, nobody goes on a holiday with a movie script in their hands to read on the beach. I even have trouble reading scripts.

High Times: In *Performance*, the scene when Jagger and Fox switched identities began with girls chopping up psychedelic mushrooms in the kitchen.

Roeg: *Amanita muscaria*.

High Times: How did you prepare yourself to direct a psychedelic sequence where the characters would switch identities?

Roeg: That mushroom was not widely known as a psychedelic then. That's one reason it interested me—because it wasn't used—but it's a traditional thing. I don't know if you noticed, but in the early editions of fairy tales, like Hans Christian Andersen, in the corner of the page there was always a red-and-white-spotted mushroom.

High Times: Disney's movie *Fantasia* had dancing mushrooms.

Roeg: Fairy tales began that way. The original authors were eating bits of mushroom. Especially in Scandinavia. The word berserk comes from that. Berserk is a mushroom root, and when the Vikings took it they went berserk. Fairy tales began when Scandinavians started eating mushrooms.

High Times: But did you ever eat psychedelic mushrooms?

Roeg: Not the kind in the movie.

High Times: So you had a feeling of what the experience of eating mushrooms would be like when you made the movie?

Roeg: You can never really translate your own experience into cinema. It's wrong to put one's own experiences onto a character. They have an existence of their own. You can't put much imagination into it.

High Times: But there's the tradition of mushrooms in South America. The shamans take mushrooms to lose that consciousness and slip into another world.

Roeg: That's what they do in the movie, but it wasn't from my experiences. To translate an experience to different characters is to change it beyond recognition.

High Times: Is it difficult to translate a drug experience to the screen?

Roeg: It is. Extremely difficult. The less one does with a drug scene, if it's rooted in truth, the more startling the effect. That sequence, if you analyze it, is very simply put together, the secrets unlocked are not visually extraordinary, there's no flashing lights; but because it has a root in truth, and the audience can relate it to themselves, the scene becomes bigger than it really is through an exchange between the film and the audience. Flashing lights may not relate to the experiences of certain people in the audience.

(continued)

High Times: She freaks out after having sex with Bowie when his entire body comes as he reaches orgasm. How does



'd be mad not to believe in flying saucers."

'madness' means when when he's no longer able thought originated."

one begin to direct a sex scene with a man from outer space?

Roeg: I really was thinking not in terms of alien but as if it were a plain love affair between two humans, say an American woman and an Englishman who had lived in America and had left a family behind. After a few years, he's living with a woman and he's never actually been in love, but she's taken care of his needs, and he's taken care of hers, and they worked something out together. They're just a couple, and one day he says, "I've got to go now. I must leave. I can't live this life; it isn't me. I love the apartment, we had a delightful thing, but you've never really known me." And she says, "I'll go with you, I don't love it here, I'll go anywhere you like." And he says, "You don't know. I've been living a false existence. This isn't my life." She says, "I don't mind what you are, who you are, just tell me." And he says, "Are you sure?" She says, "Yes. I don't mind if you don't love me, just tell me what it is." And he says, "I don't love you. You have served my purpose," then reveals his true self and she screams.

High Times: He's just a strange man with a mysterious past who really has to go.

Roeg: Right.

High Times: Was the story based on the life of Howard Hughes, or on power and

corruption in general?

Roeg: Oddly enough it wasn't based on Hughes, but I found it working that way on its own. When you work closely and intensely on something you let it take its own head. We did a movie about this man who found himself in that state, gigantic wealth, and in seclusion, and then Hughes died and the connections were extraordinary, though it wasn't planned. Hughes lived at the top of a hotel, and the hotel we shot the movie in was once owned by Howard Hughes. There's a TWA sign outside, and when Bowie left the hotel, like Hughes, he left without his shoes on.

High Times: Hughes was fascinated with the media, and he liked to watch a lot of TV sets at once. And he, too, was taken over by his employees.

Roeg: That wasn't intended. Hughes wasn't even thought of, but the reality imposed itself on the movie. I'm interested in the split senses, in engaging people's attention on more than one surface at a given time. There'll be more of this in the coming generations. Already people watch television and read a magazine at the same time. Kids are accustomed to doing two or three things at the same time now. If you seek hard enough to put yourself in a situation, somehow the truth will come out of it. I hope it doesn't sound too airy-fairy, but I believe it. Things have happened with this new film that have related to me in an extraordinary way.

High Times: There was a lot of talk about this kind of thing when *The China Syndrome* was released, and two weeks later at Three Mile Island the same thing happened in real life. The funny thing was that all of a sudden the movie studio's stock shot up the boards like a rocket.

Roeg: Bad news is good news.

High Times: It's life imitating art.

Roeg: Life imitates art more than art imitates life. Art senses that cycle happening first. Once the thought is out, once the word is out, it happens.

High Times: Do you regard the movie industry as a huge corporate monolith?

Roeg: I don't like the movie industry anymore because it's become corporate now that the banks run it. Still, I've been very lucky. The corporations actually give me money to make movies. I don't like the American film business, the German film business, the English film business. I don't want to be in the film business because it's very inhibiting. I get financed from studios. Why or how I'll never know. By some fluke...

High Times: Do you feel that the corporations trust you with their money?

Roeg: No, I don't feel that at all. I don't know what it is. I'm not a producer, I don't have that power, but it is a corporate industry now.

High Times: Do you have any guilt that your films make a lot of money for the corporate film industry?

Roeg: No, I don't. I'm not a politician, I don't



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care what they do with their money. I personally find politics utterly boring because they center around only one aspect of life: power. If you can reduce politics to a single word, it's power. One lust for power fighting another lust for power. There is no art in politics. Nobody reads last year's political speeches: It's like reading an old timetable. You don't say, "Oh, what a wonderful speech Mr. Hobbenbottom made in 1924 on the bus crisis." It's boring.

High Times: Society today is pushing people more into the normal and not giving them a chance to get that far out.

Roeg: That's very right. That's where politics come in, along with a large society. In the Middle Ages, society was small villages and hamlets, tiny places. But a large society must be controlled by a power group. The more regimented the society is, the more in line, the more control, the better. That's surely the reason why drugs are so fiercely banned.

I don't believe that it has anything to do with "Oh, I'm worried about poor Barney's health." We've only had one messiah so far, so I don't believe that all of those other people are really that concerned with the whole of society.

High Times: Which other people?

Roeg: The politicians, the leaders of society. When they are home sitting on the pot taking a crap, I don't believe they're saying, "Oh, those poor people out there. I'd give my soul for them." That's bullshit. Their concern is only to perpetuate their power.

High Times: In *The Man Who Fell to Earth* you seem to be playing around with the illusion of time.

Roeg: One of the things that film gives you is an ability to switch between periods of time. Audiences can follow that because most people are living in all kinds of time sequences—they're thinking of their past, and what's going to happen to them in the future, and today. But in *The Man Who Fell to Earth* we didn't use any time—there was no length of time ever described. It's more difficult to handle that. Bowie's character never aged, but the people around him aged. But you could never tell how long a period it had been. When you cut time completely out of your frame of reference, it's very odd. I became very disoriented during the making of the film, and the others became curiously disoriented. They all wanted to know how long a sequence was supposed to represent; they kept checking their watches. The movie never mentions time. When I was cutting it, I made that specific point. Rip Torn had a line that got past the rushes, which I noticed when I was cutting it. Rip says, "I've been here three months already." I dubbed it so he ended up saying, "I've been here so long already." Three months made it too specific. Candy Clark never wore a watch in the movie, which was quite odd for the character—but Candy actually never wore a watch in her life, never owned one.



The 52-year-old director on location.

"I don't like to be called a 'director.' It conjures up the idea of someone who can earn his living doing that job."

At the end of the movie I gave her a watch as a gift and I thought, "What have I done?" I was trying to do something with the syntax of film that at the same time was very difficult to explain.

High Times: For you, filmmaking seems to be a mystical art. In your movies you often break the laws of time and space or change them to fit the reality that you are creating. This also happens when people smoke grass or take psychedelics, their perception of time becomes different. When you are behind the camera, do you feel that you can travel forward and backward in time?

Roeg: I do. It's a curious thing, film. It's followed in the steps of literature, the storytelling tradition, because that was the way it could become instantly commercialized. But I think you've got something in the moving picture that is more mystical. I don't think we've examined its depth at all. In fact, when you sit in front of a Movieola and run a film forward and backward, and you see film actors who are dead, people talking and moving, there's something more mysterious to it than just another imprinting. Some commission was being set up to save some old nitrate film—the newsreel clipping of the Hindenburg disaster. That airship keeps falling out of the sky all the time. Those images are here:

There's just shadows. Without light, we don't exist; with light, we suddenly become a reality ourselves. Cover this room with darkness, nothing is here.

High Times: Was there a point in your career that you discovered this? Because some directors just tell a story, but when I go to a movie I want to be taken somewhere else.

Roeg: I don't know when it started. It happened overnight. For many years, though, it was something that preyed on my mind. I think it started somewhere at the back of my mind when I wasn't able to express it when I was much younger. Too many people approach film without a sense of awe at the fact of the movie camera. I approach the making of a movie with a high degree of nervousness—not nervous about how to do a shot, but nervous that something is going to happen. Something will be captured in the camera that can't be changed.

Making a movie has that mystical sense that something strange is happening all the time. It encapsulates a piece of your life separate from the rest of your existence. John Huston has said about filmmaking that "it's rather melancholy at the end of it all." Film-making is actually a melancholy affair because you live a lifetime in a few moments, and at the end it's like a death in the family. It's like a traveling group of players with a mad impresario. I don't like to be called a "director." Obviously I am a director—that's what it says on my passport—but it conjures up the idea of someone who can definitely earn his living doing that job. Directing movies for me is touch and go, it doesn't conform to what you'd call a "living."

High Times: Do you have certain people that you like to work with all of the time?

Roeg: I work with people I feel comfortable with. I like to use the same camera operator, Tony Richmond. I've worked with him three times. He shot *Walkabout*, *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, *Don't Look Now* and now the new one, *Bad Timing*. I like working with Donald Cammell. We directed *Performance* together.

High Times: Your movie *Walkabout* was about mystical experiences in the Australian outback. What was working on that like?

Roeg: Well, as usual, I didn't have that aborigine boy until ten days before we were to start the movie. I kept saying, "I will find that boy." I found him up in the Northern Territory. He was at a mission.

High Times: He's also in *Last Wave*.

Roeg: Yes, but *Walkabout* was his first film. He was a true aborigine. When we went to South Australia, he found it difficult to walk without shoes, but when we got back up to Darwin, where the ground was much more flinty, he felt more at home.

High Times: Do the aborigines have any native ways of getting high?

Roeg: They burn eucalyptus leaves—get stoned on eucalyptus. They use a lot of it at

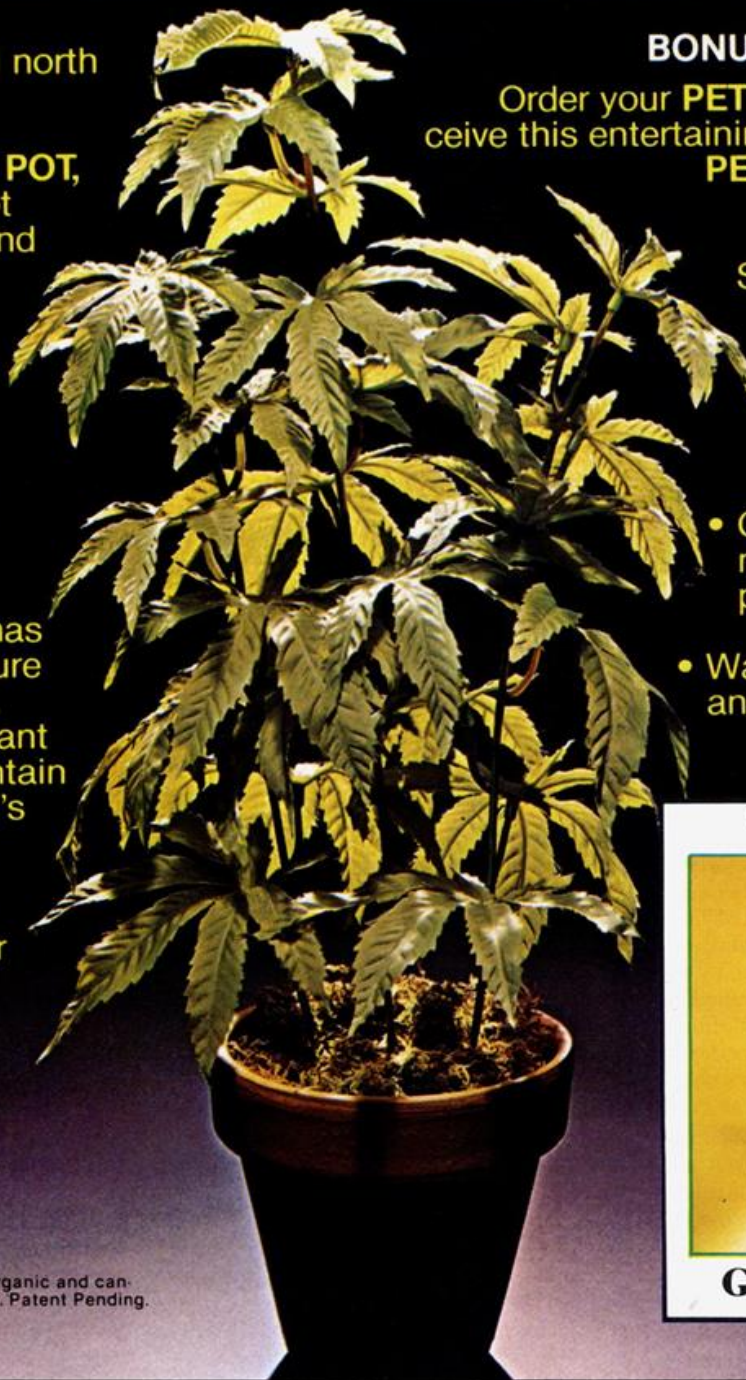
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their circumcision ceremonies.

High Times: Did the aborigine talk about any mystical experiences he had?

Roeg: Not at that time—he didn't have the vocabulary. He spoke sort of pidgin English.

High Times: When you went to work with him, were there a lot of your own judgments that you had to suspend? Did you vibe with him well?

Roeg: Yes, very much so. At first it was quite interesting. He didn't really follow the association between being in the out-back and finally being on the screen in a cinema—it was a pretty big leap of the mind.

It was quite fascinating when he did the dance for his bride Jenny outside the hut.

“Walkabout isn't saying that the noble savage's life is better. Obviously, there are better things in life than the noble savage ever experienced.”


That was his marriage dance, and by the time we reached that part of the film where he performs for her, by the end of the dance, he had a tremendous hard-on, because that was his proposal. It took a long time for him to come down, to realize that he wasn't going to go to bed with her, because that dance was something sacred he had saved for marriage. It didn't stop for him when the scene was over. He brooded, because what was that for? He didn't understand what the story was. Even now, he's never seen the movie. *Walkabout* isn't saying that the noble savage's life is better. That would be too elementary. Obviously there are better things in life than the noble savage ever experienced. It's nicer to be indoors than outdoors when it's pouring rain.

I went crazy alone in the desert while filming *Walkabout*. I had to be helicoptered into an aborigine territory. We got permission to go in with the three children in the movie, but we couldn't get the equipment and myself and the kids onto the helicopter. So I went in first with the gear, and then the helicopter went back to get the kids and he was gone for four hours. I watched him go away. If he had crashed there was no possible way I would have ever been found. First of all I took all of my clothes off. That's the first thing one does: It's a kind of madness.

High Times: You have made a lot of eerie movies, and now it seems the Hollywood trend is scare flicks: *Alien*, *Prophecy* and others. It seems people want to be scared,

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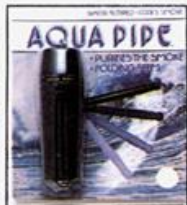
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frightened, as an escapist kind of thing. Do you see this as a lasting trend?

Roeg: I don't really think in terms of trends. Everything kind of goes in cycles. All life has to do with cycles: the moon, the tides, the oceans, emotions . . .

High Times: Do you have other projects pending now? New films?

Roeg: After you have spilled your guts out, you have to wait for a while to see what attitudes you have left, if any. Maybe I don't have any attitudes left at all. I'll recover, and get back and hold other beliefs, then I'll change my mind and want to get that out of my system. That's the sort of cycle that I go in. That's why it takes me so long.

"After you have spilled your guts out, you have to wait for a while to see what attitudes you have left, if any. Maybe I don't have any attitudes left at all."

High Times: Who are your favorite directors? Your influences?

Roeg: I love Jean-Luc Godard, John Huston, Ingmar Bergman—they're tremendous. Obviously John Ford because he had the chance to do so much. There were hundreds of directors who had that chance and didn't make anything of it. I directed photography on Truffaut's *Fahrenheit 451*. It was about a future of government-ordered book burning. We burned hundreds of books, getting those black curls at the edges of the pages and the writing seen through the burning. It was meant to look like leaves from the trees in autumn, the dying of the leaves, the dying of the ideas in the books. Roger Corman was great to work with, too. We did *Masque of the Red Death* in an amazing three weeks. I loved his attack. He's got a tremendous go to him. He's like a great jockey and seems to think of the film as his horse—he's giving it its head.

High Times: Do you have any advice for young directors?

Roeg: The trouble is that very often young directors have to take stories that are given to them by the film producers and try to make something out of them, put a little of themselves into them. I'm talking about young directors who want to be moviemakers, not just an employee of a film company who is directing a film, which is a different thing all together. Advice? God knows! I'm just barely keeping alive myself. Just keep hope and faith, hope and faith. Carry a good-luck charm. Join every religion you possibly can. Whenever a new one comes up, join it. ☐

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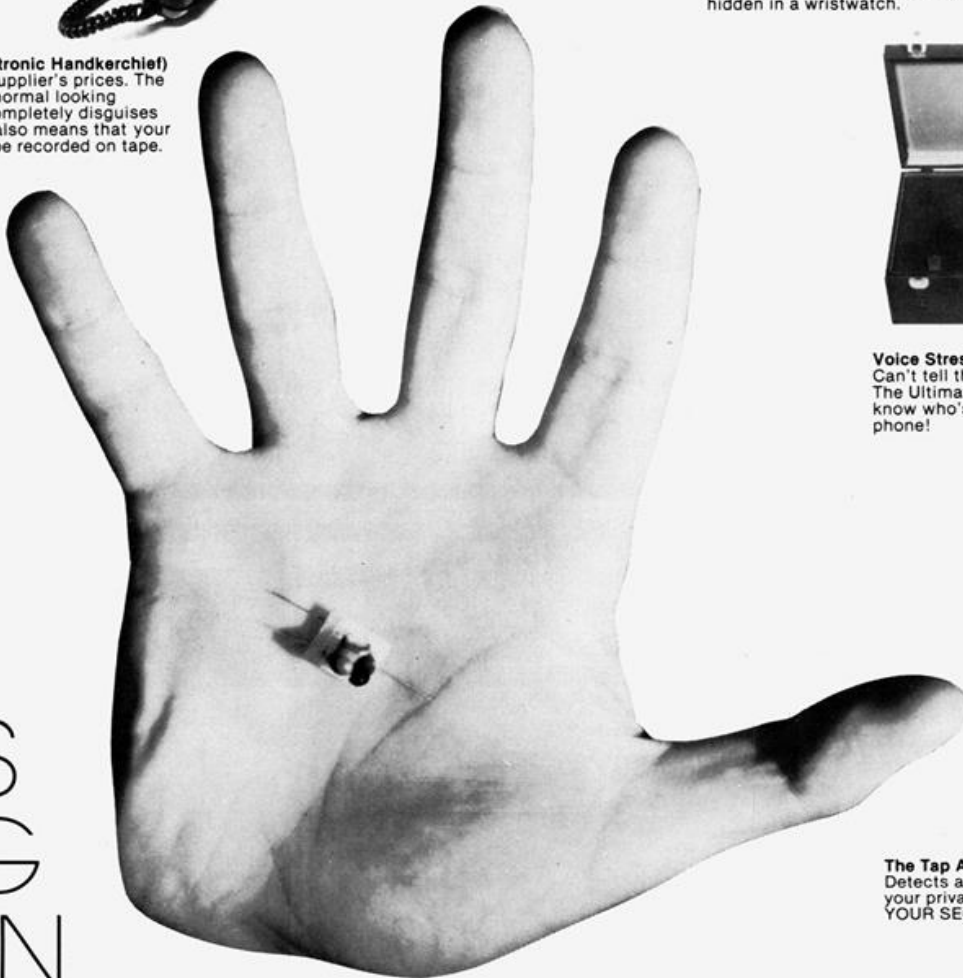
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12 Science-Fiction Writers Look at Life in the '80s and Beyond

Compiled by Brad Balfour

In the nearly 70 years since Hugo Gernsback coined the term to describe his seemingly outlandish predictions for the future, a great deal of science fiction has become scientific fact. The fertile imaginations of SF writers (writers and fans alike bristle at the term Sci Fi) have sampled space travel, instant electronic communications, giant computers, lasers, solar energy, robots and a host of psychedelics years before their visions surfaced as realities. Still, as a group, science-fiction writers insist they are neither prophets nor seers. Indeed, some of the most popular examples of their art delight not in the possibility of being right, but in being so outrageously improbable. In either case, whether they are carefully constructing a precise anthropological model of some future world or spinning an outlandish yarn of alien life in a forsaken corner of the Milky Way, they are, above all, storytellers whose tales are enjoyed by millions of readers throughout the world and whose work forms the cornerstone of a billion-dollar publishing industry.

The tradition predates the inimitable Gernsback, dating to Jules Verne and other late 19th-century futurist writers whose visions of space flight and undersea travel were inspired by the Industrial Revolution. Today, as the present becomes increasingly futuristic, science-fiction writers often find themselves translating the abstract theories of Einstein and other "hard science" thinkers into popular fiction or facing the ecological dangers of the near future. While early futurists were staunchly idealistic about scientific progress, contemporary SF writers have often been critical, envisioning the bleak possibilities of a cloned, polluted and mind-controlled world. Others, while mindful of the inherent problems of current technology, still see in it the possibilities for future utopias.

Computerized paradise or atomized rubble? What will the future bring? What will drugs be like? And sex? As we look toward the 1980s it is only appropriate to speculate, which is exactly what we did when we asked 12 science-fiction all-stars to describe a typical day in the future.

Elizabeth Lynn

One of the fastest rising stars in the SF galaxy, San Francisco-based Elizabeth Lynn, 33, brought science fiction out of the closet when she introduced lesbian sex into her Watchtower trilogy. Her current novels are *A Different Life* and *Sardonics Net*.



Photos by William Coupon

I'd go way forward in time to the year 2500, which is the setting of my books. Humans have gone out into the galaxy; in fact there are colonizing ships going to the Magellanic Clouds. Naturally, there is dear old hyperspace [faster-than-speed-of-light travel]. People are so familiar with it now, they call it "hype," but one of its nice tricks is the entropy distortion people experience going through it; it will drive you nuts! That's what happened to the first batch of explorers. Some of them are still alive, and no one knows how to fix their heads.

The galaxy as we know it is divided up into sectors, and there are planets that people live on in those sectors. There aren't that many planets that are useful for human habitation, and on most of them the population is fairly small. I figure, in 2400 everything went blowee, that the population crunch on Earth got viciously extreme. There were probably population wars. There were undoubtedly famines. As a result, people have been streaming into space.

Another thing that has changed is that telepathy is no longer a mystery. People can learn it. The political system is essentially anarchistic. I've postulated something called the Federation in my books—a very loose body of representatives from all the sectors. It has a police force, the hype cops, who have only a few specific functions, like combating dope smuggling. Not marijuana, of course, but there are, at that time, mind-bending control drugs that have to be stopped.

The trip between here and the Magellanic Clouds is 80 years, so human life has been extended. Life span is between 120 and 150 years. Very rich people can extend it to twice that.

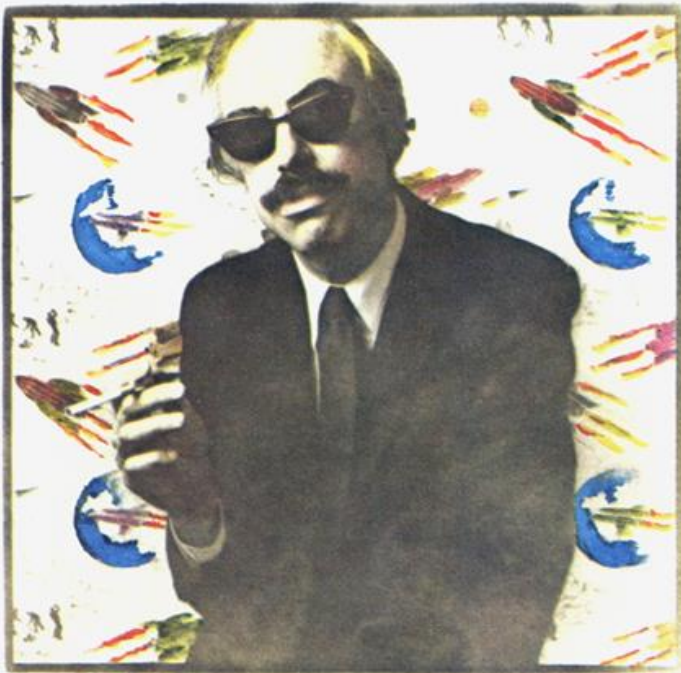
The colonized planets tend to develop very specific habitats and cultures. You could be on one planet with very traditional cultural institutions, relationships, children. . . . Another will offer greater choices. Otherwise, I don't think the extension of

human beings into space will change human perception and behavior that much.

Sex and drugs will become more widespread and sophisticated. Until we are no longer limited by our physical bodies, we will keep exploring the possibilities of those bodies. There could be a really unpleasant move toward perfecting the physical form, and you'd get a lot of cosmetic surgery, people all wanting to look alike, the perfect look—Christopher Reeve or Raquel Welch. Or, we could get to a point where *anything* people look like would be interesting. The whole idea of deformity would vanish. People will go out and transform their bodies into interesting new things, and I wouldn't want to attempt to predict the sexual habits of a bunch of purple people eaters.

Barry Malzberg

Barry Malzberg, 31, lives in New Jersey. A self-proclaimed "Jeremiah at four cents a word," this leading science-fiction cynic has won the praise of his contemporaries for his novels *Beyond Apollo*, *Herovit's World* and *Galaxy Called Rome*.



The day I would pick would be June 4, 2010, upon which two events would occur. First, there is the first manned moon landing in 38 years, and the lone astronaut sees the debris of the previous American moon landings perfectly preserved. This astronaut, of course, is from Japan—the most technologically sophisticated nation in the world. He finds a few pornographic messages and pictures and playing cards left by previous visitors. Simultaneously, the son of a president assassinated during the '60s, né John John, born in 1960, appears on national television to publicize *My Parents: A Son's Memoir*, his affectionate but scandalous biography of his late parents. He begins to speak but suddenly faints on camera due to the exertions of the previous evening's ingestion of sexual and psychoactive controlled substances in unfortunate and amateurish proportions. Everybody thinks that's great.

By June 4, 2010, everything will be entertainment.

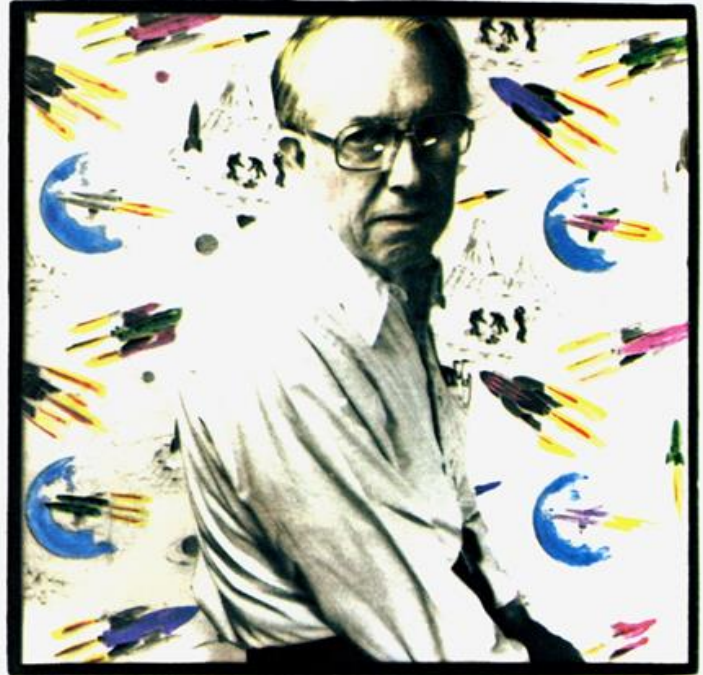
If everything is entertainment, then consciousness will have been manipulated or obliterated. McLuhan was onto something. The trivialization and scattering of perception eventually leads to the counterrevolution of modern absurdity. After you've seen "Mork and Mindy" and the president being shot, it *all* becomes entertainment. Television has made everything the same: death, sex, commodities, wealth, poverty. It has eliminated the very perception of difference, moral difference, quantitative dif-

ference, visual difference; everything is presented in the same way, and everything shows up on the 17-inch screen. This leads to a state that most psychiatrists would call schizoid—a flattening of effect and an inappropriate response.

On June 4, 2010, everyone in America will be schizoid. The primary pursuit of Americans will be death. Sex, drugs, entertainment, will be metaphors for the death they seek. They're really turned on to death. Death will be the primary necessity.

Jack Williamson

At 71, Jack Williamson is the grand old man of science fiction. He began writing in the '30s and has gone on to complete over 50 novels. The Science Fiction Writers of America honored him with last year's Grandmaster of Science Fiction Award. His books include *The Humanoids*, *Ten Trillion Wise Machines*, *Darker Than You Think*, and his latest, *Brother to Demons, Brother to Gods*.



My day would be the day the Humanoids arrived. I've been fascinated with this idea for many years and have written several books about it. It could be any day now. The situation on Earth is that technological civilization is continuing to move ahead, and we're producing all sorts of wonderful devices, but some of them are so dangerous we seem unable to control them. So we have pollution, overpopulation . . . Violent aggressiveness has become suicidal. The Humanoids were invented on another planet where there had been a terribly destructive war threatening the survival of the race. They are perfect machines, able to control themselves, repair themselves. They operate from computer power stations where human beings are not permitted, and are guided by a prime directive that says they must serve, obey and guard men from harm.

They request permission to take over and do everything for everybody. They don't force themselves on us, they simply keep offering their help until it is freely accepted. Then they build wonderful cities, provide food, amusements, shelter . . . But they're a little too rigid, too mechanical. People are forbidden to eat with knives and forks because they could be dangerous instruments to be used against other humans, or by suicidal humans, or even in unwarranted attacks against Humanoid units themselves. Human activity is severely limited, but for people who become restive or unhappy the Humanoids have a marvelous drug called euphori that stimulates the pleasure centers of the brain. Within the realm of possibility, research that's going on now in the study of endorphins, the natural body

opiates, may soon provide something very much like euphoria.

We're still escaping from a period of very rigid sexual inhibition, and will go in that direction for a while, but I can envision a sudden reversal putting a lid on sexual freedom, like in the iron curtain countries or Iran after Ayatollah Khomeini. The Humanoids might do that.

James Gunn

James Gunn, 55, teaches English at the University of Kansas, in Lawrence, Kansas. Highly regarded as an SF academician and writer, he is the author of *Alternate Worlds: An Illustrated History of Science Fiction*, *The Joymakers*, *The Listeners* and *The Immortals*.



The most intriguing future day I've dealt with in my writing is the point when, after a long search for communication from other intelligent creatures in the universe, a signal is finally picked up. I see this taking place around 2025. An answer is sent, but it takes 45 light-years to reach its destination, 90 years round trip. So from 2025, when the message is picked up, until 2115, the world is waiting for an answer.

What is their initial message? I suggest that they've found out about us by picking up our old radio programs, which have been floating out in space since the 1920s. I think they would send back our own radio shows.

My concept is that once you think in terms of communications taking 90 years between message and answer, everything else begins to slow down as well. The pace of life begins to assume more reasonable, more humane proportions, and people begin to read a little more deeply and plan in longer terms. I think that's the most beneficial change that will occur.

There are cyclical movements in the way people regard sex that I think will continue. In the past there have been numerous occasions when sex was freer and less restrictive than in other times. For instance, in Shakespeare's England, sex was pretty uninhibited. Then he set out to create romance, and it had a tremendous effect. The way to create romance is to create mystery, to cover things up. To have a girl behind a veil may be much more romantic than a girl with nothing on, even though the end result is the same. So I guess sex is going to reach some ultimate openness, then begin moving back toward covering things up, toward romantic love and restrictions.

I think the future of drugs is moderation in our use of external stimulants and depressants, and increased knowledge and use of the body's internal stimulants and painkillers. More work

with RNA to enhance memory, with which we might actually be able to imprint information—a course in Spanish or surgery—directly on the brain. Intelligence pills? That might be a phase, until people discover that the pleasures of knowledge, too, are limited.

Ray Bradbury

Ray Bradbury, 59, is one of America's most widely read SF writers. He is currently helping to design EPCOT, the Walt Disney city of the future, under construction in Florida. *Martian Chronicles*, *The Illustrated Man* and *Fahrenheit 451* are his best-known books, the latter two having also been made into popular movies.

New Year's Day, 2001, the start of the 21st century, by which time we will have solved all our major problems! I'm very optimistic. We will solve the energy problem and the gasoline problem. We will be moving further into space, and there will be no major war. There will be minor conflicts, which we'll resolve because the hydrogen bomb is teaching us to behave like Christians. We've solved so many things in the last few years, and our country keeps growing. We didn't believe we could accommodate 42 million new people in the last 20 years, and—by God!—the population has grown as well as our capacity for employing them. We have more jobs and money for everyone. I think we're going to do splendidly. There's nothing we can think of that we can't do.

We've got plenty of money and imagination and people. If we took some of the money we're wasting on social services and military cost overruns, we could easily pay for the space effort. And space is a metaphor that's inspiring to the entire human race. It signifies survival in the universe, when all other problems seem to overwhelm us. It gives us something larger to believe in.

On New Year's Day, 2001, I see every citizen in our free society better off materially, aesthetically. I'm talking about the United States. I don't give a fuck about the rest of the world. Why should I? I mean, they've got to learn how to imitate us and build.

I think people will simmer down sexually and opt for traditional one-to-one relationships. I hope there's no future for drugs. I think it's stupid and destructive, just as war is stupid. If you like drugs, you might as well say you like war and murdering people with cars. If that's your idea of fun, forget it. I have such a respect for my subconscious, I'm not about to tamper with it. I had a chance to take mescaline with Aldous Huxley and Gerald Heard 25 years ago and I turned it down. It's very dangerous to mess around and maybe never come back. I hope the future of drugs is total control so that we can all have creative lives.

Isaac Asimov

At 59, New York-based Isaac Asimov is unquestionably the leading light on the science-fiction pantheon and its most prolific author, with over 200 books in print. These include Hugo Award winner *The Gods Themselves*, *The Foundation Trilogy*, *I Robot*, *Pebble in the Sky* and numerous other classics.

If we pick a day right sprang! in the middle of the 1980s—let's say January 2, 1985—at which time, if I survive, I'll be social-security bait—we will find a world facing three life-and-death decisions. First, since the supply of oil will be less than the amount people want, we will either decide to scavenge in quarreling bands for the remaining oil, using whatever force we can and breaking down civilization in the process, or we're going to have to conserve like mad and develop new sources of energy.

Second, the search for new sources of energy is going to take a worldwide attack. People will have to decide either to continue the old 19th-century notion of nations competing and fighting with each other—of course, while they're doing that, the energy will run out—or else the nations will decide to combine in true cooperation and tackle the problem reasonably.

The third life-and-death situation is that even if the nations combine and cooperate, all this is impossible if population continues to rise. So we will have to decide to either continue having babies and putting pressure on the environment, or else limit the population by controlling the birthrate. Don't worry, sex will survive, but further unhitched from reproduction.

There's the day: people reading the newspapers about those three decisions.

Once we make these decisions, we move into space. The best energy sources are out there; the best way of combining the world into a cooperative is to give people a project that is large enough to engage everyone; the best way to limit population is to promise that once space is developed sufficiently, we can grow again.

I'm not optimistic, but I'm hoping we'll make the right decisions. If we don't we can look forward to a permanent dark age. How are we going to rebuild, having destroyed all the materials with which we can rebuild an industrial civilization. The best we'll be able to develop is a simple, scroungy, agricultural society that will support maybe a few hundred million people. The oil will be all burned up; the easy coal will be gone; we won't have the wherewithal to rebuild nuclear-power stations. There won't be any easy metal mines. There will just be moldering junkyards that we won't have the energy to purify.

January 2, 1985, isn't the date when things will go smash, but it is around this time that these life-and-death decisions will have to be made; and by the year 2000, there won't be anybody in the world who won't be able to see whether we're going to make it or not.

Norman Spinrad

Ground-breaking science-fiction iconoclast Norman Spinrad, 38, introduced explicit inner-space sex and still managed to cop a Hugo Award nomination for *Bug Jack Barron* (1969). He wrote the science-fiction novel *Hitler would have written had he been a science-fiction writer*: *The Iron Dream*; another book, *Agent of Chaos*, shaped underground politics in the late '60s. He's currently living out of a suitcase between the West and East coasts. His recent novels include: *A World Between*, *The Mind Game* and *A Song from the Stars*.



This is the day we finally make contact with the flying-saucer people. The first thing that happens is a vast preemption of all radio and television, before we even see a ship coming in. They wouldn't want to scare us. If they're smart enough to pass

through intergalactic space, they're smart enough to understand and use the media. They'd probably pick something like the prime-time news minute. "Greetings from Alpha Centauri, we are your brothers in space. We'll send further messages if you'll please assign us a channel." Then, if they didn't get the airtime, they'd do a blanket bulletin, like during a presidential speech when nobody cares. They'd be careful to avoid things like World Cup soccer or the Super Bowl, where people might get mad. They might do it *after* a football game.

Then the ship would appear. It's real design would probably be too weird looking, so they might camouflage it to look like an ordinary rocket ship and make it more comfortable for us. But before the rocket ship landed, they'd probably go on television again. I'm convinced they would look like us, or like cute animals. Maybe they'd look like different things to different people, depending on the culture. In New York, they'd appear wearing business suits; in India, they'd look like Krishna, charting through everybody's mythic structure. They would remain in orbit, broadcasting pictures of themselves, messages about who they are, how great they are.

Then they would land and do a tour. Along the way, they'd give suitable demonstrations of their power and skill. They wouldn't blow things out of orbit; it would be something simultaneously impressive and nonthreatening, something nice, like banishing the night from Earth for 24 hours—that's easy. They'd certainly be able to put a few more suns around Earth and light it up for a whole night, a spectacular light show. Then, after they'd established their benign presence, done their light shows, and convinced us we were, indeed, in contact with a superior civilization, they'd ask for whatever it was they wanted, and, of course, they'd get it.

It's hard to think of what they would want in exchange for intergalactic spaceships, immortality drugs, better toilets, perfect calorie-controlled food. . . . Not dope, because any civilization that advanced would be able to synthesize any material. They would probably want art: books, videotapes, paintings. Maybe they would really like the bad stuff: Lawrence Welk, Japanese monster movies. Damon Knight did a story where all they wanted was certain kinds of cow shit. They wanted cow patties with a left-hand whorl.

The future of drugs will be tailored drugs. There are things that already exist—tailored acid, all high and no side effects—uppers, downers, sideways, smart pills, stupid pills. You might want to take a stupid pill and knock 50 points off your IQ and go to a wrestling match.

There have always been a certain number of people into weird sex—guys who dress up in chicken suits and have people beat them with brooms—and you'll always find sexual mutants around, but we may see more of them in the future. I think television and advertising are already encouraging it; when Farrah Fawcett does a Noxzema commercial, they're trying to displace your sexual feelings to a can of shaving cream. I'll bet there are a lot of people now who can't get off without a can of Noxzema.

Tom Disch

Tom Disch, 39 and living in New York, was instrumental in initiating a new wave in American science fiction in the late '60s with such controversial and politically charged books as *Camp Concentration*, *Getting into Death and Genocides*.

Say I had lingered into this world about 2020, my day in the future would be the day of my own death, say in the year 3000. I suppose I will be in whatever kind of custodial home then exists for people who are waiting to die. I've always believed that I would die. I don't believe in immortality and don't agree with the element in science fiction that thinks of science as an ultimate mode of attaining some kind of transcendent life. Belief in technological salvation is equivalently silly to a literal belief in the traditional Catholic heaven, hell and purgatory.

Rather than an extension of life, I see the reverse. I would

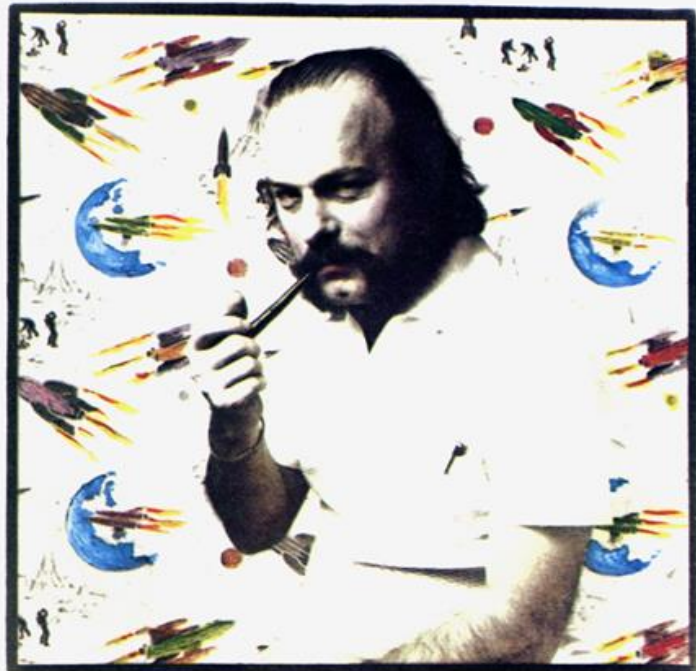
think that as the world poisons itself with technology, we will reach a trade-off status: The gains that we make in technology and medicine are offset by the losses that come about from living in an environment that is *totally carcinogenic*. I think the last 20 years and the next 10 may be the utopia of the affluent society, after which it's just going to be harder and harder.

In terms of sexual mores, the drift does historically seem to be toward more freedom, but Marcuse speaks of sexual freedom as something the powers that be can offer us in compensation for otherwise untenable conditions—another trade-off. The terms have always been negotiable. It would be nice if legal systems surrounding sexuality were to change. I certainly think the legal situation surrounding marriage is a silly one, the financial obligations that people let themselves in for—alimony and all of its horrors.

By 3000, technology will have produced some pharmaceutical surprises, that is if technological society holds itself together over another century, so that mood, concentration, attention span, should all be controllable with drugs. There would still be limits on the basic energy demands you can make on the human system. The laws of energy conservation apply to minds as well. I don't suppose you will be able to simply zap yourself into an endless holiday and stay there without repercussion.

Joe Haldeman

Joe Haldeman, 35, currently lives in Ormond Beach, Florida. A Vietnam vet, he futurized his war experience in his award-winning (*Hugo and Nebula*) first novel, *The Forever War*. His more recent novels include: *Night Bridges*, *Infinite Dreams* and *All My Sins Remembered*.



I see two possible days in the future, say a hundred years from now. One where we do nothing but strive for a basic type of living. I tend to see it in terms of an urban nightmare, a sort of post-holocaust future. You would go out and fight for food and live in constant fear of other people. People would be living in the shell of the environment we're living in now. In New York, they'd be living in the bottom floors of buildings and raiding warehouses for food.

In the other, everything goes all right, everybody is involved in some sort of creative effort and having fun. They spend half their time creating, composing, sculpting, writing, and the other half enjoying other people's creative efforts. The technology takes care of any strife. This possibility presupposes a certain amount of genetic monkeying. We'd have to raise the ability of

people to function intellectually.

On a typical day in the utopian future, you could make a very good case that people will be wearing nothing around the house. Indoor climate control will be superb, and clothes are rather stupid when there's no one around but your family or friends. I suppose you'll have to get dressed to go outside, because weather control remains a rather farfetched notion. The amount of energy required to divert a hurricane would be somewhere between 100 and 1,000 H-bombs, and I can't see achieving the ability to pinpoint that kind of energy. We'll probably be in a solar-energy economy. And, of course, we'd be traveling in space.

Along the way, I believe we'll have created substances so profoundly and precisely able to affect psychological states that the mental-health professions will disappear. I can also see the commonplace acceptance of marijuana and cocaine. (Actually, I think the way drugs are handled now, with people flying in from weird countries and dropping bales of illicit drugs, is kind of science fictional. I like that a lot.)

Sex will be enhanced artificially with drugs or direct stimulation of the brain—electrical implants playing back strange sex acts, giving the same sensation as if it were actually happening. Sex in space won't be much different. It does seem to be true, however, that men hold up better to certain physical strains of space travel, so in the interests of crew stability on a long voyage, they might prefer the astronauts to be homosexuals. It would be very interesting and very anti-NASA.

In the entertainment field, I envision the remote possibility of using brain manipulation to create an absolute "feelie," a psychotronic medium where you actually go through what one of the actors is going through. If people start living forever, a popular form of entertainment might be murder.

Alfred Bester

Alfred Bester, 65, rockets between a farm in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and his pied-à-terre in London. He won the first Hugo Award for his 1953 novel *The Demolished Man*. His numerous books include *The Stars My Destination*, *The Computer Connection*, and *Starlight, Starbright*.

May 26, 2079. I wake up to a serenade of garbage trucks, heavy oil trucks, oil tankers, jet planes, starting around six in the morning. You can't see much of the dawn these days because of the smog over New York; sunlight is kind of a dim haze that hangs over the city for four or five hours in the middle of the day. I pour a drink of reconstituted vodka, then take a couple of pep pills. I'm edgy because I was at a party the night before and met a charming young lady. At my age—165—I like them younger and younger, and this 11 year old grabbed me. But I was ashamed to take her back to my workshop because it was so messy.

My job as a writer is to add the lower-nervous-system stimuli to the script, so that no matter what is being played, the viewer will be orgasmic. The result will be the exultation, the despair, the defeat that always follows outrageous acts. We preach a lot about art and freedom of speech, but we are in this business for one purpose only, to make money.

Now, we have a man who rapes his wife's sewing machine, much to the horror of his wife, and then sues us because he is forced to perform this unnatural act. But we have a great law firm. They have something like 50 years' worth of lawsuits pending in the overworked courts. Many judges are appointed to the bench, retire and die, and never see the resolution of a single case.

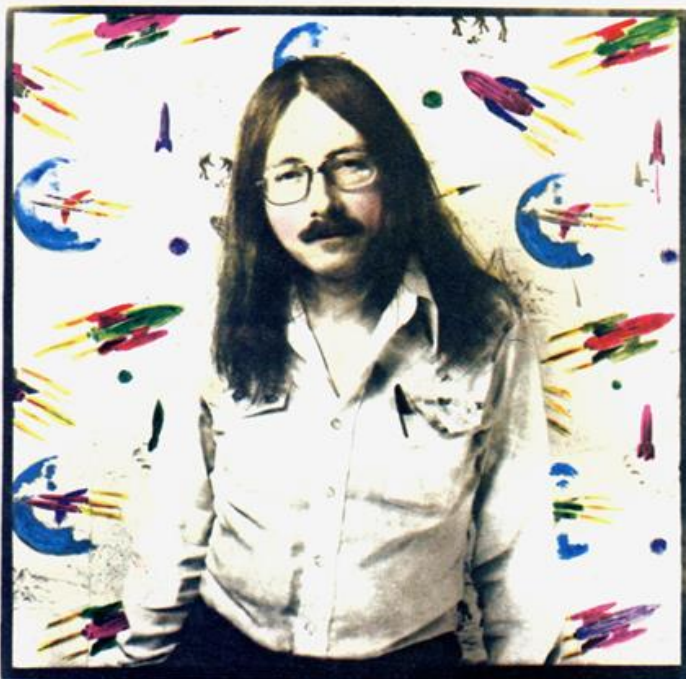
So, now I'm home in my workshop, I've finished my scripts, I need a release. In 2079, the women's movement has really taken over, and women are the more aggressive sex. I'm a little tired of passes being made at me and want a woman that I can make a pass at, a nice 12 or 13 year old; and she must be clothed. In this free-and-easy open age, most men and women with beautiful bodies display them completely nude. Since I'm an old josser, I want to find a lady who is clothed, because I'm looking for that

antique quality of modesty. I find one. She's adorable, 12 years old, covered. We meet at a party. There's a huge crowd there. They're all hip and talking like mad. And here she is, this darling redheaded girl, with green eyes and little ears like seashells.

After all kinds of small talk, she goes out to the foot of the stairs and lets out a beautiful cry in B-flat minor and takes off her shirt. She proceeds up five steps, lets out another cry, and pulls off her bra. She goes up another few steps and takes off her panties, until she is standing at the top of the stairs stark naked, letting out these primal yells in B-flat minor, and our conga line of mood men, all with erections, follows her up the stairs. One by one they go into the room with her, and I go home, desolate, wondering if I should have gotten on line. No, I couldn't. And that was the end of my day.

Edward Bryant

Edward Bryant, 33, lives in Boulder, Colorado. "Stone," "a tale about Janis Joplin and the future," won this year's Nebula Award for best short story. He has published two collections of short stories: *Among the Dead* and *Cinnabar*.



The year is 2004, and it is February 29, the extra day of leap year, called Garp Day since the turn of the century. Garp Day is a recreational nostalgia day when we remember what we no longer have. It would be for us 60-year-old fogies who remember what it was like when gasoline was 30 cents a gallon and you could get all you wanted. This is the day the government allows us to trot out our internal-combustion-engine cars, go to whatever weedy freeways are left, and drive. Chrysler Imperials and Corvette Stingrays roll out of museums, and people are allowed to eat real meat, foods made from grains, and to smoke cigarettes.

I suspect the food we'll be eating will not exactly be the triumph of synthetics. Arthur C. Clarke has pointed out that there will be a time when we no longer use our dwindling petro preserves for the internal-combustion engine but, instead, break them down into glop that we can eat.

I'm mainly concerned with the next 50, 60 years, because I'm going to see it, with any luck, if I don't starve to death, or get killed by plagues; if toxins don't escape from some bacteriological weapon, or if radiation doesn't drift over from some more serious equivalent of Harrisburg. I don't think people are going to be that much different. We won't be in space yet. We'll still be living in an urban society. But there will be vastly increased use of artificial insemination and genetic engineering.

The most important breakthrough, though, I think will be in the area of microelectronics. People will find increasing uses for home computers: to do their shopping, their banking, et cetera, when gasoline is two dollars a gallon. I think it would be difficult to convert our present living structures to solar energy. The other course of action is nuclear fusion, which I would like to see, but there are still major breakthroughs to be accomplished there.

Playing around with the chemical and electrical balances of the brain's pleasure centers will tie nonprocreational sex closely into entertainment. Sexual fantasies would become three-dimensional internal projections, allowing people to indulge their most extreme fantasies, no matter how perverse, without doing physical or psychological harm to anyone. Autoeroticism is one of the best forms of population control possible.

Mind-altering-drugs research will also progress. I'm sure there will be sophisticated combinations of synthetics to achieve all sorts of effects on the head. Another possibility is the development of RNA research. RNA is the chemical carrier believed to interpret memory. You've probably heard of the flatworm experiments: how one flatworm was conditioned to respond to light, then was ground up and fed to his fellow flatworms, and they acquired that skill without having to learn it. A very good young writer named David Scal has suggested (in *The Scavengers*) the RNA research could produce a jaded culture in which, for kicks, people go around murdering the painters, poets, media stars, grinding up their brains and shooting the RNA to vicariously experience the lives of the beautiful people. Maybe they can extract RNA some other way and it will open up a new market for a writer's painfully achieved skills and talents.

Samuel R. Delany

Samuel R. Delany, 37, lives in New York. Widely regarded as a science-fiction writer's science-fiction writer, he has won two Nebula Awards, and a Hugo for his short story "Time as Considered a Helix of Semi-Precious Stones." His novels include *Nova*, *Einstein Intersection*, *Driftglass*, and the 900-plus-page *Dahlgren*.

The planet is run by a single government that is essentially invisible. There are too many famous people, and you can't have them occupy the minds of the people effectively, so one family is chosen to be the lifestyle guideline for all families. On this particular morning, something goes wrong at breakfast. There's an argument, followed by a divorce. Or Greg, if that's his name, comes out of the closet; or Patty says she wants to live with two guys. What does it do to the rest of the world? That's the day in the future I'm waiting for.

In a more serious vein, I can envision a kind of pivotal day, similar to the first moon landing, when the moon became a very different object in our consciousness: perhaps the first time a child is born in space. By then, we should have worked our way out of the basic dualism of "self/other," which often translates as "us" and "them" and gets reread into the system as black/white, male/female and other socially hostile dualisms. Increased telepathic communication presents a way of doing this.

The structuring of society will determine what sex will be like in the future. We have, today, a double-thinking society. We talk about sex as if we're insisting we've never talked about it before, which is not true. People have been talking about sex voluminously throughout history. This insistence on the newness of our sexual freedom is blinding us to our sexuality, and hence the sex act is saturated with a feeling of "I'm free, but I'm the only one"; and this isolates people and leaves them very much alone. One would hope that in the future people will have a better idea of the history of sexuality and spend a lot less energy on achieving a sexual freedom that really is theirs anyway. Likewise, I see the use of drugs as a projection of past use of drugs. I think people of the future will be freer to use them, but I hope they will also be more knowledgeable about them. ■



FUTURE DRUGS

They're All in Your Head

by Jeff Goldberg and Dean Latimer

In the future we will be allowed to exercise a direct influence by means of particular chemical substances upon the amounts of energy and their distribution in the apparatus of the mind.

—Sigmund Freud, c. 1889

We will learn to think of ourselves, our personalities, as an orchestra of chemical voices in our heads.

—Arnold Mandell, Professor of Psychiatry, University of California, San Diego, 1979

Okay, here we go. We're really moving now, accelerating through time and space, actually moving through dimensions unknown just a few years ago.

Years? In the future that doesn't mean the same thing. Here we count microseconds and move light-years, boldly going where no humans have gone before.

Time warp straight ahead—so don your electrodes and pay attention: It's Fantastic Voyage Time! We're all incredible shrinking men. We're heading on a quest for the drugs of the future, the magic substances that will open doors as strange as black holes, substances through which we'll move on to other times and other spaces.

Other times and other spaces are right here, right now. But they're all in our minds. And so are the time-space vehicles that will take us there.

But let's go back for a while. Let's go all

the way back to the beginning of the future . . .

The future began sometime between April 1943 and July 1945, the dates, respectively, of Albert Hofmann's accidental discovery of LSD and the explosion of the first atom bomb. On the Nevada salt flats the Big Fear dawned on the age of

Scientists foresee drugs, engineered with the precision of missiles, that will relieve pain, cure madness, enhance memory and sexual prowess.

anxiety, while in his bright little Swiss lab the quiet, balding chemist contemplated the first glimmerings of the Age of Aquarius and, maybe, a brave new world, in a test tube full of rye ergot.

That a minute quantity of alkaloid derived from a fungus could have the kind of explosive effects on the mind that a few atoms of uranium 235 had on matter blew the minds of scientists, some of whom started to do some heavy thinking—for the first time—about exactly how drugs work and how they contribute to emotions.

By the early '70s a handful of researchers scattered around the world had come to an astonishing conclusion: Hallucinogens and a wide variety of drugs from morphine to aspirin worked by mimicking en-

dogenous chemicals—substances already in the body. Tiny shifts in the balances of these molecular human components govern not only how we feel physically, but also our mental state—who we are—at any given moment.

Both the rye ergot alkaloid and psilocybin, the active ingredient in magic mushrooms, mimic serotonin—a spacy hormone that promotes wider connections between cells, a psychic explorer that carries long-range messages over the intricate time, space and feeling networks of the brain. When we're tripping, the brain cells connected by serotonin transmission—particularly those clustered in the limbic system, the brain's emotional boiler—are firing like crazy, presenting a lot more pictures, info, senses, feelings, at a much higher pitch than when we're not tripping.

The pharmacological implications of such simple discoveries are, in the words of pioneer neurobiologist Dr. Avram Goldstein, "mind-boggling." By studying the chemicals already in our heads, scientists foresee the creation of drugs of the 21st century, engineered with the target precision of cruise missiles, that will zero in on specific molecular sites in the nervous system and turn any emotion on or off; enhance memory, intellect and sexual prowess; cure madness and drug addiction (and, in fact, any compulsive behavior); relieve pain and anxiety without side effects; and God only knows what else.

(continued)

THE BODY'S OWN OPIUM AND MORE

Mutterings of Nobel prizes in scientific back rooms and general hoopla surround one group of body drugs, the endorphins (from "endogenous morphine"), natural substances with the same pain-relieving properties as morphine and a few quirky properties entirely their own. Dr. Goldstein, working at Stanford University, first speculated that such critters existed in 1972. It took him and four other research

Endorphins pass freely into the womb, which means that fetuses are literally deep-sixed in the body's own O.

teams in England, Sweden and the United States three years to find them. He based his reasoning on then-recent discoveries about how nerve cells transmit messages.

At the synapses (the microscopic clefts between nerve cells), chemical messages are exchanged in the form of minute bursts of four main impulse transmitters—norepinephrine (NoR), serotonin (5-HT), dopamine (dopa) and acetylcholine (ACh)—and about 30 auxiliary transmitters. These tiny things are fired from one nerve cell across the synapse, and they fit like molecular keys into protein keyholes on the next cell. After turning the key these neurotransmitters either return to the mother cell for reuse or are broken down by enzymes. Increasing or decreasing levels of these transmitters form an internal code that translates into consciousness as the primal signals friend/foe, fight/flee, pain/pleasure, sex and intuition; at the same time they modify blood pressure, body temperature, heartbeat, nausea and a host of other physical phenomena. The rate of fire of systems of synaptic transmitters at any given moment pretty much determines what mood you're in. Since opiates in particular decidedly modify people's moods, Dr. Goldstein suggested that "the places in the brain cells where morphine and similar molecules combine must be shaped to accommodate the morphine exactly as a lock accommodates a particular key."

But Dr. Goldstein and his colleagues also wondered aloud about the "bizarre coincidence" that keyholes should exist in the human nervous system for a chemical derived from the sap of the poppy. Clearly, some substance already in the body could produce the same effects. Where was it and what was it made of?

Specific receptor sites for opiates—the morphine keyholes—were located in pigs' brains at Johns Hopkins University by Dr. Sol Snyder and Dr. Candace Pert in 1973. The next major discovery took place in Scotland. At the University of Edinburgh in 1975, Dr. John Hughes vasectomized a few hundred mice and centrifuged a few hundred pigs' brains into a thin soup. It seems the vas deferens, the tube that in male mammals conducts sperm from the testicles to the penis, is a structure that—unlike any brain structure—contains opiate-receptor sites *only*. (Biochemists are still puzzling over this.) Since morphine is a capital anticonvulsant, Dr. Hughes caused convulsions in the isolated mouse vas deferens tissue through electrical stimulation; then he dropped portions of pig-brain soup onto them, one by one, speculating that any that quelled the convulsions would be endogenous opiates. Results were inconclusive.

And there it might have stayed but for a truly weird fluke. "About six months after we suspended the project," recalls Dr. Hughes, "we came to clear out the deep freeze and the technician asked me if we should throw the old hormones away. And I thought, well, perhaps we'd better just check them again. And a couple of the bottles that had proved negative before turned out this time to be positive." Eureka! The body's own junk!

Well, not quite. Hughes coined his own name for the substance, *enkephalin* (meaning "brain produced"), and sent a few precious micrograms down to Cambridge to have their chemical structure checked out, electron by electron. A young tech named Howard Morris had just perfected a mass-spectrometry technique to do just that. He was able to determine that the pig-brain substance alleged to have opiate properties had broken into two peptides (constellations of amino acids, just a few connections short of being whole proteins) with the chemical formulas tyrosine-glycine-glycine-phenylalanine-methionine and tyrosine-glycine-glycine-phenylalanine-leucine. Just three months later Morris was looking at another batch of amino acids with *exactly* the same molecular structure, only these had come out of human brains. No question about it: These were the body's own opiates.

Meanwhile, back in the States, independent corroboration of all this was emerging like beads of sweat on the brow of a kicking junkie. At the University of California Dr. Huda Akil was trying electroacupuncture on rats and found that, yes, this could markedly raise their tolerance for pain. Suspecting further that this might be due to enhanced endorphin activity in the beasts, she then treated them with naloxone, an opiate antagonist.

Naloxone has been used for years to bring junkies out of overdoses; 30 seconds after a shot of naloxone all the effects of

smack disappear, to be immediately replaced by violent withdrawal symptoms: sweats, shits, cramps, heaves, even spontaneous orgasm. If acupuncture stimulates endorphins, and if endorphins work anything like opiates, then a shot of naloxone into her endorphin-stoned rats ought to have reduced their pain thresholds to normal, or even below. This it definitely did, and Dr. Akil's findings were simultaneously duplicated by Dr. Yoshio Hosobuchi at the University of California at San Francisco. At the same time, Dr. Hosobuchi recorded higher than normal endorphin levels in human brain tissue and spinal fluid following electroacupuncture.

Shortly afterward, in 1977, Dr. Akil, being pregnant, was in a unique position to broaden endorphin research. About six months into term she began drawing blood samples from herself and other pregnant

An Old Alchemist Looks Toward The Future

California drug designer Dr. Alexander Shulgin, the father of STP, recently unveiled a drug he described as the perfect nonalcoholic, low-calorie martini. Dr. Shulgin has invested several years of research to perfect a short-term drug that would give the user access to the "magic moment" or the "one-and-a-half martini stage," and then after an hour or two would gently return the user to conventional consciousness. Dr. Shulgin now claims to have found a drug that "almost precisely meets these requirements," and has named it DOET.

Like previous Shulgin concoctions (MDA, MMDA, STP), DOET is a psychotomimetic ("psychosis mimicking") amphetamine, combining derivatives of mescaline with segments of the amphetamine molecule. His objective, he says, has been to create drugs that produce intensification of feelings, increased perceptions of self-insight and heightened empathy with others, without the sensory distortions commonly associated with hallucinogens like LSD and mescaline. Dr. Shulgin describes these new drugs as "specific sensory amplifiers" that "enhance different senses without blanketing the rest of the mind with intoxication and confusion."

"At first," says Dr. Shulgin, "you really can't say exactly what's happening after you ingest these substances. Then suddenly everything is a little bit brighter, conversation is a little bit more relaxed, the music is just right and you slowly begin fitting into the new environment. It's a fabulous feeling."

—Carl Boyer

women and checking them for endorphin levels. "We found that throughout pregnancy, as early as six months and perhaps earlier," Dr. Akil reported, "endorphin is indeed quite high—higher than I've ever seen it in normal human blood." It reaches a peak in the plasma, she discovered, just before and during labor; which means, since endorphins pass freely into the womb, where placental fluid is exceptionally rich in blood, that fetuses are literally deep-sixed in the body's own O.

Dr. Candace Pert spoke about this during a "Nova" documentary: "It's a wild speculation, but it's interesting to think of a fetus floating around with its opiate receptors loaded with endogenous endorphins. A fetus in that condition would be sleepy, would be calm, it wouldn't breathe. We don't want it to breathe when it's in the uterus surrounded by liquid. We want it to breathe when it comes out. It's fascinating to think about the fetus in this blissful prenatal state, medicated by beta-endorphin."

Others have been less poetic. Author Latimer is currently investigating the chemical properties of various over-the-counter brands of placenta shampoos with an eye toward centrifuging the endorphins free with a Waring blender: "I must've birthed a couple dozen calves on the farm when I was a kid, and I was always taken with the way the mama cow, after all that bawling and hell raising, would get real quiet and kinda thoughtful while she licked off the afterbirth." Author Goldberg, who has connections with some of Manhattan's busiest abortion clinics, is devising possibilities for a little—hell, a considerable—income on the side. And writer William Burroughs, when informed of Dr. Akil's findings, mused: "I can see it all now: endorphin junkies roaming the streets, ripping babies from the wombs of helpless women. We must stop these fiends before it is too late."

One can, it turns out, become dependent on overstimulation of endorphin. Hints that these substances might be a bit too good to be tampered with too much were provided 15 years before endogenous opiates were even thought to exist. During the late 1950s James Olds at McGill University was experimenting on the "pleasure centers" in the brains of rats. Rats fitted with electrodes attached to pleasure pathways from the hypothalamus to the forebrain, pathways since connected with endorphin production as well as the neural buzz drug norepinephrine, would press a bar tirelessly for days, without sleeping or eating, until they died, in order to obtain brain rewards. Scientists have since asserted that amphetamines, mood elevators (Elavil, Tofranil), cocaine, and apomorphine work by stimulating reward pathways; tranquilizers like Thorazine and Haldol, contrariwise, block reward pathways.

Still, equating endorphin with smack, however similar some of their effects may

be, is extremely misleading. The painkilling effect of smack is only one of the effects of endorphin.

Acupuncture, shiatzu (pressure-point massage) or even an hour or two on a transcutaneous nerve stimulator [see "Black Boxes," below] will calm the pain of mind and body as effectively as opiates, but in a rather different way, and certainly without any ill effects. Author Goldberg volunteered for the role of Gone Rat and was dispatched for an acupuncture treatment. His report: "I had been suffering from stomach cramps after a night of serious drinking. The treatment brought

the discomfort down to a tolerable level, but it did a lot more, too. When it was over the doctor said, 'So you are quite a different personality now.' It was true. I felt more myself, more present, alert—but not in the least sedated—and calm, as if tension had been turned off; a buzzing fluorescent light suddenly gone dead and silent, and I was bathed in a kind of moonlight. I floated out of the room. The effects lasted 36 hours, no come down, no side effects."

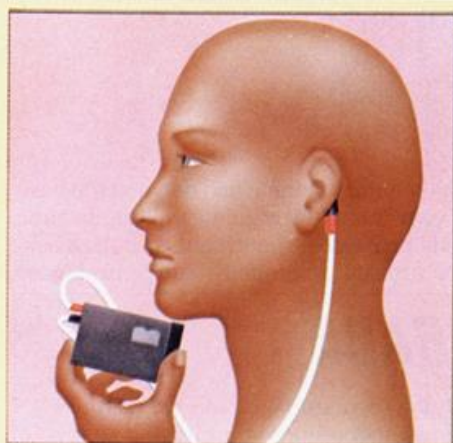
Others who have experienced endorphin stimulation directly or have tested it clinically attest to effects ranging far

Black Boxes

"In all fairness to the poppy," snuffled Keith Richards after shaking a five-year smack monkey last spring, "never once did I have a cold." Richards reexposed himself to the hazards of pulmonary infections along with Eric Clapton and a few other celebrity skagheads via a little-known machine devised by Dr. Margaret Patterson of London (see "Highwitness News," August '79). To hear them tell of it, all you have to do is plant a couple of tiny electrodes behind the ears for a couple of hours every day for ten days and you're clean, with withdrawal discomfort reduced way below normal kick intensity. The Patterson device supposedly generates imperceptible "vibrations" into your skull, where they may tickle your middle-ear structures or directly stimulate your pituitary—if Dr. Patterson knows which, she isn't saying—and *voilà!* Within ten days you're rid of any obsessive behavior, from mainlining 1,500 mils of smack per diem down to sniffing schoolgirls' bicycle seats. That's right, any obsessive behavior. Dr. Patterson confirms that by making slight adjustments in "vibration" levels she is able to ease the pangs of withdrawal not only from opiates but from alcohol, cigarettes, barbs and overeating as well.

She calls it NET ("neuroelectric therapy") and says it works only for men—and that's about as far as she's gone publicly to date.

The idea of neuroelectric stimulation for pain relief is not new. The first century A.D. Roman doc Scribonium Largus recommended for relief of headache the application of a live electric eel to the painful area, which, if we can believe Scribonium, was quite effective too. And the Chinese docs have mapped out a locus of pressure points on the ear that produce powerful analgesic effects when stimulated with acupuncture. In fact, middle-ear stimulation has been suggested as an answer to the mysteries of acupuncture anesthesia. NET may well involve endorphin production, and



if Dr. Patterson is stimulating the pituitary into tamping down its production of gobble-gobble lipotropins, that sure would reduce the compulsive urge to do junk. Trouble is, to prove it you'd undoubtedly have to pulverize and centrifuge the brains of a few hundred rock stars, which many scientists would probably deem unethical.

If you want to try Dr. Patterson's black box, you'll have to visit her at her FREE clinic in Sussex, England. A similar device, however, is available, only by prescription, from Staodynamics, Inc., in Colorado, distributed through Bio Engineering Equipment, 2515 86th Street, Brooklyn, New York. This transistor-radio-size TCNS (transcutaneous nerve stimulator) is similar in all respects but one to Dr. Patterson's NET. The American model has been prescribed for years for relief of physical pains (arthritis, back pain, and so on), so its electrodes are designed to fit over external acupuncture points rather than in the ear. The set can be easily rerigged, though, for middle-ear stimulation. People with heart problems are cautioned against using the black box, and those interested in kicking with it are advised that it will be much more effective in a clinical setting with proper psychotherapeutic counseling. As for normal people who might get their hands on one: Neuroelectric stimulation of the body's own chemicals has led to some damned strange behavior. The possibilities are more than intriguing.

beyond mere pain relief.

Endorphins are very complicated critters, see. There are at least three different kinds, all with very different effects. Met-enkephalin seems mainly responsible for short-term analgesia (pain relief); beta-endorphin, a longer chain of amino acids, seems responsible for long-term pain relief and some components of euphoria. Gamma-endorphin, on the other hand, heightens sensitivity to pain and promotes aggressive, suspicious behavior. (Paradoxically, gamma-endorphin is currently being acclaimed as a sovereign treatment for schizophrenia at the Rudolph Magnus Institute in Holland. Seems to work pretty good, too.)

THE BRAIN'S OWN DRUGSTORE

The pituitary is the gland down at the base of your brain that regulates your automatic body processes—heartbeat, sweating, sexual arousal, excretion—and your higher

GABA

*I don't wanna be a pinhead no more
I just met a nurse that I could go for.
Gabba gabba, hey. Gabba gabba, hey.*
—The Ramones

The body's own Valium? Why, sure. Sort of. Researchers for major drug companies and the National Institute on Mental Health recently linked Valium with the actions of gamma-aminobutyric acid (GABA), one of the brain's major neural transmitters. Rather than exciting nerve firing, GABA appears to promote tranquility, slowing down the brain's electrical activity in stressful situations. Drugs like Valium and Librium (benzodiazepines), say the docs, enhance the effectiveness of GABA at its receptor sites (see "Highwitness News," July '79).

This discovery led researchers to the identification and isolation of two natural brain chemicals called purines—inosine and hypoxanthine—that appear to have the same effect of facilitating GABA activity. An unsolved mystery remains, however. Valium seems to work both by enhancing GABA transmission and by locking onto its own special receptor sites, separate from GABA activity. The intriguing possibility exists that the brain contains some undiscovered substance that acts on Valium sites alone. According to Dr. Richard Squires, who is leading Lederle Laboratories' research team in quest of the body's Valium, the missing link may be yet another chunk of the pharmacologically formidable pro-opioid molecule.

emotional and voluntary motor functions, and we still don't know a hell of a lot about it. Except that it produces endorphins, among lots of other hormones.

Back in 1964 Dr. C.H. Li, researching the causes and treatment of obesity at the University of California at San Francisco, suspected that the roots of both compulsive overeating and plain genetic obesity lay in malfunctions of the pituitary gland. (He was proved correct.) Dr. Li stumbled onto a class of pituitary hormones that appeared to have opiatelike effects, and another batch that produced precisely opposite effects.

By 1972 Dr. Li had isolated a class of chemically similar pituitary hormones that he called *lipotropins*, meaning "affects fat." One of these, beta-lipotropin, appeared to have conspicuous painkilling properties. Then Dr. Li's work stalled. He was getting his beta-lipotropin from the pituitaries of camels, animals that enjoy a

DPA might turn out to be one of the elusive philosophers' stones of pharmacology—the nonaddictive opiate.

notorious indifference to pain of any sort. (Set a camel on fire and it will keep on chewing its cud, say the Egyptians.) Still, Dr. Li had to mash up the brains of 2,000 camels to get one milligram of the stuff, which was methodologically awkward to say the least.

But hold it now. What about those *nonopiate effects* referred to by Dr. Li in his fat research?

In 1976, Dr. David Kasten at the Veterans Administration Hospital in New Orleans began giving lipotropins to lab rats and observed some *most* unexpected effects: They augmented the animals' attention and seemed to have increased their activity in low doses. Speaking nonscientifically, it almost seemed to make the beasts smarter. Floyd Bloom at the Salk Institute in La Jolla, California, reported that in high doses rat reactions bordered on the supernatural: "We were totally amazed. The animal was doing absolutely nothing. Its sole behavior was an occasional wet-dog shake, an occasional sniffing of the air, and then lapsing into this vacant stare." At the same time, though, the rat's electroencephalogram (EEG) would be going bananas, "his head absolutely generating an entire village's worth of electricity. The EEG pens were just wrecking off the paper, ink splattering everywhere. We just couldn't believe that so much was going on in the head."

Simultaneously, researchers from all over began to report that their rats were

learning things more quickly on endorphins (or enkephalins, or lipotropins, if you will) and retaining learned responses longer—and actually improving their appetites and their memories. In the Netherlands, Dr. Henk Rigter broke off a piece of beta-lipotropin that he found had the property of eradicating amnesia; and this piece, by George, turned out under the mass spec to be molecularly identical to the pituitary hormone ACTH (adrenocorticotrophic hormone), known for years as a memory stimulator.

This was too much: The known properties of ACTH, which conduces to alertness and hair-trigger reactions, are almost diametrically opposed to those of opium. ACTH breaks down into the coke-rush hormone norepinephrine, for God's sake! It's so much the mirror image of beta-endorphin that—well, you probably guessed it already—it's the body's own speed. Cocaine, it is believed, works by blocking the reabsorption of norepinephrine and serotonin at the synapse, thereby increasing the number of firings considerably.

A synthetic copy (analogue) of ACTH is currently being marketed in Europe by the Dutch pharmaceutical firm Organon. In addition to improving attention span and memory, Dutch researchers report subjects experience elevated mood and increased motivation. The drug is also being tested as a treatment for learning disorders in hyperkinetic children. At present it has not been approved by the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) for general use in America, natch.

And the pituitary is chock full of other goodies. An analogue of another pituitary neuropeptide (a collection of amino acids that, like endorphin, effects the transmission of chemical messages in the brain), vasopressin, is also undergoing testing as a memory enhancer. Testing on animals was impressive, but the drug had powerful cardiovascular side effects when injected or taken orally. To administer it to humans with minimal side effects, Dutch researcher David DeWeid came up with a brilliant idea; he produced it in a nasal-spray form so that his patients could snort it. Belgian and Swiss investigators confirmed DeWeid's experiments in 1975. Their tests noted a marked restoration of memory in senile oldsters who received three nasal tokens of the drug each day for three weeks. At present, American chemists in New York and Washington, D.C., are conducting their own carefully controlled studies of vasopressin on senile patients. The FDA is waiting sternly in the wings.

Yet another standard pituitary substance, LRH (luteinizing-hormone-releasing hormone), is being touted by some scientists as a super aphrodisiac capable of elevating sperm counts and restoring vigor in men. The drug has yet to be tested on women. At present it is under strict control in Britain and is available

only to licensed investigators. Still, several copies of the sex substance have recently been synthesized in other European laboratories and may soon be available for treatment of male sexual disorders, including impotence.

GOD'S SPEEDBALL

The idea that some genius chemist could synthesize a compound that would mimic several of these substances at the same time, perhaps souped up with a few modifications to stimulate the spacy hormone serotonin as well, begins to conjure visions of "the perfect drug" described by Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World*. Soma is the brand name, and it is "euphoric, narcotic, pleasantly hallucinogenic." It is furthermore a non-habit-forming painkiller, a mood elevator, a powerful aphrodisiac and energizer and, consequently, a totally efficient control agent for the ultramechanized, routinely happy assembly-line society Huxley envisioned.

It is unlikely that such a chemical, however feasible, will emerge from this research for some time. Curiously, though, it does appear that in nature at least two of these endogenous substances are combined to begin with.

It turns out that endorphin and ACTH both emanate from the same elemental source, like Yin and Yang from the mind of the Buddha. The source, as described by Dr. Dorothy Kreiger and Dr. Anthony Liotta in *Science* magazine, is a complete pituitary protein, a veritable galaxy of a glycosated molecule they've dubbed pro-opiocortin. From bottom to top, here's how it's built: beta-lipotropin hormone for appetite, melanocyte-stimulating hormone for skin complexion, met-enkephalin for short-term pain relief, beta-endorphin for pain relief and euphoria, and ACTH for attention retention and response to the environment. All these things appear to be broken out of pro-opiocortin in the pituitary and then disseminated into the brain and bloodstream, their sundry offices to perform.

Why skin tone should be mediated by the same precursor substance that mediates the body's own morphine is something the Ku Klux Klan is already gearing up to exploit. Before they go off burning crosses and discoursing about racial predisposition to drug addiction, though, they should read further to the observation by Drs. Kreiger and Liotta that in fact these substances work so subtly that the *time of day* at which they're administered to animals and humans can totally disrupt the results, as can the time of year (which may explain why Dr. Hughes's enkephalins were inert the first time he tried them out on his mouse sperm ducts.) Most tellingly, it is now obvious that the researcher's own frame of mind—his or her expectations as the experiment is

undertaken—can and does deeply affect the results.

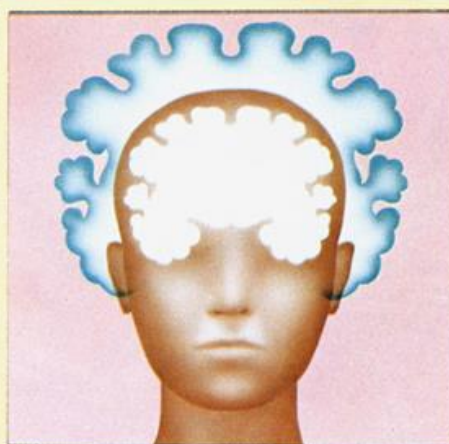
This throws brain research into the same sort of muddle in which particle physicists have been floundering for the last decade or so. When you're dealing with matters as ineffable and evanescent as these subtle proteins—when the lab environment, the circadian rhythm, the immediate state of the organism or tissues under observation, and the observers themselves can't *help* but influence the study's results—then you're caught in what's called the Heisenberg uncertainty principle.

At this point, researchers have to start all over from scratch, rethinking their hypotheses, restructuring their experiments, turning their methodologies inside out and praying they get a little further on the next expedition before it all falls apart again. "The brain's so complex," Floyd Bloom concludes, "we might be able to

figure it out by the year 3050."

Particle physicists have had to do this, and now neurobiologists are necessarily following suit. But the prospect doesn't appear to be bugging them a whole lot, perhaps because they *have* discovered the body's own opiates, after all.

Huda Akil: "It has never ceased to be like a very exciting detective story: Every time you think you've got something figured out, something new pops up and makes you rearrange your mind. It's very rare that a scientist is privileged to watch the birth of a new era in his own field. It was something like waiting for the sun to come out, and all of a sudden it does. We knew it was there, we knew it was important, but nobody could quite get a hold on it. And then all of a sudden it was there in your lap, and I remember thinking I'm never going to forget these days, because I may never live through anything like that again." *(continued on page 119)*



Memory Enhancers

For over a decade, the pituitary neuropeptide ACTH has been known as a memory enhancer; likewise vasopressin, another pituitary substance, has more recently won the same reputation in tests on senile oldsters.

Neurosurgeon Wilder Penfield laid the groundwork in the early '60s for much of the current research into the biological components of memory. Dr. Penfield found that stimulating areas of the midbrain with a mild electrical current caused long-lost memories to surface. In light of more recent endorphin research, it is tempting to wonder if electrical stimulation somehow resulted in the generation of some kind of molecular memory substance.

Scientists are divided into two camps on the issue: those who "believe"—who envision memory consisting of actual molecular *particles*—and those who don't. Both sides pretty much agree that memory does involve *some* chemical change in the brain.

The claim has come down from the

believers' camp that memory can be transferred from one animal to another by injection or similar means. (The script for the movie *Hauser's Memory* was developed out of this speculation.) James McConnell of the University of Michigan started the speculation with his claim that when flatworms that had been trained to contract in response to light were chopped up and fed to untrained flatworms, the latter would demonstrate the learned behavior.

By 1965 Allen Jacobson, another believer, had more data. He first trained hamsters to respond to a stimulus by entering a box; then he killed them, extracted the chemical RNA (ribonucleic acid) from their brains and injected it into untrained rats. Jacobson claimed they showed a definite instant tendency to perform the learned behavior. RNA, he speculated, contains the chemical components of memory and intelligence just as DNA contains the chemical code for heredity.

No thorough explanation was forthcoming about how the RNA might actually do this. Even so, more evidence stacked up for specific molecular memory, this time from Sweden. Holger Hyden and Paul Lange, professors at the University of Göteborg, searched rat brains for newly formed proteins after learning sessions. RNA, Hyden points out, is closely involved with the manufacture of new protein—and indeed a new protein registered on their delicate instruments. They named it S100 and speculated that it was the code form of memory.

The issue still lurks somewhere in the realm of the scientifically nebulous, but believers have made available as a memory enhancer in Europe and Mexico a drug called Isoprinosine, which reacts with polyribosomes to synthesize nucleic acid and builds up that precious RNA.

I Was a Dope Dealer's Ol

by Debbie X., as told



My mother warned me about lawyers: "Never marry one unless you are one"; she warned me about doctors: "You can never get them to make house calls and get out from underfoot"; she clued me in on politicians: "kinky"; jocks: "faggots"; and piano tuners: "Other women are always running off with them." What she didn't warn me about, unfortunately, was...dope dealers.

Whenever my girl friends find out that Darwin—my old man—sells grass they writhe with envy, no doubt flashing on some girlhood dream of sweeping into the swankest vegetarian restaurant in town swathed in silk and leather on the arm of some guy who looks like Jesus Christ would have had he been rich.

Karen, my next-door neighbor, told me one day while she was helping me load cartons of Baggies into the station wagon that before she was even old enough to have a dog-biscuit birthday corsage she used to hang around backstage at rock festivals hoping to catch the bleary eye of the Connection of her Dreams. Which was how she got picked up by the guy she eventually married.

"Chuck was a dealer?" I asked incredulously as we pulled out of the Shoparama parking lot.

Old Lady

to Nancy Borman



"No," Karen explained, her eyes on the expressway, "he was pretending to have a 'van full of hash' as a quick way to get laid. It turned out he was a delivery boy for an Irish deli."

Sure, some dealers' chicks have baby blue motorcycles, pearl-handled sponge mops, a dozen pairs of Frye boots, and macadamia nuts in their granola, but I personally find that sort of stuff a bit ostentatious. Besides, just because your old man is trying to make his living dealing in pot doesn't necessarily mean he's successful.

Take Darwin. Judging by the quantity of herb that passes through his hands, you'd think he was making about \$300,000 a year, tax free. Which would already be a tight squeeze for a family of four with car payments, van payments, plane payments, boat payments and mortgages in several cities. But the fact is that even though the average outlaw can avoid the tax bite, about 25 percent of his income is withheld anyway—by delinquent customers.

Darwin has the kind of accounts receivable who tend to go underground or convert to some ascetic religious cult, still owing him for eight and a half pounds. And, with all the waiting around for people who don't show up with the money they owe him, and more waiting around for shipments that were ripped off, busted or total jive, he puts in a solid 70-hour workweek and doesn't have much energy for his foundering "straight" business.

Yes, there's a big difference between

the image of the grass merchant's female companion as glorified in those so-called dope magazines and the reality you never read about: the daily humdrum of driving your man from pay phone to pay phone, hours of weighing out pound after pound and breathing in so much pot dust that you get too stoned to read the scale, explaining to your cleaning lady what \$25,000 in small bills is doing in the bread box ("Just Darwin's little idea of a pun"), finding parking places for six vans, each with the same tacky desert landscape painted on the side, and remembering where you put them.

I don't like to complain, but living with a guy who sells marijuana can be a big drag. Right after I moved in with Darwin and found out what a slob he was, I thought I would surprise him and clean his apartment. I thought he'd be pleased like other guys. But when he got back from Miami he looked around the living room and instead of kissing me hello he just shrieked, "You emptied the ashtrays!" He didn't even notice the cute appliance covers I made for his scales. He was so upset about all the roaches I had thrown out that he locked himself in the bedroom with his stash. Then from behind the door I heard a wail of anguish: "Where are the rolling papers?" The dozen packages I had used to give myself an herbal permanent were his last papers.

Housework is a big issue between Darwin and me. A lot of men don't do their fair share of the cleaning, and Darwin is really no different—he does about 10 percent of the dusting, mopping, vacuuming and such. But when you consider we have one eight-room house and three small safe-houses in town, as well as apartments in New Orleans, Miami, Honolulu and Bogotá, a less-than-egalitarian division of chores can really keep a gal busy.

Darwin's career causes other problems. He insists on keeping guns all over the

house: under the couch cushions, in the umbrella stand, on the utensil rack in the kitchen, in the shoe rack in his closet, in my underwear drawer (where they make my panty hose smell like they belong to a cowboy) and, worst of all, hanging on the wood paneling in the finished basement, so that my mother suspects him of being a "right-wing nut case." Darwin says we have to keep an arsenal on hand because we're always getting ripped off, but the way I see these guns is that they're just more stuff to clean. Besides, the last time a bunch of humorless guys with shotguns came to the door in the middle of the night, Darwin was so sleepy he forgot who he was and almost called the cops.

I had to give up a steady civil-service job just to keep up with all Darwin's errands. He can't do things like go to the bank and convert wads of small bills into bigger bills, or scout around for new bank branches to use when the current ones start asking questions, or pick up his going-through-customs clothes from the cleaners, or run out for tacos, falafels, egg rolls and pizza when he gets the munchies, because he's always waiting for an important phone call.

One time when he was sending me to the airport to arrange a 17-nation itinerary on two continents under three separate pseudonyms, and then stop off at Weaponworld for a box of bullets, and then pick up a package of rolling paper, the latest issues of some magazines called *Pirate*, *Sheik* and *Felon*, and some tacos, falafels, egg rolls and pizza, I asked him if he was just using me as his gofer.

(continued)

Doug Taylor

"No, no," he protested. "You got it wrong. We're a team. You're the outside man and I'm the inside man."

Which would be okay except that frequently on my list of errands are instructions to stop by so-and-so's place and "threaten to knock the bastard's teeth down his throat." Now, if a past-due account believed me when I said something like that, I could be a dope dealer myself and I wouldn't need Darwin. So I usually drop in on the dude and exchange some spaced-out small talk. Then I casually mention that this crazy Rasta connection has been threatening to blow Darwin's brains out if he doesn't hand over his list of deadbeats. I don't think anybody believes it because they never give me any money for Darwin. Maybe they know there aren't any Rastafarians in Cincinnati.

One of my biggest problems adjusting to life with Darwin was having too much money around. Sometimes when I'm hastily putting away suspicious-looking quantities of cash (because our kid's teacher is coming over or a repairman is on the way to fix the triple beam), I can't squeeze another wad of fives into a drawer. Darwin has thrown jeans in the laundry with rolls of hundreds in a pocket. I even found a large-denomination bill when I transplanted the Swedish ivy. Often I'm tempted to slip myself a twenty or two from a batch of 500 all bound up in rubber bands that I might have found in Darwin's galoshes, and I have to bite my lip and remember that no matter how much I want a new blouse or some new appliance for one of the apartments, filching money from one of Darwin's carefully counted bundles of cash is not the same as helping oneself to a little cash from a man's pocket or wallet. Some of the paranooids Darwin owes money to have been known to put accounts in the hospital over a missing five or a counterfeit ten.

Having lots of money around doesn't mean you've got it easy, either. One time we were clean out of food and had nothing in the house but \$100 bills. What could we do with them? It was Fourth of July weekend and the banks were all closed. I couldn't take one to the supermarket, not even at Shoparama Mall. And I could hardly expect the people at the taco, falafel, egg roll and pizza places to change anything bigger than a twenty. So Darwin got on the phone with the deadbeats. One of them, God bless him, had just scored in the Circle of Karma chain letter he had invested in in California. He had received \$4,567,322 in his mailbox so far and said he thought he could pay Darwin part of the \$6,000 he owed him for 12 pounds of Colombian. Darwin said I would be right over. And over I went, visions of broccoli and chicken wings racing through my starving brain cells.

The guy met me at the door in a raspberry suede smoking jacket and led

me to a coffee table that was really a Plexiglas safe. Inside, as I could see, was a heavy-duty canvas money bag, which he took out and unzipped. "French fries," I thought. "Chocolate pudding with whipped cream." Suddenly something cold and heavy dropped into my hands. "You got change, baby?" he wanted to know. It was a yellowish metal brick. If you have never tried to get a supermarket checkout clerk to accept a gold ingot on a Sunday, you have never lived with a dope dealer.

One good thing about Darwin being the "inside man" is that he takes a more active role in the upbringing of his children than do most fathers. He has little patience for most people, but he has uncanny rapport with the kids. He didn't get mad when the baby threw up on his Thai sticks or when Mary Jane, five, took a lunchbox full of \$100 bills to kindergarten for show and tell.

Darwin and the baby are inseparable. The neighbors are so used to seeing him come and go with a little bundle in his arms that he has taken to carrying pounds in

If you have never tried to get a supermarket clerk to accept a gold ingot on a Sunday, you have never lived with a dope dealer.

and out of the house wrapped in fuzzy yellow buntings. He even invented a false-bottomed diaper to put on little Buddy for importing coke out of South America. Now he's trying to figure out a way to get baby piss out of cocaine, and if it can be done, he says he'll make even more money by advertising special mail-order kits in a dope magazine.

I'm really glad Darwin is so involved with the kids. In today's increasingly laid-back society, it takes a lot of serious parenting to instill in a child a set of proper outlaw values. How many times have we had to repeat, "No, Mary Jane. No matter what they said in kindergarten, the policeman is not your friend!" I still break out in hives when I remember having to explain to the day-care teacher how Mary Jane, then three and a half, had become so familiar with the metric weight-conversion table.

I guess you could say that next to his children the dearest thing to Darwin's heart is his gorgeous green Thai plant in the backyard. A neighborhood cat once gobbled up the bottom leaves, and Darwin in a fit of passion strangled the poor animal. This touched off a major community incident involving anonymous threatening phone calls and an investigation by the ASPCA, whose field reps, unfortunately, have very little compassion for plants.

I was always afraid to find out where I rated in Darwin's scheme of things, although I suspected it was somewhere below the Thai plant and above home-grown Ohio sinsemilla.

But just because a really serious smoker is decidedly more into pot than into sex doesn't in any way dilute the sexual mystique of being a dealer's girl friend. Dealers, I found out, want their women to be very attractive—to the customers. I learned this the hard way. The first time I sat in on a deal I was in my muddy gardening pants and "Castrate Rapists" T-shirt and had just washed my hair. Darwin scowled at me the whole time, and I couldn't figure out what I was doing wrong. After the customer had left, having sampled more of Darwin's less-than-perfect pot than he bought, Darwin went into a rage. "Don't you know anything about fashion?" he snapped. "What do you mean?" I asked, scanning his worn, baggy corduroys and moth-eaten sweater for the answer. Flushing with fury, he screamed, "Why don't you walk around the house naked like other dealers' old ladies do?"

Apparently, I had embarrassed him in front of an important client. By checking around with a few friends who were involved with guys in the pot business, I found out I was expected to come on to the customer just enough to keep his mind off the fact that it was taking three joints of this particular weed to get him stoned. Sometimes you have to come out of the shower four or five times a day. Or sit around in a slip and just subtly let a strap slip off one shoulder when the guy is starting to say what lousy pot this is. This approach seemed rational to me, and I tried it out on Darwin himself.

I tried wearing black-lace panties and high-heeled shoes when doing things like sweeping the seeds out from under the living-room furniture. But Darwin was always busy cleaning pot and watching "Let's Make a Deal," and it was impossible to divert his attention for anything. Maybe I would have been happier with one of those oversexed piano tuners Mom was always talking about.

Darwin is really into pot. I have never seen him without several Band-Aids on his fingers from smoking roaches down to the last speck. Darwin can't stand to see anything go to waste, and in the dope business that's not a virtue. In fact, it's earned him the nickname Shake. I mean, no wonder he's hasn't gotten very far as an outlaw. Would you buy dope from a man named Shake?

I never would have found out where I rated with Darwin if his business had not brought about the Big Crisis of our relationship.

Over the years I had gotten used to all the little intrigues and codes that were part of Darwin's routine. Phone callers

(continued on page 116)



Hash Roundup

Lebanese hashish makers have been so adept at their craft for so long that it's said they didn't learn how to manufacture really bad shit until the end of the '60s.

By then, what had started with a suitcase full of pounds had given way to a VW van with 100 kilos, and soon freighters were sailing from Lebanon's ports with several tons stashed in the hold. Quality, of course, was sacrificed for quantity: The greedheads who invaded the hashish center of Baalbek sifted away the high resin content of the best red Leb for short-term profits. By the mid '70s, civil war made the hashish trade completely inconvenient. No wonder the Lebanese export of recent years has been mostly the mass-marketed, mediocre variety.

It's a pleasure and a relief when some of the old-fashioned golden Lebanese finally rolls onto the scene. This month we celebrate the arrival of hashish with enough high-quality resin to produce these tightly packed spheres.







FREEBASE

Can You Smoke Cocaine Without Getting Burnt?

by Laura Daltry

It was one of those woodsy \$150,000 tree houses in the hills of Marin County that commands a panoramic view of the San Francisco Bay, a house that would have gone for less than \$30,000 five years ago. But with the ten-foot-high chain-link fence, electronically controlled front gate and other state-of-the-art security gadgetry installed by the new owner, one could chalk up the hike in property value to "improvements."

One evening not long ago the owner, a lanky Marin cowboy whose passport had enough South American stamps in it to raise a few eyebrows at customs, punched up a few friends on his cordless telephone and invited them over to celebrate his latest excursion south of the border. "See you at nine, then. And tell your old lady I brought her some trinkets."

All six of his guests were seated on his Haitian cotton modular couch. The host—let's call him Reed—signaled his roadie and gofer—let's call him Smokie—to set the three trained attack Dobermans out onto the grounds.

Tinkling the side of his wineglass with a silver straw, Reed called the group to attention. In his droll California drawl he announced, "Nobody's leaving this house until we have worked our way through the better part of this one-pound souvenir from the hinter-highlands of Peru. We've got a lot of work ahead of us"—he waited for the laughter to die down—"so I suggest we start now."

He packed the bowl of a delicate, swannecked water pipe with chunky white powder he spooned from a cut-glass serving dish, then turned to the willowy blonde on his right, whose sensual lower lip and sultry gaze more than hinted at corruption.

"Now exhale all your breath," he instructed. "I'll hold the pipe for you while you toke. Hold the smoke in as long as you can, then exhale it into Max's (not his real name) mouth," indicating her husband, the bass player for one of the nation's hottest new-wave bands.

She toked long and strong, filling her chest cavity to the max with the thin, chemical-tasting smoke. She exhaled into her husband's mouth, then collapsed back into the couch, her lips and mouth struck numb, her head suddenly exploding in a cerebral orgasm that shot out through her limbs like hot lightning. Her heart was pumping like a kettledrum in a grand

finale. Her whole body was expanding, the molecules speeding farther and farther apart, making her featherlight, threatening to lift her off the couch and pin her to the beamed ceiling like some helium-balloon girl. She giggled. She drew a slow, deep breath and felt a rush of oneness with the world, a blurring of the distinctions between the space inside her skin and that outside it.

"Ooooooh, my skin!" She swooned from somewhere deep in her now cotton-candy mind. Her skin was supersensitized, as excited and alive as if she had just crawled

"The only problem is the never-get-enough syndrome that goes with it. I get thinking, 'Well, just one more hit and then I'll have the answer.'"

under the sheets with a first-time lover. A cold, nervous chill raced from her medulla to the base of her spine. She was straight again. The whole sequence of euphoria had lasted only about two minutes. She brought her eyes back into focus . . . on the water pipe. "Fucking hell!" she heard herself think. The pipe was only at the third person in the circle. Four more to go before it got back to her.

"We hunkered around that pipe like fucking vultures," another participant, a successful young magazine photographer, recalled. "The pipe couldn't get around the circle fast enough. We were practically grabbing it out of our friends' hands. The freebase high is like an orgasm, but instead of leaving you relaxed and satisfied, you're jumpin' up with your body screaming for more. It's like that Tower of Power song, 'Once You Get Started, You Just Can't Stop It.'"

Three and a half days later the party came to a crashing close with Reed dashing the water pipe into the fireplace in a version of the Russian toast. His guests, blinking like bats in the cruel sunshine of early morning, straggled out of the house, jangled wisps of their former selves. Through the open door came the hideous

braying of our willowy blonde, now haggard and verging on hysteria. "What do you mean all your cocaine is gone? I want some more fucking freebase!" Her husband hustled her out of the house, his punk pallor in stark contrast to the morning sun. The electronic gates clanked shut after the last car. The dust settled under the redwoods.

What is this new drug sensation that has won so many converts and so many enemies so quickly?

Freebase, in appearance, resembles confectionary sugar in much the same way snort coke resembles refined sugar. It is the end product of a very simple chemical process by which a strong base is applied to snort coke to draw off its hydrochloride salt. People who do this to their coke believe it will remove the cutting agent, and since most people these days buy coke that is stepped on considerably, quality control is definitely one of the prime factors behind freebase's popularity. Very few people are aware, however, that only sugar cuts like mannitol are eliminated by the freebase process; if the coke is cut with another salt, such as lidocaine or procaine hydrochloride, the end product will be just as deeply adulterated with a cutting agent as the original sample was to start with.

Since cocaine is not water soluble in its freebase form, it cannot be snorted, shot or eaten. It must be smoked: in a water pipe for a knee-buckling high or heated to the melting point on a strip of tinfoil and smoked through a foil straw for a milder high.

Freebase is now the "organic buzzword" in drug circles, according to syndicated medical columnist Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld ("Dr. Hip") of San Francisco. Freebase aficionados ("baseballers") bill it as the pure, natural health-food version of cocaine, the Perrier of toot.

It's the new status high. "A toot? No thanks, I only do freebase," is the drop-dead line sweeping the Coast. Weekend-long freebase parties are fast attaining the illicit glamour of speakeasies during Prohibition. The fad was launched in the mid '70s by high-volume West Coast coke dealers with large amounts of cocaine to burn. Do-it-yourself freebase kits have brought the simple technology within the reach of the recreational user who can afford the high. The cost can easily run \$100

to \$200 per person for an intimate no-slumber party.

"Just about everybody in the music business that wanted to have tried it by now," said a Los Angeles rock 'n' roll writer. "It's a real nice high, but it has no sustaining power. You get right up there, but then you're back down two minutes later, and the next day you can really feel sick." The expense of the high, coupled with concern about the effects of the smoke on the lungs, have put severe limits on the extent of its popularity in the Los Angeles music scene.

"It's a fad that's just getting to the East Coast," said *Snowblind* author Robert Sabbag. "I don't know how long it's going to last, either, when I see the look on someone's face when they see 50 percent of their sample washed away" in the freebasing process. Since most cocaine purchased by the ounce is at best 50 percent cocaine and 50 percent cut, you would be lucky to end up with half the weight of your original sample. If your original sample is cut with procaine or lidocaine you won't lose much weight, because the alkaloid components of the cutting agents will remain with the freebase. But it seems everybody knows somebody who has watched every speck of his supposed cocaine disappear in the freebasing process.

Freebase is so expensive, the process so risky and time-consuming, the hangover so wasted that many people consider the whole fad obnoxious. Even when offered gratis, freebase, unlike toot, has a high refusal rate from people who are worried about the effects of the smoke on their lungs. Cocaine has been known to eat holes through the noses of people who snort more than \$1,000 worth of pure cocaine per week, week in and week out. If it can do that to your nose, there's no telling what it could do to your lungs. Until more research is done on its effects, it is not a good idea to offer it to a pregnant woman or a kid brother or to jump at the first offer to wrap your lips around the stem of a freebase-tamped pipe.

"We could never find a drug that monkeys would choose to smoke without a further inducement, like a treat after they smoked a cigarette, but cocaine freebase they would," explained Ron Siegel, Ph.D., head of one of the nation's heaviest psychoactive-drug-testing laboratories at the UCLA Neuropsychiatric Institute. "In one experiment, the monkeys were given free access to lettuce-based cigarettes that were laced with freebase cocaine. Of that sample, two out of three monkeys would adjust or titrate their use. The third monkey would smoke all he could get."

Freebase smoked through a water pipe produces an immediate, exponential rush that is most often compared to intravenous injecting. Some people say it's the highest they've ever been, a high that is so dramatic and intense that it knocks all nagging

worries off the map in the path of its extravagant fury. One baseballer who deals coke to subsidize his art films claims that the freebase high is more imaginative than the snorting high. "I get great ideas at the peak of the rush and can remember them when I come down. The only problem is the never-get-enough syndrome that goes with it. I get thinking, 'Well, just one more hit and then I'll have the answer.'"

The advantages of smoking over injecting are obvious: no messy tracks on the



arms, no stigma of needles or danger of hepatitis. And smoking sure takes the strain off the overworked proboscis. "The use of freebase has a lot to do with people destroying their noses," said Robert Sabbag. "After your third nose operation you say, well..."

The concept of smoking cocaine is not entirely new (see sidebar). Before the 1914 cocaine prohibition in the United States, the smoking of coca leaves was popular for the relief of bronchial asthma. It produced increased rates of respiration and blood pressure, with euphoria and mood elevation at no extra charge. At present, the only medical use for freebase cocaine is in the form of an ointment prescribed as a topical anesthetic.

The trend was apparently pioneered in the mid '70s by American coke importers who used the solvent method to separate the coke from the cut as a test of purity and wedded this with the Peruvian Indian tradition of smoking cocaine *pasta* or *base*. But freebase has a chemical composition very different from that of *pasta*, and contrary to the claims of some users and kit manufacturers, freebase is uniquely American.

Pasta or *base* is a crude mash of coca leaves that has been treated with a solvent, usually kerosene, to release the psychoactive alkaloid. It consists of cocaine sulfate, 40 percent to 80 percent cocaine alkaloid, plus any or all of the following: sulfuric acid, methanol, kerosene, benzoic

acid, oxidized products of the solvent, hygrine and coca sweeteners.

The alleged "purified" freebase cocaine may contain a good deal of chemicals and adulterants too, depending on the reliability of the chemist or the kit employed. Some experts question the purifying claims of kit ads. Informal tests of various kits at the UCLA lab (he refused to reveal their trade names or the exact results of the tests) have made Ron Siegel contemptuous. "I could freebase cocaine—true, pure freebase—in an ashtray in one single process," he said mysteriously, "but I won't reveal it because I don't want to encourage freebase use."

The kits may remove some of the salts, he and other researchers agree, but many noncocaine cutting agents such as procaine, lidocaine or yohimbine will stick to the cocaine, tight as the Waltons. In the final analysis, coca leaves are the only organic, natural form of cocaine; both street snort and kit-based coke are light-years away from pure.

The freebase process is a four- or five-step process that can easily be brought off in one's kitchen. Cocaine, an acid salt, is dissolved in water, and then a solvent, usually ether or ammonia, is added a few drops at a time to release the cocaine alkaloid from the salts and other adulterants. A stronger base is then added to neutralize the acid. Since solvent is not as dense as the water solution, it rises to the top, where it is filtered off or drawn off with an eyedropper. The soggy crystals are then placed on an evaporating dish. As the solvent evaporates, the cocaine salt burns off, leaving (you hope) a teensy mound of cocaine that, if it is not steam-cleaned and revirginized, is at least damp-mopped.

There are dozens of kits available at head shops and by mail from manufacturers and distributors. Their main advantages are step-by-step directions and a collection of vials and solutions that saves trips to the chemical supply store. The base kit includes a glass vial with a screw top, a needle-nosed eyedropper, a glass dish for drying the finished product, paper filters like the kind used in coffee makers, a funnel that fits over a glass or plastic container and a small bottle of solvent, either ammonia or petroleum ether. Prices for the kits range from about \$15 to \$20. The components are also sold separately.

Oddly enough, the freebase fad is not even getting high marks from paraphernalia dealers or manufacturers, who stand to profit the most. "I'm thinking about throwing the kits out of my store," said Al Burg (his real name), owner of San Francisco's landmark Underground Head Shop. "The whole freebase fad is pulling people into the store that my salesclerks and I would rather not come into contact with. You know, man, like hard-core cons. These

guys are packin' pieces into the store." As customers, Burg says, baseballers score low with him.

"They're sayin' get me this, show me that. They're very demanding and speedy." Burg said he's concerned about liability in the event of death or injury attributable to a kit he sold. Many of the kits carry no manufacturer's label, only a distributor's frank, and he wonders if either the manufacturer or distributor would assume responsibility for freebase injuries. He is leery enough about freebase to ask customers not to buy the kits "unless they already know what they're doing."

Casey Hughes, president of Co-Labs, a paraphernalia and drug-testing-kit company in Newport Beach, California, said he has 2,000 freebase kits gathering dust in his garage. "I will not sell them," he said adamantly. "I personally know of five documented cases of people who have been hospitalized for ammonia poisoning in southern California in the past three months." He said baseballers are so impatient for that annihilating rush that they sometimes don't take the vital two or three minutes to rinse the ammonia-soaked powder in simple tap water. Ammonia can do grave damage to the kidneys.

Dr. Schoenfeld penned this scenario of progressive freebase abuse: "If you're snorting cocaine on a daily basis and your nose starts bleeding, or maybe you discover a hole in your septum, those are pretty clear road signs telling you to slow down. But with smoking, abuse could be a lot more insidious because, first of all, the freebase cocaine would anesthetize the lungs, masking any pain or discomfort until real

damage has been done. The first symptoms could be a cough or shortness of breath, then actual chest pain in the lungs." What if someone ignores those warnings? "The next step might be pneumonia."

On the other hand, some authorities believe that since there have not been a lot of smokers in hospitals with obvious respiratory complications, freebase may not pose a direct threat to lung tissue. "It's way out of line at this point to talk about things like

Until more research is done, it is not a good idea to offer freebase to a pregnant woman, a kid brother or to jump at the first offer to wrap your lips around the stem of a freebase-tamped pipe.

pneumonia," said Dr. Siegel. He speculates that coke particles may enter the lungs bound inside some carbon product of the burning itself and pass unobtrusively into the bloodstream. At the Atlanta Center for Disease Control, toxicologist Dr. Renate Kimbrough was asked to paint the worst possible scenario she could anticipate rising from long-term, intensive base smoking. "I hate to speculate like this," she cautioned, "but any time you have long-term vasoconstriction like this, you might impair the vital capacity of the lungs. This

would result in an oxygen-transfer problem in blood circulation, and heart complications could arise as a result."

Dr. Franklin Sher, a northern California toxicologist who has served as a private consultant to manufacturers of freebase and cocaine paraphernalia, says he knows of no recorded cases where the extended use of smoking cocaine has had any long-term deleterious effects on the lungs. "Theoretically, long-term vasoconstriction of the lung surface could lead to a fibrosis. But what worries me more," adds Dr. Sher, "is that anybody with high blood pressure or a family history of high blood pressure should have it checked out before getting into any cocaine use. Cocaine causes an increased heart rate and vasoconstriction of the blood vessels, forcing the blood pressure up."

Side effects from smoking base have also been noted. According to Dr. Sher, smokers have reported minor lung irritations (caused by cocaine charred in the torching process), soreness in their chest, neck and cheeks, and swollen glands in the floor of the mouth. However, Dr. Sher claims that from reports he's seen, "people who use freebase on a moderate basis are not going to run into problems."

Dr. Siegel believes that the gravest physical threat posed by freebase is the possibility that people could overdose on it. Smoking coke is much like shooting it, he pointed out; it's possible to achieve a very high bloodstream level of coke very quickly, and once that level passes about 20 milligrams of coke per kilogram of body weight, the respiratory control center in

(continued on page 121)

Coca-Leaf Cigars and Cigarettes

by Dr. F. E. Stewart (1885)

Introduction*

Dr. F. E. Stewart's classic article on coca smoking, reprinted below, was originally published in the *Philadelphia Medical Times* of September 19, 1885. It was a high point in the explosion of interest that followed German ophthalmologist Dr. Carl Koller's discovery the year before that cocaine could be used as a local anesthetic.

Parke, Davis and Company immediately reprinted Stewart's paper in an 1885-6 collection of cocaine medical papers and began marketing coca cheroots and cigarettes. By 1890 coca smoking was vastly popular for medical purposes and probably for recreational purposes as well.

Medical interest in coca waned, however, in the furor over cocaine in soft drinks and patent medicines just after the turn of the century. The Harrison Act (1914) made it extremely uncomfortable for man-

ufacturers, pharmacists and physicians to prescribe coca products. Not until the recent revival of illicit cocaine use has there been much interest in coca smoking, and even now public interest is directed toward smoking cocaine freebase or pasta, which is quite different from the mild euphoria obtained by smoking the leaf itself.

—Michael R. Aldrich, Curator,
Fitz Hugh Ludlow Library

I have been experimenting for some time with the leaf of erythroxylon coca in the form of a cigar—first, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the drug would thus produce its physiological effects, and, secondly, in view of a new therapeutic application. It is too soon yet to express a positive opinion in regard to the latter, but I have had sufficient experience with them to say something about the former; and as I find that others are already commencing to enter this field, I may be excused for calling the attention of the profession at this early date, my excuse being that I wish

to receive what credit may accrue from my share in their introduction.

Some time after I commenced my experiments, I found that Dr. Lewis Lewis of this city was employing coca in the form of a cigarette in the treatment of throat affections with success, and, as he says he has been using the drug in this way for nine years, he is entitled certainly to the credit of priority.

Dr. Lewis's cigarettes are composed partly of coca and partly of tobacco leaf. This has its advantages and disadvantages. Without discussing this point, however, I employ a cigar made of pure coca leaf, with a wrapper of mild imported tobacco of fine quality, and a cigarette of pure coca leaf containing no tobacco, wrapped with the best quality of rice paper. Those who do not object to the tobacco can use the cigars, while those who have objections to it can employ the cigarette; while for those who object to the tobacco wrapper and the paper wrapper also I prepare a "smoking tobacco" of the pure coca leaf, without admixture of any

*©Michael R. Aldrich, 1979—Excerpt from *A Pictorial History of Cocaine*, to be published by And/Or Press in 1980.

kind, that may be smoked in a pipe.

Coca is too well known to the profession to make it necessary for anything more than the briefest description of the plant, its history or its virtues.

The erythroxylon coca grows in moist and woody regions on the eastern slope of the Andes, from 2,000 to 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is highly valued and cultivated by the natives of Peru, Chile and Bolivia, who make great use of it as a medicine and as an article of diet. It answers as a substitute for the tea, coffee, tobacco, hashish, opium, etc., of other nations. The natives masticate the dried leaves with finely powdered chalk or with a highly alkaline substance prepared from roasted potatoes and the ashes of various plants that they call *lipta*. It is said that its use enables them to endure fatigue and exertion for many hours, and even for many days, with but little nourishment of any other kind, and while under its influence they are said to perform prodigies of labor.

Let me compare, therefore, the action of these cigars with that said to be produced by the drug, not only by the natives, but by well-known authorities who are investigating the properties of this remarkable substance.

First, all authorities agree that the use of coca, either in the leaf, fluid extract or wine, is followed by a feeling of contentment and of well-being, the sense of fatigue is removed, drowsiness is experienced for a brief period, but is soon followed by wakefulness and increased mental activity. The question, then, is, does coca, smoked, produce these effects?

I have testimony as to the feeling of contentment and well-being. Dr. M., of Wilmington, Delaware, one of the leading physicians of that state, made some experiments in this direction for me. Having frequently used the drug in connection with his extensive practice, and often experienced its effects on himself, what he has to say must be received as of weight. At the time of the experiment that was tried upon himself he was feeling somewhat depressed—had the blues, in other words—owing to the absence of his family and the loneliness of his house without them. After dinner he smoked a couple of the cigars, with the effect that the blues were expelled and he felt the exhilarating effect of the drug in the same manner as after a dose of the wine. It is his opinion that the effect of the cigars is milder than that of the wine, but he is satisfied that he experienced the peculiar power of the coca by smoking it. He will continue his experiments in other cases.

Mr. S., of the same city, who was suffering from dyspepsia and its attending depression, smoked the cigars after meals at my suggestion, the result being to dispel the depressed feeling and remove the fullness experienced after eating a meal. Repeated experiments confirm this. As coca is said to stimulate the gastric nerves and

greatly facilitate digestion, the above experience seems to prove that the cigar has a similar effect.

Mr. C., a clerk in a cigar manufactory, Philadelphia, smoked several of the cigars. He says that the first one was used during the hot weather of summer, when he was nervous and depressed by the heat. The effect was to stimulate him, remove the depression and steady his nerves, and he felt well afterwards for the rest of the day. Repeated experiments confirm him in the belief as to the correctness of his view that coca leaf smoked is a stimulant and tonic. He inhaled the smoke.

Dr. K., Philadelphia, has smoked a number of the cigars at my request. He is familiar with the effect of coca, having used it

After dinner Dr. M. smoked a couple of coca cigars; his blues were expelled and he felt an exhilarating effect.



while a student as a stimulant during his researches on the heart at the physiological laboratory of the Jefferson Medical College. He recognized the stimulating effect of the drug in the cigar.

Mr. M., Philadelphia, a chemist of much reputation and a very careful observer, finds a stimulating effect from the cigar the same as his experience in the use of coca. He will continue to experiment with it.

Chief Engineer N., USN, a member of a recent Arctic exploring expedition, says that he did not experience any exhilaration from the smoke of the coca leaf. He will, however, continue his experiments still further, and report to me after doing so.

Personally, I have found the effect of smoking coca leaves to bear out the statement that the drug produces a general excitation of the circulatory and nervous systems. Smoking and inhaling the smoke of one or two cigars will increase my own pulse rate some eight or ten beats to the minute. It certainly relieves the sense of fatigue. Smoked at night, in my own case and in the cases of several of my patients, it

produces wakefulness similar to strong coffee.

The exaltation produced by it does not seem to be followed by any feeling of languor or depression. I find it a relief after a full meal, like a good tobacco cigar. It seems to impart increased vigor to the muscular system as well as to the intellect, with an indescribable feeling of satisfaction. I have never experienced any intoxicating effect from smoking it. Dr. Bartholow says that coca, as is the case with tea and coffee, acts as an indirect nutrient by checking waste, and hence a less amount of food is found necessary to maintain the bodily functions; and I have just learned, in a letter from Messrs. Parke, Davis and Company, that "a Mr. Stevens, a citizen of Abilene, Kansas, who was afflicted with hay fever, and was about to go to the mountains, has concluded to remain at home, having obtained relief from the use of cigarettes of coca. Every morning he uses a cigarette and finds perfect relief. He uses three per day, and also has used an application of a two percent solution of muriate, but finds that the cigarettes relieve him quicker and the effects last longer."

To sum up, therefore, coca smoked seems to produce the same effect on the system as coca taken internally in the form of liquid extract, wine or elixir, but not in such a marked degree. Coca itself is known to be a stimulant, tonic and restorative to the system in the treatment of various diseases marked by debility and exhaustion. Nervous debility and exhaustion in all its forms, whether caused by disease or excesses, are said to be relieved by it. Fatigue disappears, to be followed by a feeling of indescribable calm and satisfaction, increased strength of brain and muscle, and desire for mental and muscular occupation.

Coca has been used with great success in the treatment of the opium habit. It is also an excellent substitute for tobacco. It has been successfully used in dyspepsia, flatulency, colic, gastralgia, enteralgia, hysteria, hypochondria, spinal irritation, idiopathic convulsions, nervous erethism, and in the debility following severe acute infections. As it is a valuable restorative agent, checking tissue waste, it is a useful remedy in consumption and wasting diseases generally. It is also of value in the nervous forms of sick headache, *migraine*. It is said to be an aphrodisiac.

Now, my object in publishing this article is to introduce coca-leaf cigars to the profession. I have furnished what information I have to prove the cigars are capable of producing the action of the drug. I have had some made, and I will send samples to members of the profession, free of charge, who may desire to test them, and will publish the results, favorable or otherwise in the medical press. I have no proprietary interest in them, nor have I copyrighted this article concerning them. The idea of coca in this form, and all information concerning it, is free to the profession. ☐

High Jinks

Photographs by peter/one



The gestures of jesters are timeless. They mix the most obvious elements in surprising ways that are often prophetic: a promise of the way the future functions.

The chillum is a relic; it has survived the future many times.

Probably the most ancient of the cannabis pipes, the chillum is nothing more than a conical clay cylinder that holds a small stone a third of the way from the narrow end. The stone allows the remaining two-thirds of the interior to hold a powerful charge of grass or hashish or (better still!) a mixture of



the two. The chillum is primitive (it is the most basic of pipes), but for millennia it has produced the dreams and laughter of countless highs.

A Yen for a Chillum of Hashish

Hard pressed to make the voyage east to the Asian subcontinent where the use of chillums is still widespread, and unable to locate a local purveyor of traditional paraphernalia, these clowns have brought off a neat trick in the garden.

A chillum is fashioned from an oversized carrot (a giant turnip works just as well). A sharp knife is used to whittle the vegetable down to a 4- or 5-inch length, and the carrot is cored to create a slowly tapered cavity. An awl or something that will work that way (a straightened coat hanger or a screwdriver) might be used to punch out the narrow end, where the opening should be only $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ inch across. The opening that holds the herb can be as wide as 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Two matches at a time will be required to

light a chillum of this size. Leaping flames, great billows of smoke and a blast that rushes to the brain accompany the firing up of a chillum.

The rush brought on by a well-made, expertly prepared and properly lit chillum owes much to the manner in which this pipe is used. The narrow end is not placed in the mouth but is held in a two-handed grip that forms the actual mouthpiece of a chillum.

There are a variety of ways to form the sort of grip that creates an airtight chamber in the palms of the hands. Smoke is drawn out of the cylinder and into the chamber of this two-fisted hold before it is jetted directly to the lungs.

It is the bong effect. The chillum is the most antique of superchargers!

A small damp cloth wrapped around the neck of a clay chillum will cool and refresh the smoke. On the other hand, a chillum carved from a freshly harvested carrot should be cool and moist enough not to require this device.

No doubt, these three clowns have coolly devised their own refreshment. ▀





Woodstock Nation vs. Nuclear Power

In the summer of 1969, 400,000 people poured onto a farm in upstate New York, drawn by the soul of the '60s and its most potent manifestation, rock music.

It was a breathtaking, planetary experience. The Woodstock community was united by the joy of a generation that knew it was going to change the world, and from the makeshift stage rock's top artists gave form to that joy. Those three days of peace and music were a vibrant culmination of years of political and cultural struggle. And despite the deadening agony of the Nixon years and a war that dragged on seemingly without end, the spirit of Woodstock has never died.

Today, ten years later, that spirit is being mobilized to confront the greatest challenge facing our generation—dismantling the nuclear industry and replacing it with clean, safe energy sources. Musicians such as James Taylor, Carly Simon, Bonnie Raitt, Graham Nash, John Hall, Jackson Browne, Bruce Springsteen and others have provided a voice for the movement.

Woodstock was a cultural event with political ramifications; the prosolar tours have emerged as political events based on the power of the culture. In places like Barnwell, South Carolina, San Luis Obispo, California, Rapid City, South Dakota, and Seabrook, New Hampshire, the musicians used their drawing power to bring crucial funds and human energy to antinuke groups organizing some of the most resistant locales in the country.

The dangers of a nuclear disaster are well known. Reactors once believed to provide a safe, cheap, clean source of power have now been revealed to threaten all life on earth. They spew low-level radiation that causes cancer, leukemia and birth defects; they threaten massive catastrophic accidents, of which Three Mile Island offered just a glimpse; they create radioactive

wastes that remain lethal for centuries and that cannot be stored safely; they damage the environment severely with hot-water and steam emissions; and they cost a fortune, breaking down as often as they operate and soaking up billions of dollars in community capital.

Nuclear energy threatens our basic political rights: The potential for sabotage and terrorism at nuclear sites gives legal authorities a perfect lever for erasing our civil liberties.

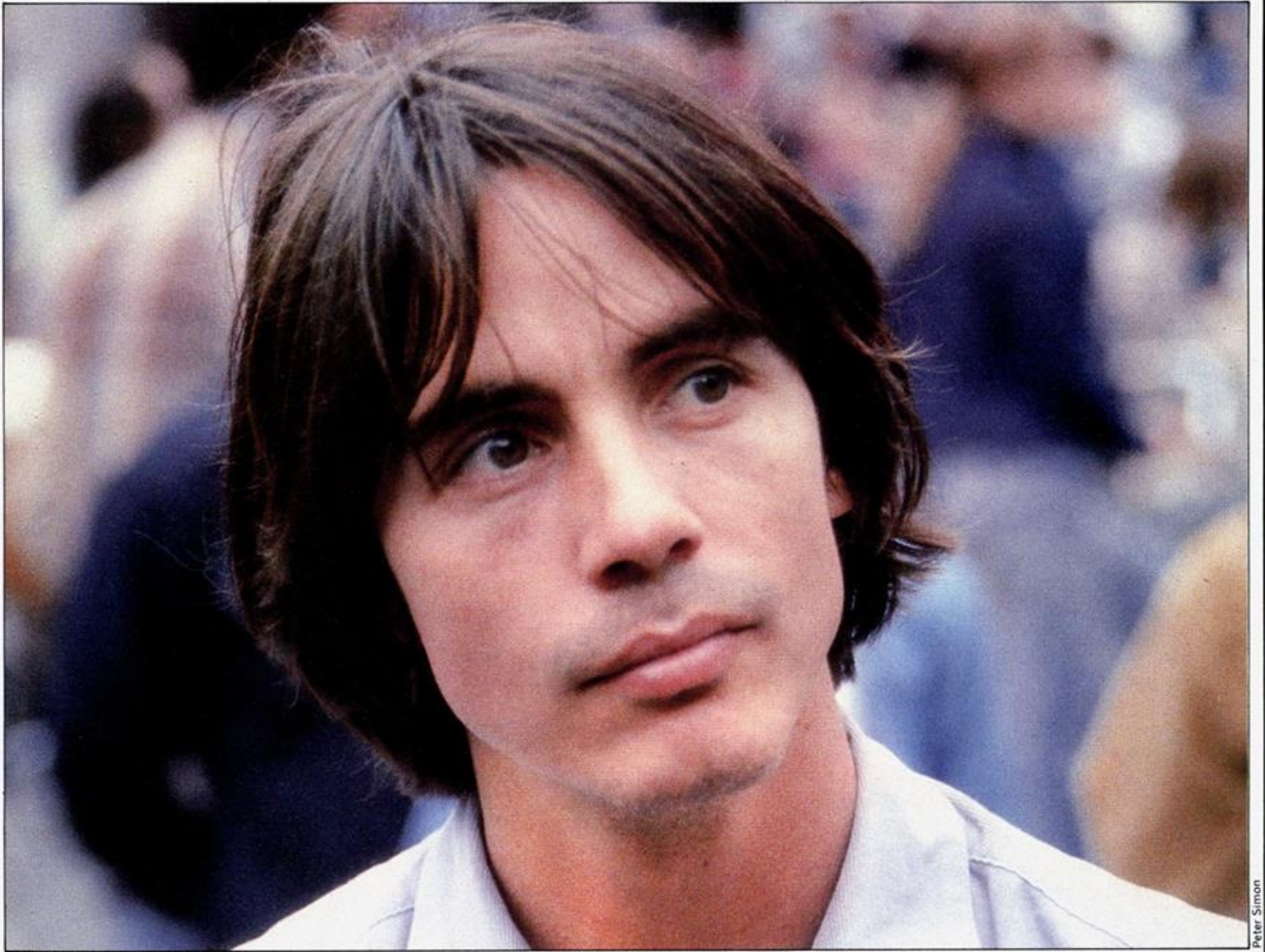
The energy issue cuts through barriers of race, class and ideology. The conflict between solar power and nuclear reactors raises the issue of how individuals can control their destinies when they are citizens of a highly industrialized society.

Recent polls have shown that two-thirds of all persons asked are opposed to nuclear power plants in their communities. Yet nuclear power remains a goal of the Carter administration and a major issue for the 1980 elections.

To optimize grass-roots support for a clean-energy future and to phase out nuclear power, a group of musicians agreed to play at Madison Square Garden this past September 19-23. Calling themselves Musicians United for Safe Energy (MUSE), the performers raised more than \$250,000 for local antinuke organizations. On the Sunday following the concerts, the musicians performed at an open-air rally in New York's Battery Park that was attended by more than 200,000 people—the largest antinuclear protest ever. The rally called for the immediate shutdown of all nonessential nuclear plants and the phaseout of all others within five to ten years. To help finance community groups working toward this end, MUSE is planning to release a movie and live album of the event. The information presented on the following pages is excerpted from the official program.

The spirit of Woodstock lives on!

JACKSON BROWNE



Peter Simon

The American Indians are the original ecologists. The way they lived for centuries was in total harmony with their environment. I think the concept of an ecological balance is relatively new to our own society.

It has a lot to do with respect. Respect for life. Respect for Creation. If you respect your own life, you can respect the life of another.

It's easier to ignore the threats posed by the nuclear power industry if there's nobody you feel responsible for. I suppose the person who made it possible for me to focus on this issue was my son. I want my son to be able to have his own children without being afraid that the increased levels of radiation in the environment could cause them to be born deformed.

We hear that we must make sacrifices in order to become an energy self-sufficient nation. And that's true. Sacrifice is a very healthy thing, a way of

coming in touch with what's important.

But when we hear these multinational corporations that control the energy telling us that we have to become self-sufficient, they're not talking about people. They're talking about their own interests. What they're talking about is protecting their profits.

If they really wanted energy self-sufficiency for the people, they'd be developing solar technology. They'd be promoting conservation, not selling us more and more extravagant uses of energy.

I guess I think of the corporate mentality as the enemy. These people have to be called the enemy, because whether or not they are consciously trying to kill us—or whether they are just being negligent—they threaten our very existence, and they threaten the life of this planet. They're just so plugged into their own ambitions that all they see is the

next rung on the ladder, and they don't care who they're standing on.

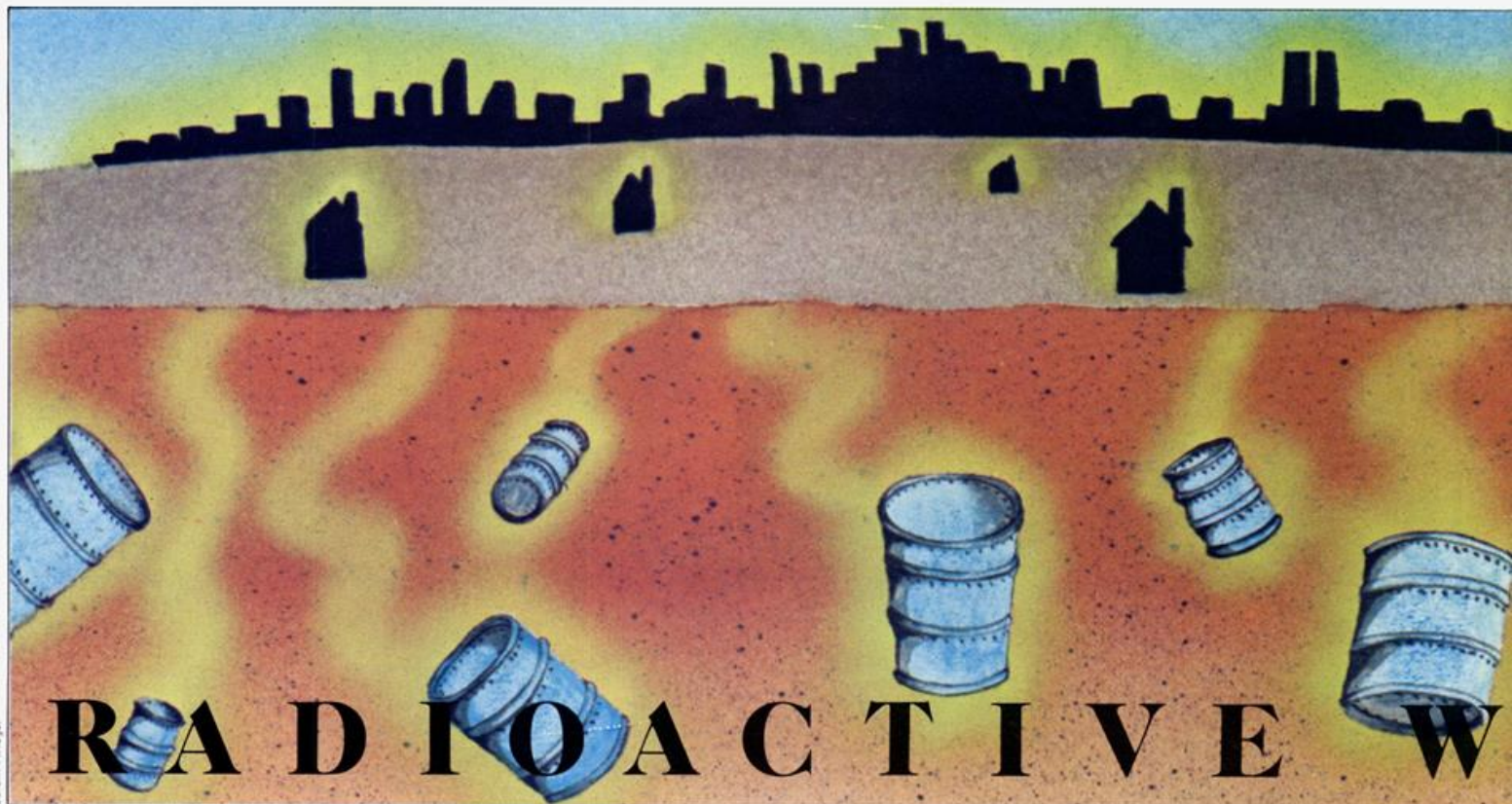
For most people, this problem gives rise to a tremendous feeling of hopelessness. Do you lay down and let these corporations roll over you? Are you going to play dead? Can you leave your life in the hands of these people?

It seems to me that we really have no choice but to fight. Each of us must do what we can. We have to educate ourselves and we have to educate each other, and I think we have to take control—while we still have the chance to.

And if we don't—maybe we don't deserve to be here.

But myself, I like people. I'd like to see a few of them around in a few years from now.

In a society that's founded on the idea of getting away with all you can get away with, it's really encouraging to see people working for the good of the whole.



Salem Krieger

RADIOACTIVE W

The stuff is so dangerous an invisible speck can give you cancer. It's so hot and corrosive it eats through just about every substance known. It stays radioactive so long it has to be isolated from living things for as much as a quarter-million years.

Some of it comprises the "missing ingredient" in the production of atomic bombs.

And now tons of these radioactive wastes are building up at nuclear sites all over the world, with nowhere to store them and no solutions on the near horizon. Every effort at safe disposal has failed, and every potential solution will cost billions of dollars—with no guarantee of success.

Every year, each 1,000-megawatt atomic reactor produces 9,000 gallons of high-level liquid wastes, plus tons of solid radioactive residues. By the year 2000, the United States will be stuck with a billion cubic feet of this lethal stuff, enough to build a four-lane, foot-thick highway from New York to California.

Some of the stuff is "low level"—contaminated tools, machinery, filters, air masks, clothing, and so on, which even after brief exposure to radiation becomes too "hot" to use again and must be buried.

From 1946 to 1962 more than 47,000 barrels of waste from the weapons program were dumped in the Pacific Ocean off the Farallon Islands, 35 miles west of San Francisco. U.S. Environmental Protection Agency experts now say a quarter of those drums have already leaked, contaminating the ocean and the marine life. Dumping has also been done off Cape Cod and the Maryland-Delaware border.

Even more dangerous are "high-level" wastes, spent nuclear fuel and materials heavily exposed to the fission process.

Often in liquid form, these wastes have to be stored in tanks that have a horrendous track record for leaks and accidents. The heat, radioactivity and corrosive properties of the liquids quickly destroy most materials. Tanks that have been in use for just 20 years have already begun to disintegrate. Through 1973, a half-million gallons of lethal radioactive liquid leaked from the Hanford federal reservation in Washington State. Contamination has already been recorded among rabbits and coyotes in the area, and the poisons are moving toward the Columbia River.

"High-level" nuclear wastes have to be stored in tanks that have a horrendous track record for leaks and accidents.

The biggest chunks of atomic reactor wastes are the spent fuel assemblies—huge, heavy, highly radioactive racks of special metals and atomic by-products. The industry once claimed that the thousands of pounds of used fuel contained in these assemblies could be "reprocessed" and reused. The reprocessing would happen through a chemical treatment through which usable uranium—and the fission by-product plutonium—could be separated from the spent fuel elements. They promised that as much as a third of the uranium rods could go back into the reactors, and that the plutonium could be used to feed breeder reactors, which in turn would create still more plutonium.

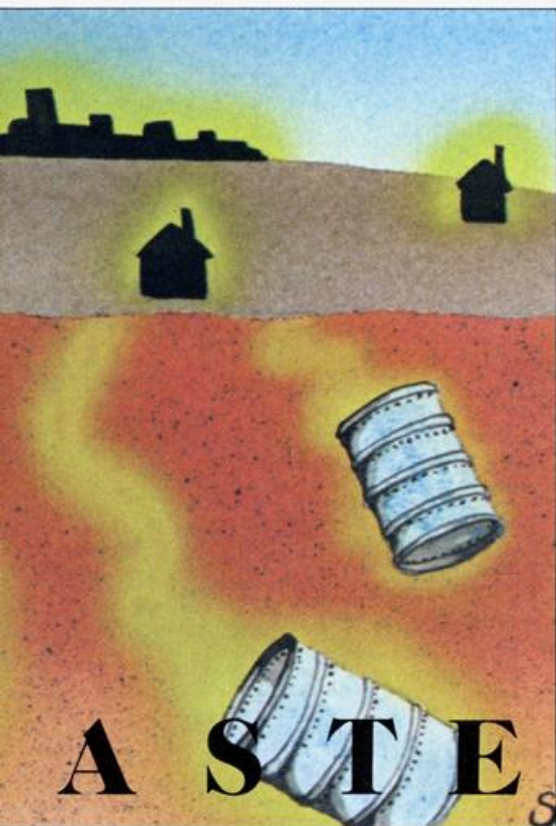
But the industry's promises have turned into disaster. The only commercial fast breeder built in the United States—Fermi I, near Detroit—almost blew up in 1966, and has been permanently shut. The experimental Clinch River Breeder Reactor in Tennessee has become the subject of fierce congressional debate, and has been labeled a "technological turkey" by its critics, whose ranks include the Carter administration.

Three major attempts at industrial reprocessing have also failed miserably. The first was West Valley, near Buffalo, which opened in the mid '60s under private ownership, then changed hands, and was shut by regulatory order in 1972 because of radioactive leaks. Workers from the plant have complained of cancer and birth defects among their children. The plant was a big money loser and has now left the state of New York with 600,000 gallons of high-level wastes it doesn't know how to handle.

The second was General Electric's \$65-million Morris, Illinois, plant, which never worked and has been abandoned.

The biggest reprocessing venture of all sits at Barnwell, South Carolina, where a multinational consortium has sunk \$360 million into a giant facility that's still unfinished. The consortium wants a \$750-million handout from the federal government to complete the project, but so far hasn't gotten it.

Reprocessing has been widely opposed because it makes accessible the element plutonium, a small quantity of which was used to make the bomb that destroyed Nagasaki. According to the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, more than 7,000



pounds of bomb-grade materials are missing from U.S. nuclear facilities.

Meanwhile, the technology for converting wastes into bombs has become widely known. In 1974, India used material from its own reactor program to build a nuclear "device." The continued production of such wastes virtually guarantees the spread of nuclear weapons throughout the world—and not necessarily just to governments.

As of now, atomic trash is piling up at nuclear sites and no one knows what to do with it. Plutonium has a radioactive half-life of 24,000 years, meaning it will be dangerous to life—and must be stored with total precision—for at least 240,000 years, many times longer than all of recorded human history.

"Swimming pools" used to store spent fuel are being stacked up with two or three times as much material as they were designed to hold, making them as dangerous as the reactors themselves.

"Last resort" schemes for getting rid of the stuff range from shooting it into the sun to floating it onto the polar ice cap to injecting it into the ocean floor.

The most serious attempts have aimed at burying the wastes deep in the earth. But plans to use a federally approved salt mine near Lyons, Kansas, had to be abandoned when the Kansas geological survey found the site was far wetter than previously believed. Another deep site is being developed near Carlsbad, New Mexico, but experts warn that it, too, will fail.

A special presidential task force on the waste problem has conceded that even a test project won't be working until the late 1980s.

GRAHAM NASH

Back in 1975, I was very involved with the Jacques Cousteau Society, and Cousteau talked to me about his overriding concern about plutonium. He told me about the dangers—genetic damage with DNA crumbling, problems with the storage of waste, and on and on. So I decided to get more involved and did a couple of benefits for the Cousteau Society and donated money.

Then soon after, my wife Susan and I became parents, and suddenly I felt responsibilities to my son Jackson as a father, as a representative of the future, and I began to wonder what his future would be. I decided to work as hard as I could to make sure the environment he grows up in at least stands a chance of being able to support him. I'm an artist and I have always been involved in opening my mouth against injustices. I think the very definition of an artist means someone who sees and has a chance to change things. It goes through every level of my life, not only music. And I think it's the responsibility of every human being to fight the nuclear madness of this country, because there will be no such thing as art if we blow it on

this one.

We did some benefits with Jackson Browne in California earlier this year and I was eating, drinking, and sleeping nuclear radiation nightmare information. I wrote a song called "Barrel of Pain," which opens up side two of my new album. It's about the low-level nuclear waste lying in barrels off the coast of San Francisco. There are 60,000 barrels and 20 percent of them are leaking. It's also about the giant mutant sponges scientists have found growing among the wastes.

Another song on that album—"In the Eighties We Will Come Alive"—is about the change that I see coming. I think the youth of this country have the greatest power to effect change. I felt it coming in the '60s and I feel it coming now.

Everyone has it on their own conscience to find out information, and when they learn that the information is so one-sidedly deadly, hopefully they will want to do something. People can join antinuke alliances, volunteer their services, write letters.

We're committing evolutionary suicide here and that affects every person on this planet.



Peter Simon

THYROID

iodine-131
beta (gamma), 8 days*

SKIN

sulfur-35
beta, 8 days

LIVER

cobalt-60
beta (gamma), 3 years

OVARIES*

The reproductive organs are attacked by all radioactive isotopes emitting gamma radiation. In addition, the deadly plutonium-239 is known to concentrate in the gonads. The radiation it emits can cause birth defects, mutations and miscarriages in the first and/or successive generations after exposure.

iodine-131
gamma, 8 days
cobalt-60
gamma, 5 years
krypton-85
gamma, 10 years
ruthenium-106
gamma, 1 year
zinc-65
gamma, 245 days
barium-140
gamma, 13 days
potassium-42
gamma, 12 hours
cesium-137
gamma, 30 years
plutonium-239
alpha, 24,000 years

MUSCLES

potassium-42
beta (gamma), 12 hours
cesium-137 (and gonads)
beta (gamma), 30 years

LUNGS

radon-222 (and whole body)
alpha, 35 days
uranium-233 (and bone)
alpha, 162,000 years
plutonium-239 (and bone)
alpha, 24,000 years
krypton-85
beta (gamma), 10 years

SPLEEN

polonium-210
alpha, 135 days

KIDNEYS

ruthenium-106
gamma (beta), 1 year

BONES

radium-226
alpha, 1,620 years
zinc-65
beta (gamma), 245 days
strontium-90
beta, 25 years
yttrium-90
beta, 64 hours
promethium-147
beta, 2 years
barium-140
beta (gamma), 13 days
thorium-234
beta, 24.1 days
phosphorus-32
beta, 14 days
carbon-14 (and fat)
beta, 5,600 years

* The times listed next to the type of ray emitted are the half-lives (how long it takes for half of the radioactive material to break down).

LOW-LEVEL RADIATION KILLS!

Any dose of radiation is an overdose.

—Dr. George Wald,
Nobel prize-winning biologist

A single errant radioactive atom or ray can damage the structure of a cell and its "message center," the genetic coding by which normal growth is regulated.

If its gene structure is mutated, a single cell can multiply out of control. Instead of reproducing normally, the damaged cell goes wild, creating millions of useless, malignant cells like it, crippling the body and eventually leading to a cancerous death.

Radiation can also injure the genetic coding in sperm and egg cells, leading to defects among unborn children.

In fact, prenatal infants are the most sensitive to any level of radiation, especially during the first three months of development, when cells are multiplying rapidly and organs are forming.

The symptoms following a high dose of radiation are well known: loss of hair and teeth, extreme lethargy followed by a rapid, choking death. Though slower and less dramatic, the effects of low-level radiation are no less lethal.

All atomic reactors, in their usual

course of operation, emit "low-level" radiation.

Though the government continues to contend that there are "safe" levels of exposure, scientific studies by Drs. Victor Archer, Rosalie Bertell, Irwin Bross, Martha Drake, John Gofman, Thomas Mancuso, Thomas Najarian, Ernest Sternglass, Alice Stewart, Arthur Tamplin and others indicate otherwise.

The attack of radiation on our cells is cumulative. Some surveys show that nuclear workers and communities near reactor sites are already suffering from abnormal cancer rates.

EVACUATION

Can You Beat the Cloud?

If Three Mile Island taught us anything, it was that the idea of evacuation in the wake of a nuclear holocaust is little more than a bad dream. How would the people of New York or Baltimore or Philadelphia or Washington, D.C., have gotten out of the way of a radioactive cloud headed toward them?

In 1975 the American Physical Society estimated that people living as far away as 40 miles from an atomic reactor might have to be evacuated following the mass release of radioactive gas. The Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) estimates that 43 percent of the people downwind should be able to evacuate within one hour of an accident.

But when did you last read the nuclear evacuation plans for your area? Do you know the escape routes? How would you get out if you had to?

Only 12 states have been able to meet

even the watered-down "essential" NRC evacuation plan. When a utility applies to build a reactor the NRC asks the owners—not the state government—to draft emergency procedures. The NRC approves a particular reactor site on the basis of the utility's idealized plan. Thirty-one states—including some of the most heavily populated—house nuclear facilities with no evacuation program.

TRANSPORTATION

Death in the Fast Lane

Deadly radioactive materials travel on interstate highways, on our railroads and through our airports every day. Three million packages of nuclear fuel, medical isotopes and atomic wastes move through the United States each year, barely regulated. The NRC says the number of such shipments will quadruple by 1985.

In 1978 Sandia Laboratories estimated that a single accident involving a spent nuclear fuel cask could cause upwards of

\$700 million in decontamination costs alone. An accident involving plutonium, they said, could result in 1,000 premature deaths, 4,000 latent cancer deaths and over \$2 billion in decontamination costs.

In April 1979 a special NRC memo disclosed that sabotage of a single spent fuel cask in an urban area could kill 1,200 people within weeks and cause 7,500 latent cancer deaths.

But despite the dangers (or maybe because of them), no federal agency admits to responsibility for regulating these shipments. The NRC says its control ends when materials leave the reactor sites. The Interstate Commerce Commission says jurisdiction lies with the Department of Transportation (DOT). And the DOT has never issued a single routing, training or cargo monitoring regulation for radioactive shipments.

The DOT does estimate, however, that some 1,100 accidents involving radioactive shipments have occurred over the last five years.

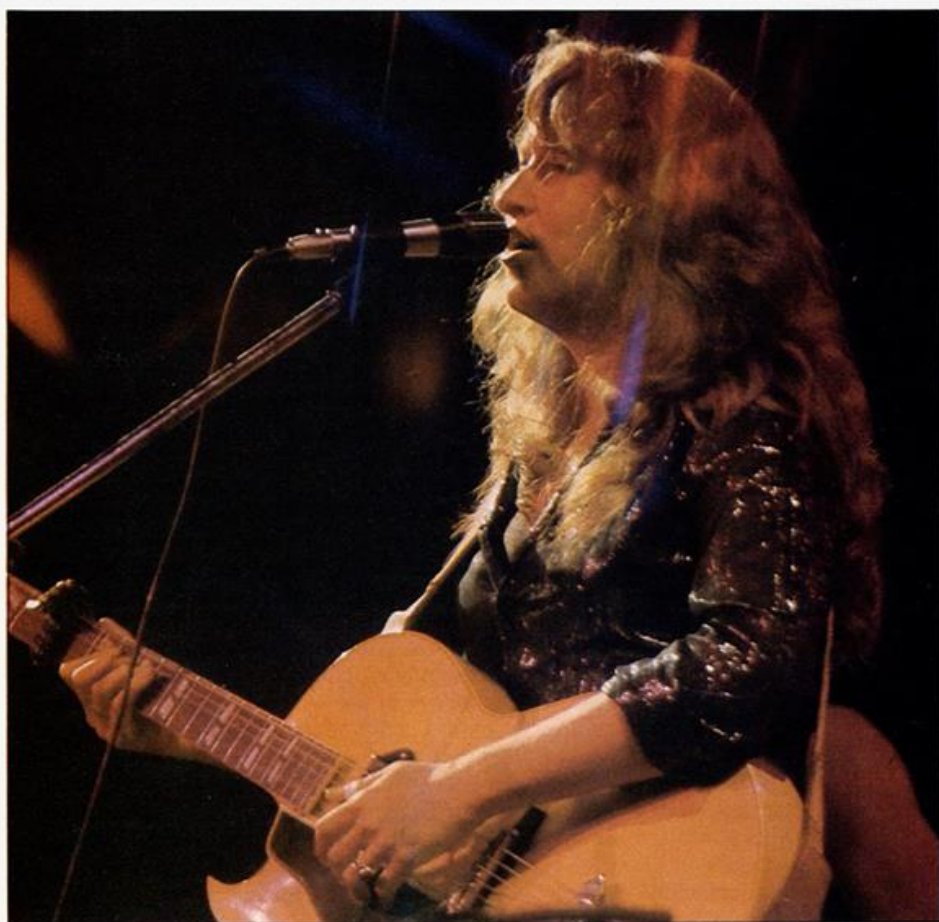
BONNIE RAITT

I first became aware of how dangerous the nuclear industry had become when I read about Karen Silkwood's death back in 1974. Sometime later the Supporters of Silkwood approached me about doing a benefit to raise funds for the family's case against the Kerr-McGee plutonium company, which they believed was responsible for her death. Ironically, tickets to a concert Jackson Browne and I were giving a few days later in Oklahoma City were found in her car when she died.

But the kicker for me has been the attempt to license the Diablo Canyon power plant just a few hours upwind of where I live in Los Angeles. When it became known that the plant was about two miles from the Hosgri earthquake fault, I knew there was no other choice but to get involved. I read all I could and the more I found out, the more frightened and angry I became. Stopping nuclear power is not just another cause; it's a necessity. What good is music if you don't have any place to play it, or anyone to play it to?

Something that particularly concerns me is that while it's important to stop nuclear power, we must also stress the positive alternatives. Gas lines and inflation make you wonder why the government isn't investing in safer and cheaper methods of energy production—why they insist on keeping us in the dark.

Last year there was a federal study that said if a paltry \$500 million—which is less than a quarter of the cost of a nuclear plant—were spent on photovoltaic cells, it would bring down the cost of solar energy to a level competitive with current utility costs. Yet nothing is being



done about it.

It all comes down to the profit system. The same mentality that puts poisonous preservatives in our foods so they'll last longer on the shelf also puts poisons in the environment, in our minds and bodies. It's the same thing that allowed us to devastate a country like Vietnam—the need to protect our overseas interests, on a business level, not a pride level. And the

same thing that leads us to ignore our own Native American people's right to this land we call "our country."

The profit-motive mentality does not let power rest with the people. The energy situation is another chance to regain control of our lives. If we can control our energy needs, then maybe we'll get some control over who's telling us lies and who isn't.



ACCIDENTS HA

The cows knew.

In the hazy dawn of March 29, 1979, they began to line up along a fence five miles north of the crippled nuclear power plant, in the heart of Pennsylvania's dairyland. Following no apparent signals, they faced the injured reactor, which was hidden from view by a bend in the meandering Susquehanna River.

Farmers told reporters that if the cows began to bolt, they would too—no matter what the government said.

Three Mile Island is the best-known reactor accident. But it was neither the first nor the worst. Time and again, human error, poor design, shoddy construction and cost-cutting by reactor owners have brought us to the brink of atomic catastrophe. In addition, smaller accidents and constant radiation leaks into the air and water continue to plague us. Scores of workers have been contaminated, thousands of gallons of radioactive wastes have been dumped into rivers, lakes and oceans, and countless quantities of deadly gases have been released into the atmosphere.

In 1971, 50,000 gallons of "hot" water leaked into the Mississippi from Minnesota's Monticello reactor, eventually

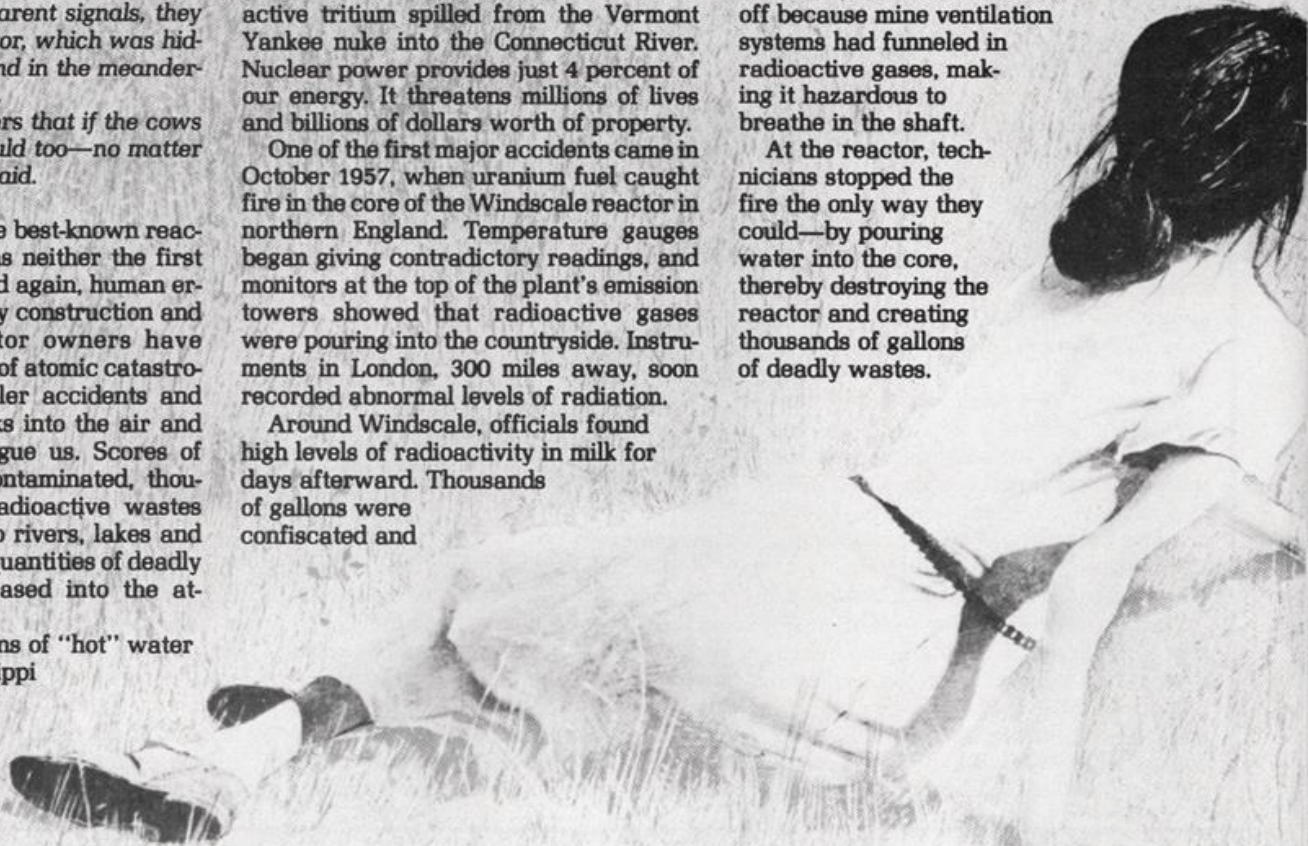
finding its way into the St. Paul water supply. In 1969, a \$50-million fire at the Rocky Flats plutonium factory sent radiation downwind to Denver. In 1976, 83,000 gallons of water contaminated with radioactive tritium spilled from the Vermont Yankee nuke into the Connecticut River. Nuclear power provides just 4 percent of our energy. It threatens millions of lives and billions of dollars worth of property.

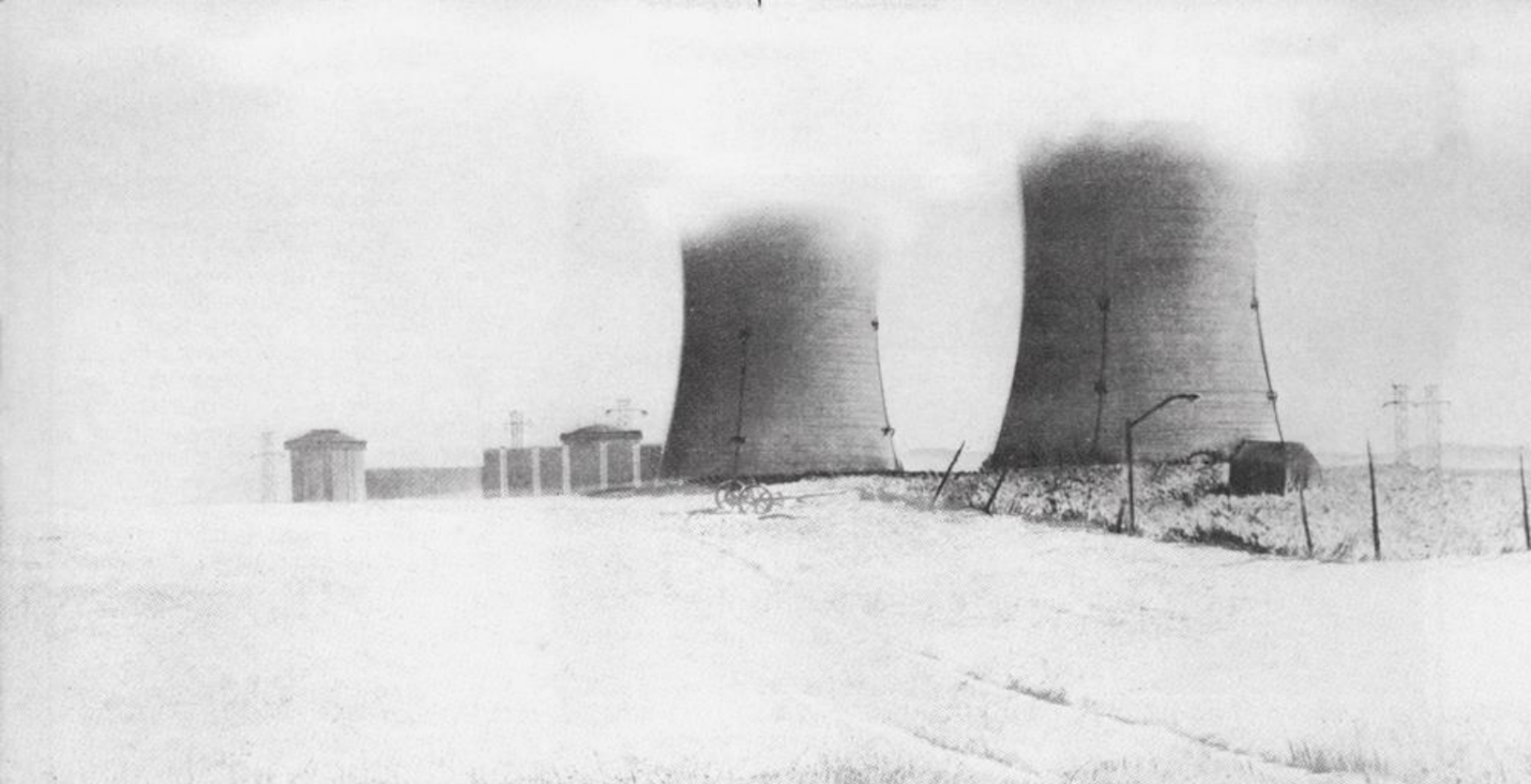
One of the first major accidents came in October 1957, when uranium fuel caught fire in the core of the Windscale reactor in northern England. Temperature gauges began giving contradictory readings, and monitors at the top of the plant's emission towers showed that radioactive gases were pouring into the countryside. Instruments in London, 300 miles away, soon recorded abnormal levels of radiation.

Around Windscale, officials found high levels of radioactivity in milk for days afterward. Thousands of gallons were confiscated and

dumped into the Irish Sea, contaminating marine life. Hundreds of cows, sheep and other farm animals were rounded up, slaughtered and buried. Coal miners were laid off because mine ventilation systems had funneled in radioactive gases, making it hazardous to breathe in the shaft.

At the reactor, technicians stopped the fire the only way they could—by pouring water into the core, thereby destroying the reactor and creating thousands of gallons of deadly wastes.





WE HAPPENED

The Windscale reactor became little more than a pile of deadly junk.

At Chalk River, Canada, two accidents within five years cast strong doubts on the safety of atomic power. The second occurred in 1958, when operators failed in an attempt to remove a "hot" fuel rod. Radiation was released and eventually cleanup crews were forced to decontaminate every inch of the reactor building, plus an entire one-mile stretch of highway leading to a burial ground.

In 1961 three men died at the SL-1 test reactor near Idaho Falls. Apparently a crewman lifted the main control rod a little too far, a little too fast, allowing the core to run wild in less than one five-hundredth of a second. The explosion released enormous amounts of radiation, and impaled a crewman to the ceiling of the plant with part of a control rod that passed through his groin and out one of his shoulders. The heads and hands of the dead workers had to be buried along with high-level radioactive wastes for fear of contaminating civilian cemeteries.

This year Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) documents revealed that the SL-1 "event" may not have been an accident. Some investigators believe it was deliberately caused by one of the dead technicians because of a love triangle at work.

In 1966 America's first (and only) commercial fast breeder almost forced the evacuation of Detroit. Beginning on Oc-

tober 5, 1966, plant operators confronted a partial meltdown that could have led to an explosion and the release of a huge cloud of radioactive poisons into the Motor City. The mayor and local civil-defense crews were kept on constant alert. Because breeders use highly volatile liquid sodium as a coolant, the potential for catastrophe at Fermi was greater than at Three Mile Island. Yet, at the time, the public was kept in the dark about the accident, which only became widely known with the early-'70s publication of John G. Fuller's *We Almost Lost Detroit*.

In March of 1975 two electricians using a lighted candle to check for air leaks at Alabama's huge Browns Ferry plant set a fire that destroyed hundreds of control wires, many of them connected to crucial plant safety systems.

As the flames were sucked through a forest of cables, poorly trained plant workers spent six frantic hours attempting to extinguish the fire. One system after another failed, until jury-rigged backups barely averted a meltdown at what was then the world's biggest nuke. The fire did \$150-million worth of damage and—though no one was told at the time—it threatened the lives of thousands of people.

Perhaps the worst accident of all occurred at a nuclear facility in the Soviet Union, where an explosion contaminated a huge land area, killing hundreds of people and rendering much of the region unin-

habitable. To this day no vegetation grows in many parts of the area.

Such a fate almost befell central Pennsylvania—and more. Depending on the winds, a lethal radioactive cloud from Three Mile Island could have been sent over New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington or even Boston. A secret 1964 government report predicted a reactor catastrophe could kill 45,000 people, injure another 100,000 and destroy a landmass the size of Pennsylvania. Three Mile Island seemed to threaten far more.

Just prior to that accident, an official NRC study—the Rasmussen Report, which put the odds of being killed in a reactor accident at 1 in 300 million—was renounced by the government. So there are now no official odds on a catastrophic meltdown, and no private insurance company is willing to insure one without a federal guarantee of limited liability.

Gil Scott-Heron

Maybe next time

Detroit didn't seem to convince you

Maybe next time

Barnwell made no sense to you

Maybe next time

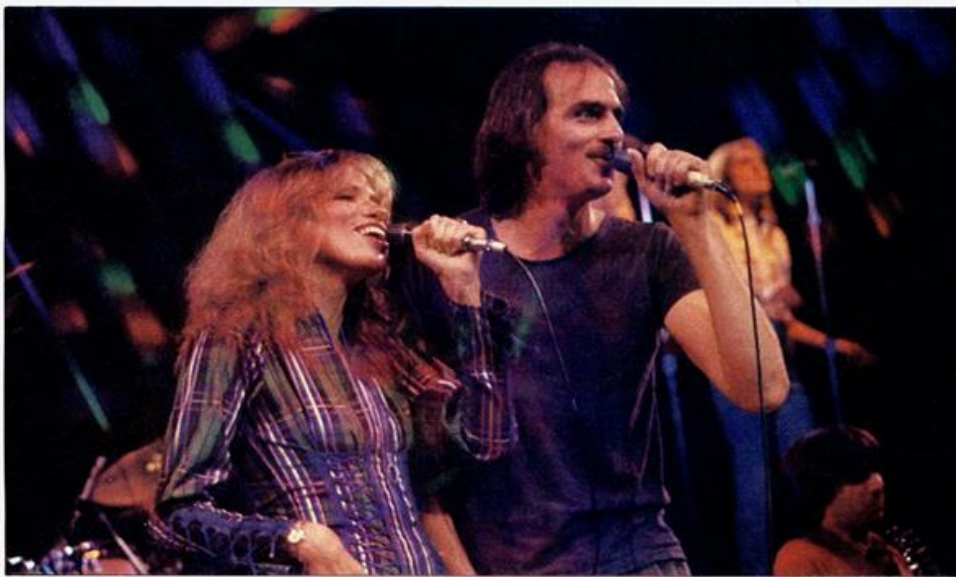
You don't believe in Three Mile Island

I can see you're in a hurry

So maybe we can talk about it next time.

—G.S.H.

CARLY SIMON - JAMES TAYLOR



Peter Simon

Carly: You know, people become immune to bad news. A danger like Three Mile Island tends to fade from people's minds unless there's a reason that it's kept alive. People start to say, well, radiation is extremely dangerous and nuclear power's dangerous but here we are, we're still living and everything seems to be all right. People start to forget the facts.

The fact that I have children may have increased my involvement. You think, "I am here, I could die from this, I could get cancer, my children could be affected for the rest of their lives by radiation poisoning." Those are personal things.

It was hard to get people involved in the Vietnam War, except for the families of the boys that actually went over, because it seemed so removed.

This is a much more immediate situation because it's affecting our lives as we

speak. It's not 200, 5,000, 8,000 miles away from here. It's everywhere in the United States.

James: Our government has preempted all jurisdiction over certain areas of decision making and the nuclear process for purposes of national security. They say we will decide what the safe level of radiation is for workers in nuclear plants, we'll decide whether it's safe to put a nuclear or weapons plant in a certain environment—we'll make all the decisions.

The question of national security keeps coming up like a kind of bugaboo—both in terms of nuclear power and weapons. It's the same excuse that the government gave to keep us in Vietnam, and it's what kept Watergate dammed up until the election was over. But who's the nation? Who are the people that are

protecting whom?

What it comes down to is whether or not we are willing to take responsibility for a democracy, whether or not we are really ready to participate and contribute. That affects public officials too—if we don't care, they won't either.

Nuclear arms are frightening the hell out of us. I think it's a bigger symptom than anybody realizes. It was really ingrained in us when we saw all our families building bomb shelters. The fact that this madness of nuclear arms proliferation can't be controlled is sickeningly depressing to me. That we can't stop doing something that's that bad for us is a bad symptom. I think it gives young people in this country a fatalistic and disgusted feeling about their participation in government.

What frightens me isn't so much that Americans and Soviets have nuclear weapons—because we're not desperate enough to use them. But I wouldn't want individuals to get their hands on them. And the danger of selling atomic reactors is that one of the first things that can come out of them is weapons-grade plutonium. That's what happened in India. Evidently the Israelis hijacked enough uranium to make their own bomb too. You wonder where the thing can end.

And I think people are really getting sick of this absurd, abstract, artificial economic system we're in.

Economy is like a pretend ecology. But more and more as we use up the world, economy and ecology will become the same thing. Economy is a manipulation of the comings and goings, the flow of reality. Soon we're going to be so tightly packed on this island, this planet, that they'll be the same thing.

ENERGY ECONOMICS AND THE PROFITABLE ATOM

The entire U.S. energy economy was built around the assumption of infinite supplies of cheap fuel. Our homes, offices and factories leak, our machinery is poorly designed, our automobiles guzzle gas and we don't have a national mass-transit system. We waste fully half the energy we burn.

The energy cartels have used the word "conservation" to imply a lowered standard of living.

In fact, saving a unit of energy costs as little as one-tenth the price of producing a new one. But this would not be as profitable for the energy cartel.

Nuclear reactor production is totally dominated by four giant companies. Two of them—General Electric and Westinghouse—took more than two-thirds of the

reactor orders placed with U.S. producers from 1953 to 1977. Three construction firms—Stone & Webster, United Engineers and Bechtel—got three-quarters of the contracts for building the plants. A total of seven firms have gotten 99.9 percent of those orders.

The main buyers of nuclear reactors are the 200 investor-owned utilities (IOUs) that supply electricity to 80 percent of the American public. The utilities are tied into the same banks that dominate the financing of General Electric, Westinghouse and the reactor builders.

Large universities also invest in private utilities and, in turn, profit from nuclear-related research contracts.

The recent drastic downturn in new reactor orders has led friends as well as

foes to predict the industry's death. But the obituaries are premature.

Roughly 90 reactors are now being built, with a minimum price tag of \$100 billion. Another 30 nukes are in the "pipeline." There are now some 70 operable reactors in the United States and the contracts for supplying them with nuclear fuel continue to be profitable.

Twelve oil and gas companies control half the known U.S. uranium reserves, some of which they purchased with profits from the 1973 oil crisis. Five oil and gas companies control some 62 percent of the domestic uranium milling capacity. This means that the people who brought us gasoline lines, the oil crisis and natural-gas shortages are also the ones bringing us atomic power.

HERE COMES THE SUN

The sunshine falling on New York City [on a clear June day] is equivalent to the energy produced by all the power plants in the world at peak performance.

—Massachusetts Energy Policy Office

Depending on local needs and conditions, solar options can be mixed and matched to provide every corner of the planet with a balanced energy supply.

Solar power is simple. It was known to the ancient Greeks, who designed their houses around it, as did the Pueblo Indians.

In 1952, a blue-ribbon commission appointed by Harry Truman predicted there could be 13 million solar-heated homes in the United States by 1975. Today we have a bare fraction of that, and we pay for it every minute in soaring fuel bills, nuclear pollution, oil slicks and air made unbreathable by the burning of coal.

Right now, solar features can be incorporated into new buildings at little or no additional cost—if contractors, architects and buyers will make the basic effort. Federal statistics confirm that solar heating of space and water is cost competitive with electric heat throughout the U.S.

“frost belt,” from Boston to Bismarck. Older buildings can be “retrofitted” with solar features whose payback period gets shorter each year, as fossil and nuclear energy costs skyrocket.

Solar water heating is in use in 30,000

Even conservative government figures now estimate the sun could supply 20 to 25 percent of our energy needs by the year 2000—more than five times what's now produced by nukes.

American homes, apartments and factories. Israel has more than 200,000 units; Japan has 2 million.

Oil and nuclear-energy interests have generally portrayed solar technology as the province of the rich. But in San Bernardino, California, a CETA program

employs inner-city youths to install solar heaters on old homes—at \$100 each. Corporate domination of energy funds, not the price of solar technology, is what is keeping natural power out of public hands.

Photovoltaic cells convert sunlight directly to electricity with no moving parts and no pollution. They can be made from silicone—sand—the second most abundant element on earth. According to a suppressed U.S. military report, \$500 million in development funds (a fraction of the cost of one reactor) could make photovoltaic electricity available on a mass scale at a per-kilowatt price less than half that of current nuclear-power costs.

A Manhattan Project to develop and install an energy system built on conservation and renewable sources could go a long way toward ending our unemployment mess.

A big solar push, says one expert, “could be a greater jobs boom than the New Deal ever was.”

The reason: Solar and conservation technology are labor intensive. The materials needed are relatively cheap and abundant. The techniques are simple.

People—not machinery—are the key

input. The money that goes for solar and conservation goes to pay people to pull things together. The jobs are safe and long lasting. They're easy to train for and accessible to the average working person in the communities where the power is being captured and used.

And the benefits are hard to miss. In Massachusetts, the state's energy policy office estimated in 1976 that merely installing solar water heaters on half the homes in the state could create 32,000 new jobs. The California Public Policy Center has calculated that a push just for solar water and space heating in that state could create up to 350,000 new jobs by 1990. Lockheed has predicted that the annual production of just 8,000 windmills would provide more than 600,000 jobs. According to figures in *Technology Review*, national full employment could be reached by using conservation measures to improve our overall fuel efficiency by just 5 to 10 percent.

The nuclear industry has long argued that without reactors, the job market would suffer. But in fact, atomic power plants represent a major stumbling block to full employment. They are extremely capital intensive: They eat up huge amounts of social resources while yielding a single product—electricity—and very few jobs in return. The large quantities of centralized energy further promote unemployment by facilitating industrial automation.

A study by Dubin-Bloome Associates of the \$2-billion nuke proposed for Jamesport, New York, for instance, indicates that if the same money were used for solar energy and conservation, four times as many jobs would be created, and a savings equal to three times the energy slated to come from the plant would result.

Every reactor employs several thousand construction workers for the several years it takes to build the plant. But the main input is not wages—it's expensive equipment, hard-to-get materials and complex technology. Job access is limited to a small fraternity of highly paid traveling specialists who have little if any connection with the communities in which the plants are being built. And the ratio of laborers to scientists in the nuclear field is two to one; in solar, nine to one.

When the reactors are finished, the great majority of the construction workers move on to the next project. A tiny work force of technicians and security guards takes over. A \$2-billion nuke can employ as few as 100 people.

In recent months, the United Auto Workers, the Sheetmetal Workers International Association and the International Association of Machinists have taken strong prosolar stands, as have divisions of the steelworkers, retail clerks and numerous unions in the Three Mile Island area. As Machinists' president William Winpisinger told 125,000 antinuke march-



ers in the nation's capital on May 6, "We have on-stream technologies and the ability right here and now to create the energy of the future that will take care of the country, our defense, our jobs, and all the social needs we have. If we begin to subsidize other energy technologies on the same basis and in the same magnitude we squandered money on nuclear energy, we'd have the alternatives tomorrow."

Those alternatives could go a long way toward giving us a full employment economy. And the advantages are felt not just in solar but in other clean energy sources.

In recent decades, more than 6 million windmills produced power throughout the United States. About 150,000 of them are still working, and their ranks are multiplying. U.S. Wind Power, a Massachusetts firm, expects to mass-market 50-kilowatt wind generators within five years at \$500 per kilowatt—well under half the current cost of nuclear. Some individual wind machines have already come in cheaper.

University of Massachusetts researchers

have also designed offshore wind generators that could provide as much energy as 70 reactors before the turn of the century. A U.S. government report has conceded that wind power alone could meet 24 percent of overall U.S. energy needs—not just electricity—by the year 2000.

In the 1920s, hydroelectric power produced one-third of our national energy. Today the figure is just 13 percent. And the potential for expansion remains enormous. The Army Corps of Engineers has estimated that installing generators in small dams *already in existence* could provide us with the power equivalent of 26 large nukes. Ocean thermal and tidal power could add still more.

Wood resources in New England alone have been estimated by government sources at the power equivalent to ten nukes—with a crucial difference. Trees grow back. Many of our forests have been badly logged and need care and thinning. Proper management could create thousands of jobs, yield huge quantities of energy and leave us with healthier woods.

Grain, corn, certain roots and other crops can be fermented into alcohol, to mix with gas for gasohol. Brazil now expects to stop importing oil by 1985 through the development of its own gasohol resources. Crop wastes, sewage and manure can also be converted to methane and fed into existing natural gas pipelines—as is already being done in the Midwest. Farmers love gasohol and methane production because it gives them an added cash crop and allows them to cut back on their energy bills.

American farmers usually feed grain, cornstalks and other crops to their animals. But when microorganisms ferment them into alcohol, the end product takes on a higher protein content than it had before. Creating the fuel also creates a more valuable feed!

It's that kind of "new alchemy" that furthers faith in a solar future. Even conservative government figures now estimate that the sun could supply 20 to 25 percent of our energy needs by the year 2000—more than five times what's now produced by nukes. By the middle of the next century, we could be totally off both nuclear and fossil fuels. We could have a prosperous, self-sufficient solar society.

Simplifications and ahead-of-schedule breakthroughs are bringing solar on faster and more easily than ever imagined. It's a technology that can only get cheaper and simpler, and that will bring us closer to a healthy balance with the planet on which we live.

It can also bring us the kind of independence in energy that is the foundation of a true democracy, one in which individuals and communities can control their own destiny.

The barriers to that kind of future, to rebuilding our economy around the sun, are political, not technological. ■

THE 1980 High Times CALENDAR

A romantic sojourn with the wild, and pleasurable substances that make the universe such an unforgettable hangout... hot desert sands enshrine bricks of moist Nepalese hash... crystals of pure cocaine sparkle on a discotheque's polished glass floor... a bouquet of smuggled Californian buds springs defiantly from a flower box... these are the substances of dreams and allurements, the dazzling images in the *High Times* Calendar for 1980.

The calendar is printed in full color on heavy glossy stock. In fine print it marks the important dates in the history of dope culture, leaving room for your own notations. It's all yours for only \$4.95, plus postage and handling.

CL53

HIGH TIMES 1980 CALENDAR

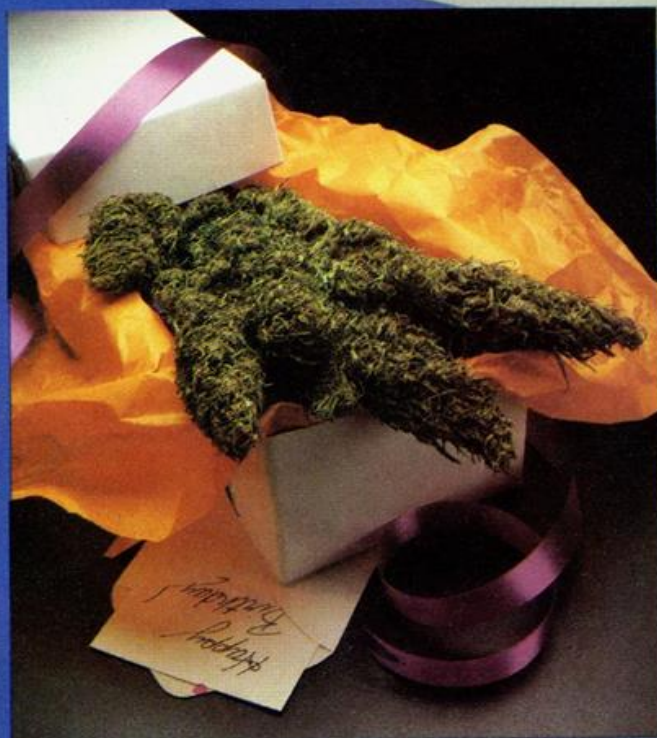
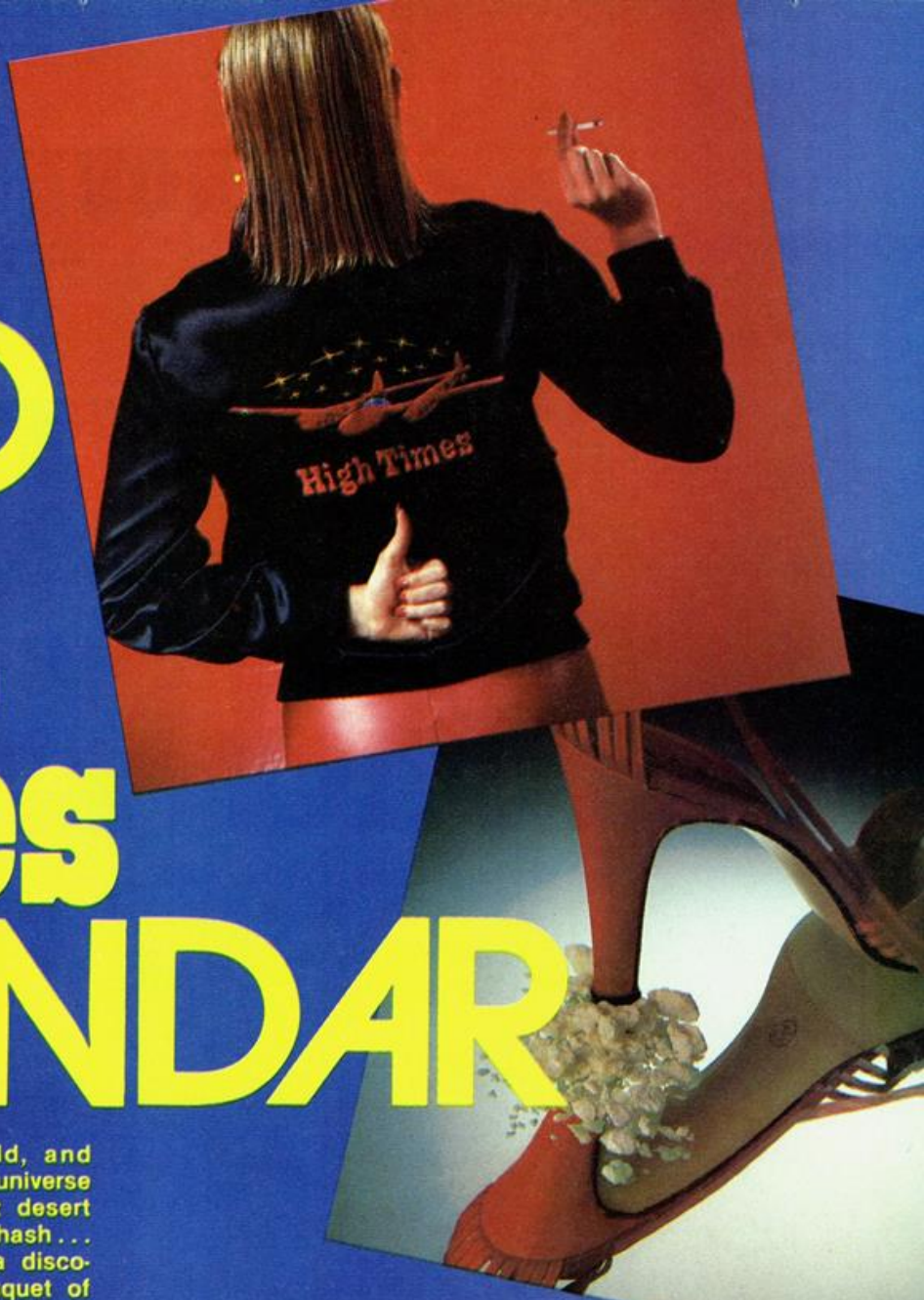
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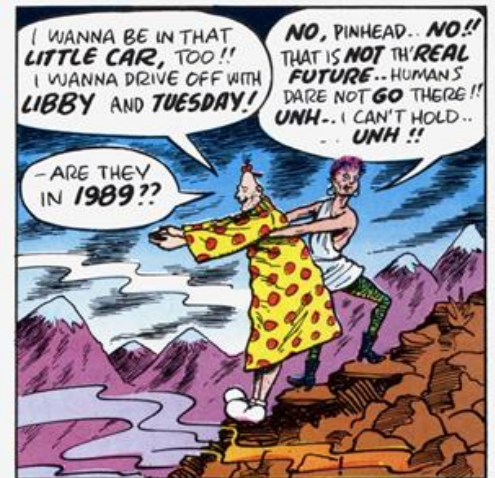
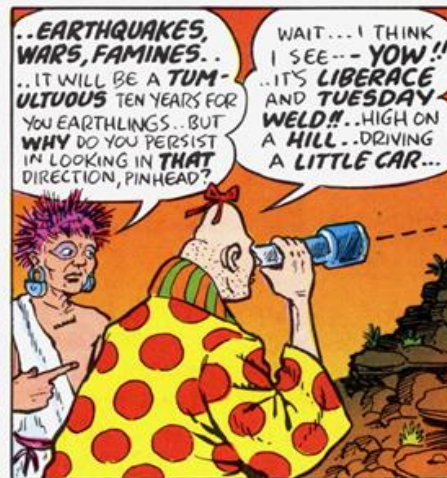
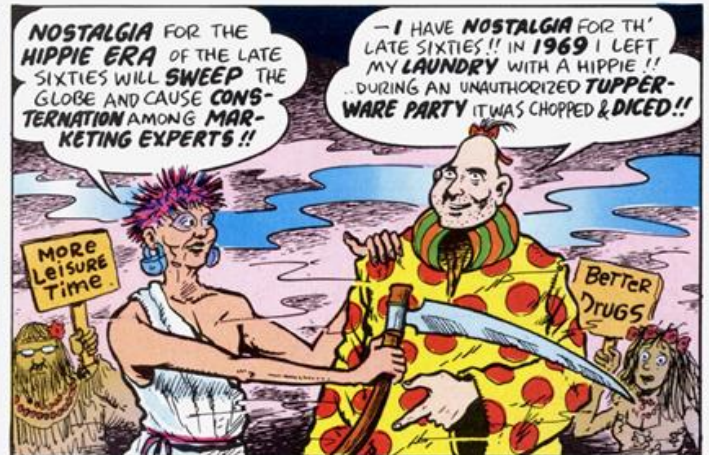
THE

BIG LADY

(Details in the next issue.)

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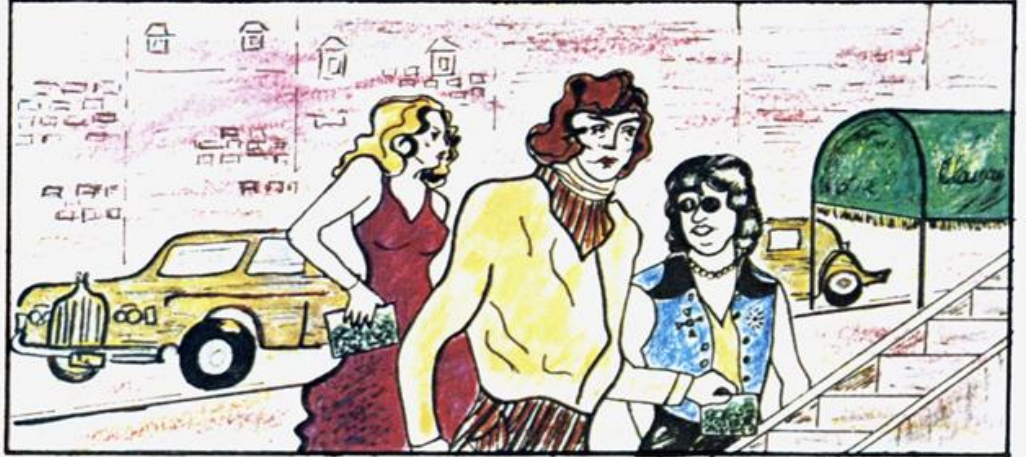
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YES! I HAD DREAMS
WHEN I BECAME HIGH
TIMES DOPE CONNOISSEUR.

EVERY NIGHT CLASSY DEALERS WOULD PILE
OUT OF THEIR LIMOS BEARING GIFT SAMPLES
OF PRIMO POD JUST FOR ME TO TASTE!



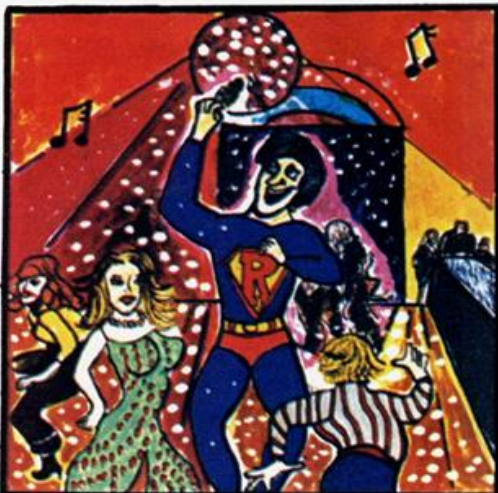
I'D LOUNGE AROUND IN POSH SMOKE
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FOUR CONTINENTS!

AH, BUT THE HARSH REALITY! MOST OF
THE TIME I CAN'T FIND ANY DOPE. I'M
DRIVEN TO BEG LOOSE JOINTS FROM
STREET DEALERS!



AT LAST I FIGURED OUT WHAT WENT WRONG! IT WAS THE
IMPOSTERS!! YES, THERE WERE FAKERS OUT THERE TAKING
ADVANTAGE OF MY ANONYMITY TO CLAIM THAT THEY WERE
REALLY "R"! THEY WERE HAVING A GREAT TIME AT
PARTIES, GETTING LOTS OF GOOD DOPE, LIVING OUT MY
FANTASIES!! MEAN-

WHILE... I WAS SLAVING AWAY
IN MY LONELY GARRET WITH
NADER-LIKE ZEAL, IM-
PROVING THE BREED OF
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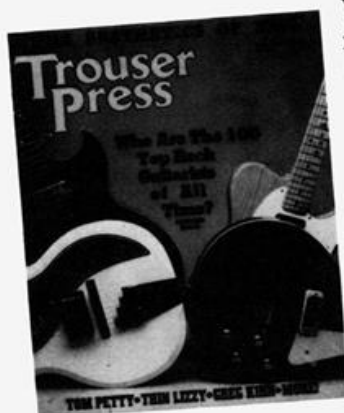
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Electronics for Fun and Profit

A Dealer's Guide to High-Tech Wizardry

by Shay Addams

Spawned in the heat of the '60s race to the moon, the variety of space-age gadgets continues to multiply like a horde of microminiaturized insects. Knowledge gleaned from NASA's \$21-billion research program has been applied in vastly diverse fields, yielding a wealth of unanticipated products for the American public that includes electronic pacemakers, digital watches and home videotape recorders. The least expected application of aerospace technology, though, has been in the burgeoning dope industry.

Paper and pen went sailing out the windows of dealing houses across America when the now-defunct Bowmar Instruments Company introduced a \$100 electronic calculator in the early '70s. Since then, the integrated circuits of hand-held calculators have been pressed into service by cannabis contrabandistas at all levels of the business. Today, from the Guajira Peninsula to the

Georgia coastline, dealers and smugglers everywhere are madly punching away at those plastic keyboards, drooling in anticipation of their projected profits as the figures instantly appear on glowing digital displays.

In addition to reducing all the math necessary for any dope transaction to a matter of pressing a few buttons, calculators also eliminated the need for incriminating "tally sheets," those columns of figures that have provided concrete evidence of dealing for many a district attorney.

A decade after the first dope deal was worked out on a calculator, today's enlightened entrepreneur may select from a wide assortment of calculating devices and other electronic consumer items to help lighten his or her load while slaving over a hot set of triple-beams. For today's calculators perform a variety of fresh functions ranging far beyond the original



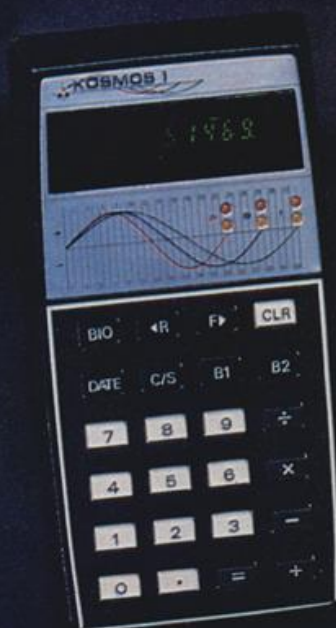
Rapidial



World Time Calculator



Royce Freedom Dialer



Kosmos 1



Canon CardQuartz



four of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division.

One new entry on the calculator market even solves that age-old snafu of running out of matches in the middle of a tasting session. Designers of Casio's QL-10 (\$89.95) have provided a cigarette lighter built right into this slim-styled calculator. The QL-10 also features a clock with alarm and timer to keep stoned-out dealers on schedule while making their appointed rounds.

Veteran cannabis distributors agree that the most desirable reefer in any load goes right out the door almost as quickly as it's bagged up for sale, if not sold outright in the virginal burlap bale. For

**In a crisis,
a new automatic
dialing device
can convert
any telephone into
a "lawyer hotline."**

this reason, the maxim Time is money applies doubly in the mint-a-minute dope industry.

To put time on your side, several other worthwhile timekeeping calculators are worth checking out. Canon's CardQuartz (\$49.95), Texas Instruments' DataChron (\$37.95) and Panasonic's World Time calculator (\$60) all deliver pretty much the same reliable bill of goods in calculating timepieces. The only difference lies in individual design and extra features, such as the Panasonic's *four* alarms and dual time-zone capability, a handy feature for the smuggler who must coordinate international shipments.

Speaking of time, every second counts when the DEA decides to kick down your door in the middle of the night. The rapid arrival of a fast-talking attorney in such a case is the best insurance against even warrant-bearing narcs overstepping the bounds of their authority. Also, the sooner your attorney knows you've been busted, the less time you'll be wasting away in a jail cell. To expedite matters in such a crisis, one of the new automatic dialing devices can be recruited to convert any telephone into a "lawyer hotline."

Compatible with push-button and dial phones, the Rapidial (\$99 from the Technology Application Corp.) stores up to 20 phone numbers in its memory bank. Simply program in the number of a lawyer willing to respond to such a sudden distress call, and perhaps one or two backup numbers of other lawyers, just in case. At the first sound of a sledgehammer

splintering the door to pieces, one punch of the button will have your lawyer on the phone faster than he or she can say "pretrial motion."

Equally adaptable for such purposes, the Royce Freedom Dialer (\$189.95), a self-contained telephone that remembers 35 numbers, displays the last number dialed on a digital readout. A redial feature, also found on the Rapidial, eliminates redialing busy numbers. The Royce even includes a six-digit LED clock and calendar; the push of an elapsed-time button allows coast-to-coast dealers to keep those long-distance phone bills within reason.

Besides your attorney, the numbers you dial most frequently, like the local pizza delivery service and the airline reservations desk, can be conveniently entered into either unit's memory banks to keep the phone clear as much as possible for those "money calls" that make such hardware affordable in the first place. Warning: Don't get carried away with the ease of operating these automatic dialers and program in the numbers of your connections or customers, because they can be seized as evidence in the event of a bust and electronically grilled to "tell all" back at the station.

Conducting business via the telephone usually means you're tied to it. Many a pale-skinned dealer has had to forgo the sun and fresh air for the tedious "waiting to hear from—" that generally accompanies any transaction. Physical liberation can now be accomplished by plugging Pace Communication's Ez phone (\$355.95) into any standard modular wall jack and toting the Trim-Line cordless remote unit up to 300 feet from the base unit.

The Ez phone buzzes to indicate incoming calls and has push-button dialing for placing calls from the field. The remote unit can be buzzed by someone answering a call at the base, a feature that enables the Ez phone to double as a pocket pager. The portability of the Ez phone makes it possible for you to take care of business while swinging lazily in a backyard hammock or diligently sweeping seeds and stems from the basement floor.

Going farther afield than 300 feet? The Rova/Pro Remote Fone (\$560) operates in a fashion similar to the Ez phone but looks more like a walkie-talkie. Its 51-inch antenna makes phone communication possible up to one mile from the base unit. An optional external antenna attached to the base, however, extends the Rova Fone's range to three to five miles. This kind of power makes the Rova Fone a practical addition to the electronic arsenal of dealers who stay on the move but can't afford to break that telephonic umbilical cord.

Communication remains a key word in the sometimes helter-skelter world of

dealing, and even more so at the advanced end of the business, smuggling. More than one deal has gone up "in gunsmoke" in some foreign land because of one or two misunderstood words. To facilitate learning to speak the local lingo before heading for the Middle East or South America to cop your first load, the services of one of several electronic language translators may be acquired relatively inexpensively.

The Lexicon LK-3000 (\$200) is a virtual minicomputer capable of translating English into Spanish, French, German, Italian, Portuguese, Greek and Polish, depending on which interchangeable module is inserted into the unit. Bilingual modules contain volumes of travel phrases that can, with the substitution of a key word here and there, be applied to transacting any sort of dope deal in any

Should your pilot get too wasted to find his way home, a navigator calculator will point him in the right direction.

of these languages. Soon, modules will make the Japanese, Swedish, Russian, Arabic, Hebrew and Chinese languages equally accessible to the traveling doper/dealer who doesn't get too stoned to punch a few buttons.

The Craig M100 (\$199.95, language capsules \$24.95 each) is a similar device with a larger readout and more extensive vocabulary capability. Like the Lexicon, the Craig M100 performs the customary arithmetical functions of a calculator. Both models also do metric conversions, which can be convenient when dealing with real weight.

For those who still stumble when attempting to pronounce the foreign phrases lit up on the display, Texas Instruments has developed the latest innovation in this near-fledgling field—the talking calculator. The Texas Language Translator (\$250) not only displays the foreign equivalent of English words and phrases keyed into it, but employs electronic speech synthesis to pronounce them simultaneously. Beginning with English, Spanish and French, Texas expects to market other modules for Russian, Japanese and Chinese by mid 1980. Containing four integrated-circuit chips, each module stores about 1,000 words, half of which can be "spoken" by the unit to augment the LED display.

Should the pilot of your pot plane get too wasted to find his way home from south of the border, a \$100 investment in Commodore Business Machines' N60 Navigator calculator will quickly point him in the right direction.

Just key in the latitude and longitude of your airstrip in Mexico and the one in Arizona and presto, the N60 computes the true course home in degrees, minutes and seconds. Press another button and the digital display blinks out the exact distance between the two points, enabling you to determine how much fuel will be required for the flight.

With more than 25 built-in programs, the N60 allows you to calculate vital data such as true airspeed, position anywhere on the face of the earth, rates of climb and descent. It can even do metric conversions or convert miles to knots. No mere toy, the N60 is accurate enough to be approved for taking Federal Aviation Administration written tests. In fact, the N60 does everything but fly the plane and off-load the dope; its sophisticated design makes it a useful tool for any serious pot pilot.

Pilots of commercial Japanese airlines often tote along another sort of calculator, for they're not even allowed in the cockpit during a flight whose date coincides with the pilot's biorhythmically determined "critical day." With the Kosmos 1 biorhythm calculator (\$39.95), you, too, can take this off-the-wall factor into consideration when planning your next "smug" or major deal stateside.

The Kosmos 1 features a "traffic light" system that warns of potentially devastating critical days on the physical, emotional and intellectual levels when you key in a person's birth date and the date in question. Biorhythms of two people (say your pilot and the head of your stateside ground crew) can even be compared for compatibility with the Kosmos 1. After all, Patty Hearst was captured by the FBI on one of her critical days, and whether you believe in biorhythms or not, some vets in the business figure that if it's good enough for the Japanese airlines, it's good enough for the marijuana air force.

Like kids with shiny new toys, multiton importers and ounce dealers alike are discovering that the bright world of electronic consumer items offers more than just another pretty silicone chip. Whether you're flying a planeload of pungent Oaxacan buds in low under the border radar or simply fumbling about in search of a light for the last joint in the house, the blossoming galaxy of electronic calculating devices contains a model designed with your needs in mind.

The highly competitive nature of the consumer-electronics market and intense ongoing research practically guarantee that the boom in microminiaturization and electronic innovation will continue to accelerate like a runaway rocket through the '80s. Tomorrow's dealer may be sporting a calculator that not only blinks out the cost per gram of a certain white powdered substance but is capable of simultaneously analyzing a sample and commenting dubiously in an electronically synthesized voice: "Are you sure this is cocaine?" ■

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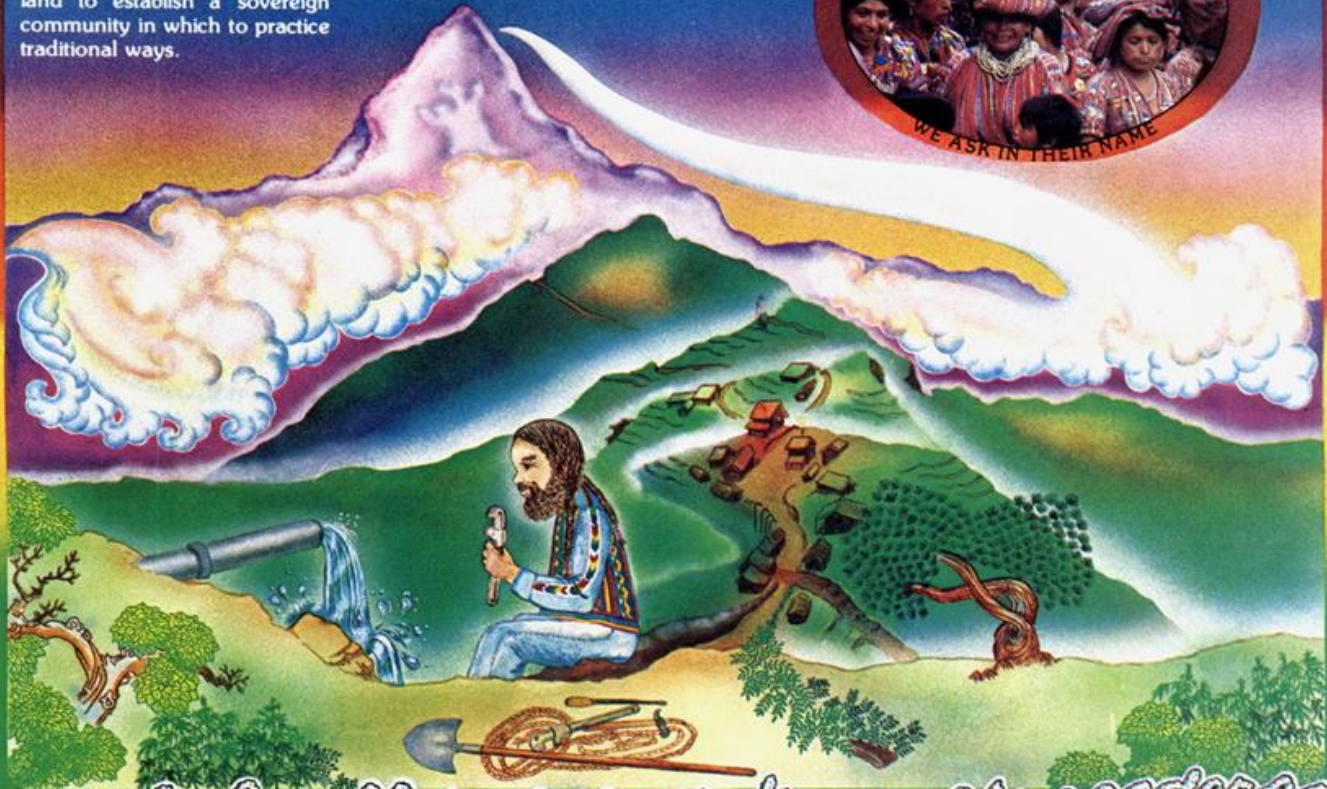
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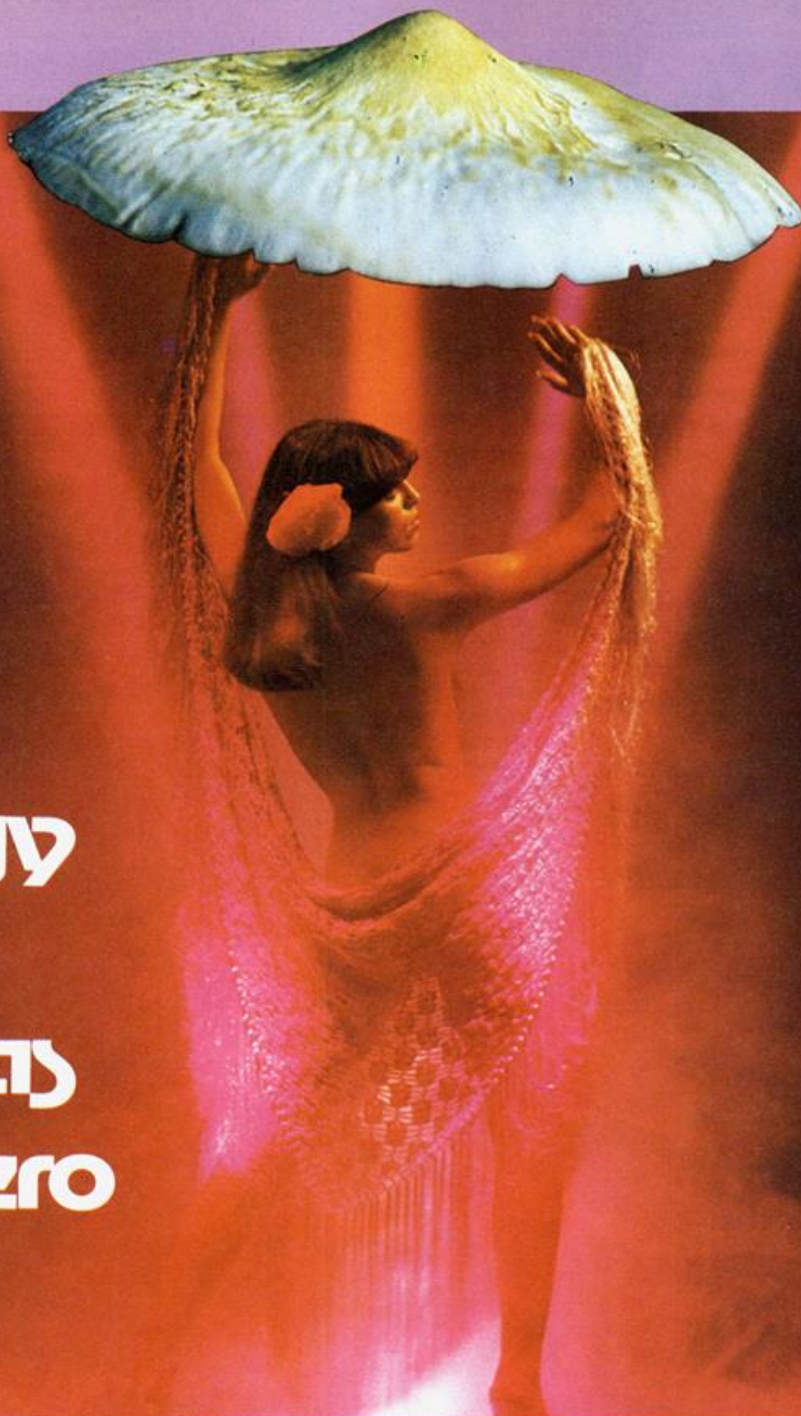
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THE POLANES

FBI Garbologists Hunt D.C. Dump

GREAT FALLS, VIRGINIA—Bob Johnson, manager of the 50-acre Stump Dump garbage landfill outside Washington, D.C., vividly recalls the day the FBI garbology squad showed up *before* the Russian embassy's trash-dumping detail. Conspicuous in their little black car, the U.S. spooks were eyed suspiciously for a good while by the Bolsheviks, who finally dumped their office trash anyway—mostly restaurant receipts and D.C. parking tickets—and left. Right away, the feds went rooting through the junk.

"The FBI learns all kinds of stuff from it," explains Johnson, "like when the Russians have been to the Rive Gauche and who they've had dinner with. The parking tickets tell them where the Russians have been." And sometimes the Reds leave *truly* intriguing artifacts. "Once they brought a new Russian car, completely stripped down. It was really weird. Everything was gone from it, the upholstery, the motor. I guess they brought something over in it."

Though he terms them "a bunch of Commies," dump chief Johnson appreciates the USSR account, since the Soviets pay in cash, and the FBI comes up with such interesting junk. The CIA contracts the disposal of its office offal—\$20 per 20-cubic-yard box of shredded, chemically treated, ground and



compacted junk. The supersnoops used to burn their trash right at their Langley headquarters, 12 miles away, but county antipollution measures forbade it. The U.S.

Defense Department poops out its waste in 30-cubic-yard boxes, and the dump detail religiously stands by every week to make sure it's completely bulldozed over.

Three Mile Island Portends Thyroid-Tumor Epidemic

HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—The escape of radioactive iodine from the Three Mile Island nuclear plant during last spring's near-meltdown "event" may result in a greatly increased incidence of thyroid-gland tumors—especially among children—in areas downwind of here for hundreds of miles, warns *Science* magazine. An incalculable amount of radioiodine-bearing gases was emitted from the plant during the week-long emergency and was carried by the prevailing easterlies as far as Baltimore, Wilmington, Washington, Philadelphia and New York. Since radioiodines (among the first poisonous isotopes to boil off damaged nuke fuel) collect in the human thyroid gland specifically, a rising rate of thyroid tumors can be anticipated among people in these areas over the next few decades.

Fortunately, thyroid tumors are commonly benign and easily removed surgically. As *Science* points out, however, the incidence of radioiodine contamination is very easily averted by swallowing iodized salt (potassium iodide) tablets before contamination occurs.

Late last year the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) approved the use of these tablets for averting thyroid tumors in the event of a mass nuclear contamination. The tablets allow the thyroid to absorb its maximum of clean iodine and then reject the radioactive iodine. However, when the Harrisburg reactor was damaged months after the FDA decision, supplies of the pills were unavailable. Long after several radioactive charges of gas had been

allowed to escape from the plant in order to avert a meltdown, no protective supplements of potassium iodide were available for the endangered populations, simply because no arrangements had yet been made to provide them. "Neither the electric utilities nor their regulators," commented *Science* author Frank von Hippel of Princeton University, downwind in New Jersey, "have been eager to make these arrangements."

TV Violence Wins a Round

TORONTO—The latest complaint about television violence—that it may give heavy viewers a "paranoid" fear of crime in the streets by showing much more of it than occurs in real life—has been debunked, at least provisionally. To test the notion, advanced in *Psychology Today* by Dr. George Gerbner, psychologists at the University of Toronto polled both heavy and light TV watchers in high-crime and low-crime areas. They asked each person *how much* TV he or she watched and *how afraid* he or she was of walking the streets. It turned out

that, among people in high-crime areas, there was no difference between light and heavy viewers in how scared they were of walking the streets; and sure enough, people in low-crime areas weren't afraid of walking the streets, whether they watched ten hours of "Kojak" and "Police Story," or merely a little Johnny Carson before going to sleep. *Psychology Today* itself published the results of the Toronto study, hinting that plain poverty may make for more crime-in-the-streets "paranoia" than boob-tube addiction.

Former Scientologist Wins \$2-Million Consumer-Fraud Suit

by Jack Schwartz

PORTLAND, OREGON—In a case that may establish an important precedent, a jury here has awarded a former member of the Church of Scientology a judgment of more than \$2 million. The plaintiff, Julie Tichbourne, 22, sued the organization, claiming that it had victimized her with fraudulent claims of the benefits of membership and had harassed her to prevent her from quitting. What especially distinguished the case, however, was Tichbourne's use of the consumer-fraud law to sue the church. The suit held that the church, like any corporation, can be held legally accountable for failing to deliver on specific promises used in recruitment.

Tichbourne joined the organization in 1975 after graduating from high school. According to her testimony in the Multnomah County circuit court, she was told by church members that taking certain Scientology courses would prepare her to excel in college and would generally improve her life.

However, she said, when she tried to leave the church to attend Montana State University she was threatened with the label of "suppressive person," which means an enemy of the church. The alternative offered, she said, was to attend the church's Delphian Foundation. She was told she could take classes in architecture and engineering there and receive normal college credit. Instead, Tichbourne claimed, she was forced to work 60 hours a week at the foundation, hauling garbage, mopping floors and caring for infants, for which she was paid \$8 per week.

According to her complaint, during her months with the church her "ability to direct her life and form reasonable judgments was intentionally impaired." She was deprogrammed in 1976 at the direction of her parents. Much of Tichbourne's case centered around alleged church claims that Scientology could cure diseases and mental illness, as well as improve IQ. Tichbourne said she was also told that Dianetics, Scientology's doctrine, could cure homosexuality, criminality and drug addiction.

Witnesses testified that "suppressive persons" were those who left the church or attacked it publicly, and that such enemies were "fair game" to be "sued, cheated, lied to, deprived of property, attacked or destroyed." Tichbourne and other former church members told the jury of physical and mental harassment after leaving the group and of their fears for their safety.

Two weeks into the trial, one juror was removed from the case after receiving threatening phone calls warning her to decide in favor of Scientology. The jury also heard testimony from expert witnesses concerning the methods cults use to brainwash converts, which, Tichbourne alleged, were applied to her.

The defense denied all allegations and claimed that Tichbourne had joined Scientology voluntarily. Defense lawyers attempted to halt the trial on the grounds that it

violated Scientology's First Amendment rights to freedom of religion, but both the trial court and the Oregon Supreme Court denied the claim. Defense witnesses admitted that some church claims were inaccurate, but they stood by statements that Scientology cured mental distress and such ailments as arthritis and ulcers. Others described how membership in the church improved their lives.

Although church witnesses generally denied the claim that harmful acts were conducted against enemies of the church, Dr. Jonathan Collin, a physician and member from the state of Washington, admitted under cross-examination that suppressive persons were enemies and could be "guilty of treason." He told the jury that to file a lawsuit against Scientology was a "high crime."

In announcing the decision, jury foreman John Kekel said that all jurors seemed to be of the opinion that Tichbourne was duped from the start.

The jury found the Portland Church of Scientology, the Mission of Davis, California, and the Delphian Foundation guilty of fraud and "outrageous conduct." The jury was

unanimous on all but one "outrageous conduct" count, on which the vote was 11 to 1.

Tichbourne was awarded \$2,067,000. Jury foreman Kekel told reporters, "A lot of us felt that some of the defense witnesses maybe didn't lie, but they evaded the point. We heard about brainwashing. We thought there had been some brainwashing."

A spokesman for the church, in announcing plans to appeal the decision, said, "This decision is a blow to all who cherish the right to practice their religion free from the harassment of psychiatrists who have appointed themselves inquisitors. Deprogramming is nothing more than brainwashing, the same kind of brainwashing used against American soldiers by the North Korean communists."

The American Civil Liberties Union of Portland joined Scientology officials at a press conference called to denounce the jury verdict. Charles Hinkle of the ACLU said the suit represented the use of the government to fight unpopular religious groups. Ken Hoden, a self-styled minister of Scientology, announced that the church would begin to cooperate with the FBI by providing data about deprogrammers and other "enemies" of the church.

Find Job Files Open to Most Snoopers



Most companies consider employee files as sort of a public library.

NEW YORK CITY—Employers commonly keep a variety of personnel files on their workers, but few have any set policies about how such files are compiled or who gets to look at them. After polling 74 large corporations on their employee files, University of Illinois researcher David Linowes found that 10 percent of those companies who keep such records don't inform their employees about them. Some 85 percent of them will allow creditors to look at these files, and 49 percent

will release them to landlords. Fewer than half the companies polled said they'd have any objection to showing their files to government agencies.

On the bright side, 80 percent of the companies said they'd allow their workers to scan their own files for incorrect information. On the dim side, only a quarter of these said they'd bother to forward corrected information to persons or agencies who'd already been apprised of incorrect information.

Ex-CIA Doc Leads Fight to Limit Hypnosis

by Jeff Goldberg

Hypnotherapist Dr. Milton V. Kline, former consultant to the CIA's supersecret behavior-modification project Bluebird, is currently campaigning for strict legal constraints on hypnosis, limiting its use to trained members of the health professions. During the early '60s, when the CIA was covertly funneling millions of tax dollars into a variety of brainwashing experiments involving LSD, other hallucinogens and electroshock, Kline provided expertise on hypnosis.

He was outspoken in his belief that one of the central goals of these experiments—to create a hypnotized, remote-control assassin—was entirely possible, though he denies knowledge of any "terminal experiments" that would have tested his theories.

The fictional Manchurian candidate, presented in Richard Condon's thriller and later in a movie starring Frank Sinatra, is, in Kline's mind, still a frighteningly real specter. "It cannot be done by everyone," he argues. "It cannot be done consistently, but it can be done." Kline claims that given the proper subject and circumstances, by using hypnosis he could produce such a killer in three to six weeks.

His strong beliefs about the use of hypnosis as a technique of coercive persuasion to produce antisocial or criminal behavior are one reason he advocates legal restrictions on the practice.

Kline spoke to *High Times* in his posh office suite overlooking Central Park in Manhattan, where today he conducts private hypnotherapy sessions. The antiseptic, subdued atmosphere of the office resembles that of any successful doctor or psychiatrist, though Dr. Kline is neither (he has a Ph.D. in education).

Commenting on his fears of unwitting Manchurian candidates roaming the streets of the world's political hotspots, he cites the example of Paul Ritter, a young Danish man accused several years ago of committing a particularly brutal and senseless triple homicide.

"The authorities were baffled," Kline explains. "He had no motive, didn't even know the people and couldn't remember committing the crime. The room was ransacked, as though robbery might have been the object, but nothing was taken. He was slightly retarded but didn't seem deranged. He was a petty criminal, with a jail record, but didn't seem like a mass murderer."

"Then it was discovered that during a two-year term in prison, he had shared a cell with an ex-Nazi who was a hypnotist and wanted these three people killed. During that time he was able to program Ritter to commit the murders and disguise it as robbery."

In American cloak-and-dagger circles, a plan to create a hypnotic zombie to assassinate Hitler was proposed by Stanley Lovell of the Office of Strategic Services during World War II. It was rejected as unfeasible but surfaced repeatedly during the Cold



War. In 1954, Bluebird director Morse Allen discussed a terminal experiment on a 35-year-old double agent who talked too much and was to be hypnotized to assassinate a foreign official. The attempt was calculated to fail. Capture and interrogation were written into the scenario because Allen was equally interested in how well hypnosis would hold up under torture. It is not clear from files released through the Freedom of Information Act whether this plan was carried out.

It appears that eventually CIA interest in the subject waned when it became clear that a zomboid assassin was inefficient compared with the perfectly adequate supply of candidates available from the Mafia (for a price) who would do the job and keep their mouths shut.

Dr. Kline's concern, however, is not based only on his reaction to his CIA experiences. "We must eliminate untrained hypnotists," he urges, "especially in the field of entertainment. Hypnosis as a means of entertainment is in every aspect undesirable. It can severely alter a subject's emotional balance and produce traumatic reactions."

"For example, there was the case a few years back of a man who was suffering from psychosomatic paralysis of his right arm. There was nothing physically wrong. Well, a friend of his, an amateur hypnotist, was able to relieve the symptom in one session. The man went home and strangled his wife with his right hand. Clearly the paralysis was a hysterical reaction to the deep, unexpressed hatred he felt for his wife."

"Another time, a 16-year-old girl in Israel was hypnotized by a stage hypnotist. She lapsed into a deep trance, became catatonic for several days and when she finally came out of it was suffering from total amnesia requiring several months of intensive therapy

to cure. You can't tell what traumas you may uncover."

To support his argument that laws should be instituted to guard against the future use and abuse of hypnosis, Kline cites the 1975 law passed in Oregon making stage hypnosis illegal and the 1964 National Association of Broadcasters decision to ban hypnosis from television as a form of entertainment. Ironically, many psychologists, scientists and social critics (including Kline) have argued convincingly that television is a hypnotic medium.

Even more ironic is the fact that had such laws been in effect 30 years ago, Milton Kline might have been out of a job in the '60s. Morse Allen, creator of the Bluebird program and a hypnosis freak, was the student of a stage hypnotist whose boasts of sexual conquest using hypnosis turned on the CIA's chief Svengali. Allen went on to pioneer the first Manchurian-candidate experiment in which he hypnotized one of his secretaries to kill—with an unloaded gun of course—a second secretary. The success of this experiment provided the impetus for later CIA efforts in hypnosis and Dr. Kline's subsequent involvement.

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Colombian Oppression Spreads to Andean Indians

TIERRADENTRO, COLOMBIA—Over a dozen leaders and supporters of the Indian human-rights movement CRIC (Regional Council of the Cauca Indians) have been in jail and subject to torture for nearly a year now; 30 others have been held prisoner in the mountains. Those imprisoned are charged with violations of the infamous *Estatuto de Seguridad*, which gives the military here power to jail and prosecute persons charged with working "against the integrity and security of the state." Accounts of systematic torture including electric shock, slow starvation, near-asphyxiation in mud and offal, and even uglier methods have been documented by Amnesty International. A local *carabiniro* (military cop) casually confirms that CRIC people have been tortured in the prison at Popayán, capital of Cauca Province: "Of course they're torturing them," he snapped at a reporter. "They wouldn't talk if they didn't torture them."

CRIC, a loose federation of Paez, Coconuco and Guambiano Indians, was formed in 1971. Since then 45 of its leaders have been assassinated by paramilitary vigilante thugs hired by the big landowners CRIC opposes. Says a CRIC spokesman, "We know they're paid by the landlords, and we know they have a death list. But the government has never prosecuted a single

case for the murder of an Indian." The vigilantes work openly and with impunity: Last year 15 of them broke into the home of a CRIC executive director, Benjamin Dindie, murdered him and escaped without trouble from the cops.

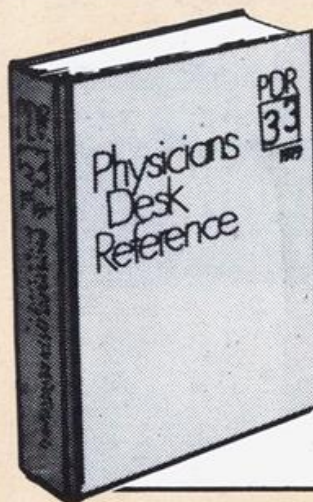
The military prosecutions last year against CRIC were part of a countrywide roundup of hundreds of dissidents, accused of supporting an "urban guerrilla" group in Bogotá, hundreds of miles away (*High Times*, "The Planet," July '79). CRIC itself is about as nonurban as any group in the world; it represents the Indians of the northernmost Andes, 90 percent of whom live in isolated mud huts along mule trails miles away from towns and villages. Mainly illiterate, with an infant-mortality rate over 20 percent, the Cauca Indians live mainly on subsistence diets of rice, potatoes and yucca, with a little poultry, and also grow small stands of coca as a minimal cash crop. Yet the Bogotá government has decreed the expropriation of more than a quarter of their land since 1954, for the benefit of white landowners. "Paradoxically," notes eminent Colombian anthropologist Elias Serilla Casas, "these landlords do not take advantage of the lands, but simply 'have' them."

CRIC's opposition to the land-grab so far has been strictly peaceful, comprising court

actions and "land recuperations"—settling and planting on officially expropriated property. "Given the charges against our leaders, it is important to point out that we have always worked in the open," emphasizes a CRIC organizer. "We have never advocated violence and we have always been independent of all political parties." Affirms a local Catholic priest, "Any violence in this area has been directed against CRIC, not by it."

The government's drive against CRIC is viewed by many as a sort of delayed vengeance against the regional tribes—especially the Paez—who not only held out against the Spanish conquest of the 1500s, but actually drove out the first Spanish settlement here, inflicting massive casualties. The Spanish have always termed this the region of *mala paz* ("ill peace") and regarded the Indians with both racist contempt and outright fear. The current military terror campaign against CRIC, however, is clearly just part of the Colombian government's broad plan to impose totalitarian control over all regions north of the Andes.

"It's a witch-hunt," says attorney Alvaro Velasco Alvarez, who's defending the Popayán CRIC internees. "But the repression isn't intended to destroy CRIC or stop the popular movement, but rather to begin a new model of development like the famous 'peace' of [Chilean junta leader] Pinochet."



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Industrialists Urge Legalization of Underground Economy

MEDELLÍN, COLOMBIA—The president of the powerful National Association of Industrialists made a dramatic call here to legalize Colombia's clandestine economy.

Speaking in Medellín's School of Financial Administration, Fabio Echeverri Correa said that "Colombia will have to legalize the considerable portion of its economy that is currently operating without any state control and is noticeably affecting the country as a whole." Echeverri charged that the rigid control of capital set by the government keeps individuals registering their assets, allowing them to avoid paying taxes. "It is urgent for the country to start analyzing and debating this problem," added the industrialist, "since the preliminary surveys seem to reflect a dramatic reality: Most of our economy is outside the law, and this is causing serious economic and moral ravages."

Of course, a major portion of the "extra-bank economy" is generated by the gigantic revenues of dope trafficking. Although Echeverri didn't mention "cannabis dollars" and "coca dollars" by name, it is evident that any legalization of the clandestine economy would necessitate a revision of how these revenues are incorporated into the legitimate economy.



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Felipe Orrego

All this Chilean soldier has to do is survive another decade of military dictatorship and he'll have the right to vote. Under the newly announced schedule of Pres. Augusto Pinochet, general elections are postponed until at least 1991, this in order to ensure a "protected democracy" in Chile.

Brazil Uses "Flu Warfare" on Trans-Amazonian Indians

BOA VISTA, BRAZIL—Nomadic Yanomamö Indians are dying by the score in a program clearly designed by the government to eliminate them so that their land can be developed for uranium mining. The natives who inhabit this Rio Branco jungle region are perhaps the most intensively studied primitive people on this continent.

The Yanomamö, who move freely around some 27,000 square kilometers in Brazil and Venezuela, are the subjects of Prof. Napoleon Chagnon's *Yanomamö: The Fierce People*, a standard American anthropology textbook. Until 1974, their communication with "civilization" was limited to intermittent encounters with experienced anthropologists, and the Interior Ministry's Indian Foundation made much of protecting them. In 1974, though, non-Indian road crews pushing a trans-Amazon highway through this area were allowed—even subtly encouraged—to mingle among the Yanomamö.

Within a year, one-quarter of the Indians in the three villages first encountered had died from infective diseases against which they had no natural resistance: the common cold, measles, tuberculosis and so on. The survivors, devastated by the plagues, sustained a total collapse of their aboriginal culture: The men were reduced to begging, and the women to prostitution among the road gangs. Venereal disease appeared and further ravaged the tribesfolk.

This holocaust cannot be accounted for by ignorance or oversight on the government's part—the identical process has happened every time Europeans have encountered aboriginal American Indians, since the 1500s. The government could have scientifically engineered the encounter, with advance teams of vaccine-bearing paramedics, to at least minimize the loss of life; but it simply did not do so. In fact, the trans-Amazon highway, which will stretch from the Atlantic Ocean to the Colombian Andes

when completed, has wiped out scores of Indian tribes in the deepest Amazon by precisely this process of premeditated epidemiological warfare.

With so many abhorrent human-rights violations already on its hands in the purely political arena, the Brazilian government could hardly be expected to feel embarrassed about the Yanomamö. Amazonian Indian bureau chief Gen. Democrito da Oliveira has actually charged that the Indians at his mercy are "physically and possibly intellectually decadent" because of what he believes are "incestuous" (that is, matrilineal) practices.

Da Oliveira's department this year has launched a fresh campaign of what is called "rapid integration" upon the Yanomamö, because the territory over which they move is believed to be rich in uranium deposits. The bureau's idea is to restrict the nomads to 16 separate settled reservations, with non-Indian enclaves among them. With or without a program of preinoculation against epidemic diseases, this scheme would be fatal to Yanomamö culture.

The Indians themselves, however, may not submit to extermination without a fight. Numbering about 15,000, the Yanomamö have been quietly introduced to activist (and sanitary) lay workers for the Indigenous Missionary Council (CIMI), an organization of humanitarian clergy founded in 1972. CIMI is using what resources it can safely employ to protect South American peoples from the homicidal onslaught of civilization.

"That's what frightens the generals—the possibility of a united front among the tribes," says Don Tomas Balduino, bishop of Goiás and CIMI's head. "And it's not only that it would be harder to take their land. The Indians are a challenge to the whole ideology of development. Their way of life is communal. They instinctively respect the ecology. In the generals' eyes, what could be more subversive?"

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E U R O P E

U.S. Warns Brits of Tourist Perils

LONDON—Britons visiting the United States are solemnly admonished by the U.S. Department of Commerce not to leave their shoes outside the doors of their hotel rooms at night, expecting to find them polished in the morning; most likely they won't be there at all, the Yanks admit in a 20-page booklet called *USA Travel Information*.

But the former colonies aren't wholly barbaric, the booklet affirms brightly: Unlike any European country, the United States can boast 100 percent-drinkable tapwater from coast to coast. On the other hand, for all its superior plumbing, the United States has an abysmal shortage of public privies, or "comfort stations," as the locals euphemize them. "Do what we do," urge the pamphleteers. "Seek out facilities in restaurants, department stores, hotels, museums and railroad stations."

And many Britons may find it hard to do as the Romans do in Rome, New York. "You're expected to use the same knife at breakfast to eat your ham and eggs with," the booklet gently cautions, "and then spread jelly and marmalade on your toast. No explanation exists for this curious practice." One may also be embarrassed by the sheer outsize quantities of food served in U.S. homes and restaurants, but must struggle against the idea that politeness requires one to clean one's plate: "Americans think nothing of leaving unwanted food on their plates, to be tossed away or—less wastefully—wrapped up in a 'doggie bag' for later consumption. Waiters consider this quite normal." Also, in chemist shops—"drugstores"—"the unlikely juxtaposition of a food counter and medicine bottles does not seem as peculiar to Americans as it does to you."



For reasons obvious to anyone who's been stranded carless in the United States, the Commerce people don't dwell much on mass-transit services, beyond a half-hearted fib about the newly "thriving" railroads. "Although we are a fast-moving people," they go on, "we like to remain stationary on escalators, and we are puzzled by Europeans who expect us to move out of the way or stand on the right."

In sum, for all their well-meant advice, the Commerce scribes do make an American expedition sound like a formidable challenge. Albany, New York's capital, sounds supremely frightful, combining "the sedate splendour of a Victorian capitol with an eruption of huge glass skyscrapers—dramatic, even shocking, but entirely American." And there's an image of Manhattan that conjures up a vision straight out of Dante: "Those plumes of mist that dance in the streets of big cities like New York emanate from underground hot-water pipes, steam tunnels and subway heating systems. It is quite safe, if not entirely comfortable, to walk through them."



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Troops Goose-Step Again in Attempt to Revive E. German Pride



Let's put the P back in Prussia: After decades of chafing under Soviet domination, East Berliners have revived spectacles of Prussian military prowess.

EAST BERLIN—Except for their conventional flat-rimmed steel helmets, parading German soldiers on this side of the Berlin wall look *exactly* like the goose-stepping Wehrmacht troops of the Third Reich. Each Wednesday afternoon, in fact, the army blocks off for parade drill the same two-block section of the Unter den Linden where Hitler, and Kaiser Wilhelm before him, used to review the troops. Preceded by drums and banners, the soldiers perform a stunning variety of traditional lockstep parade maneuvers, smacking their black leather bootheels together and thrusting rigid white-gloved salutes forward, like set pieces from a 19th-century text on military discipline.

"I was stunned," said a middle-aged tourist from Arnhem in the Netherlands, which was under Nazi occupation during World War II, after viewing a typical Unter den Linden parade. "They look just like Nazis."

Since East Germany has been under the USSR's domination since 1949, these blatant trappings of its precommunist military glory may appear perplexing. Observers believe, however, that the government fosters displays of this kind *specifically* to remind people that this once was Prussia, from

which the most effective (and robotlike) European military troops emerged since the fall of the Roman Empire. Thirty years of Soviet control and enforced industrialization has left a generation of East Germans feeling alienated and stateless; reminders of Prussia's erstwhile totalitarian eminence, the

biggies feel, may foster a reborn sense of national identity and purpose.

It may be a bit late for that, though. "Don't forget," one young East Berliner reminded a visitor to the Unter den Linden, "parades serve mainly to instill respect and fear in the people."

Germans to Trade Nukes for Mex Oil?

BONN—Economics Minister Otto Lambsdorff has extended a standing offer to Mexico: In exchange for between 20 and 34 million barrels of oil a year, Germany will export to Mexico an equivalent value in nuke technology. At the current price of Mex crude, \$22.60 per barrel, this could amount to \$450 million a year in nuke gear. The Mexicans haven't decided on the offer yet—Herr Lambsdorff believes they will not put up any N-plants for a while—but the López Portillo regime is reportedly very interested in diversifying its oil sales, 80 percent of which currently go to the United States.

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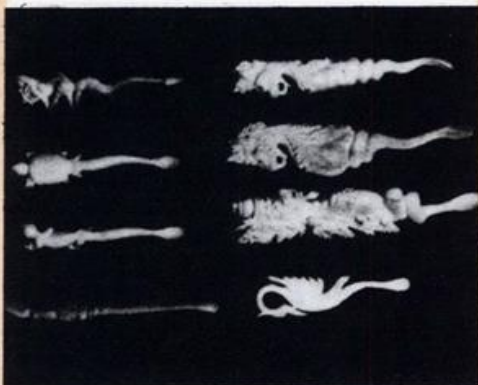
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Pirates Bloody Asian Seas

BANGKOK—"There is nothing new about piracy in the Gulf of Siam," observes a Thai fishing-fleet owner. "The jungle has its tigers and the sea its pirates. It's something we live with." Pirates murder hundreds of fishermen every year in Southeast Asian waters and attacked thousands of boat people during the six-month exodus from Vietnam last year. The pirates' systematic atrocities drew international attention and even a few feeble attempts to quell them.

The boat people, by and large, were only molested in transit by the pirates, since there was no particular reason for them to be murdered. The pirates often boarded refugee vessels, robbed the passengers of any valuables, raped the young women aboard and let the ships proceed. Thai and Malaysian marine cops coined the term "R and P"—rape and plunder—for such incidents.

Local fishermen, traditionally the quarries of Southeast Asian pirates, are frequently slaughtered outright during the raids. The pirates, using U.S.-made radar bought on the black market from Vietnam (which inherited billions worth of Yank gear after the fall of Saigon), track vessels until they've completed a catch and move in for the kill. Pirate craft, generally fishing vessels outfitted with high-power motors and U.S.-manufactured ordnance such as recoilless bazookas, grenade launchers, mounted cannon and M 16 rifles, make short work of the crews. Then the catch is sold at market, and the vessels are resold—generally to the very companies that sent them out.

"Sometimes they will hold the boat and crew for ransom," says a fleet executive. "Usually they don't ask for much, around 50,000 baht (\$2,500), so we pay it. We've paid ransom on one boat five times in two years." The largest craft are most often appropriated by the pirates, though: This man's company lost a 300-ton ship with a 1300-horsepower engine two years ago and hasn't seen it since.

Piracy in these waters has been a prosperous tradition since the 1500s, when the Spanish took over the spice trade from the Arabs, who had imposed some naval order on the region. Huge multiethnic syndicates of pirates formed: Seaborne gangs of Thai, Malay, Bornean and Filipino blackguards moved in literal armadas of pirate craft, enormous three-story sailing ships commonly bedecked with the skulls of scores of victims. They harried small fishers and traders until the 1840s, when agents for the British East India Company subdued them in a five-year campaign. The pirate traditions were never entirely stamped out, however, and were revived when the Vietnam War threw the region into chaos. Now well-outfitted pirate syndicates flourish out of secret base ports from here to Mindanao in the Philippines.

At the height of the boat-people horrors last summer, the Thai police actually attempted to investigate the pirates. When a single syndicate murdered more than 400 fishermen in six months off Elephant Island near the border of Thailand and Kampuchea



(Cambodia), and another was busted trying to fence to a local jeweler \$150,000 in gold stolen from the boat people, a colonel and three top Bangkok cops went out in a fishing craft to set up a decoy.

The operation itself was a disaster: A large pirate boat tried to ram the cop boat in the night and, when they came under machine-gun fire, opened up with grenades and cannon. All those aboard the police vessel were killed except for three crew members, who survived to finger the pirate captain to authorities. "We learned then why these pirates always kill everybody in sight," a cop said later. "The captain was a respected and influential man who owned a grocery store, a filling station and sold supplies to local fishermen. He couldn't afford to be recognized." The pirate ship also had a human scalp hanging from one of its guns.

Efforts by Thai, Malay or Filipino authorities to clean out the pirates have been unenthusiastic ever since. "The fishermen are like your Mafia," a cop told a U.S. correspondent. "They don't talk. Either they've got something to hide or they're afraid of reprisals." Also, the pirates haven't yet bothered many people besides poor fishermen, though they possess sufficient firepower to take over large pleasure vessels and international freighters and tankers. Until the pirates begin doing so, it's unlikely the United Nations will become interested in tackling the problem.

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A U S T R A L I A

Global Oil Crisis Sparks Australian Nuke-Fuel Search

JABILUKA, AUSTRALIA—A major influx of foreign oil-company investment in the Australian economy is anticipated, thanks to recent federal rulings that relax restrictions on the exploitation of uranium. The world's largest nuke-fuel reserves are located here at the northernmost tip of Australia, and large non-Arab energy multinationals like Getty Oil and Esso (Exxon's international arm) are already pumping every allowable dollar into the exploitation effort.

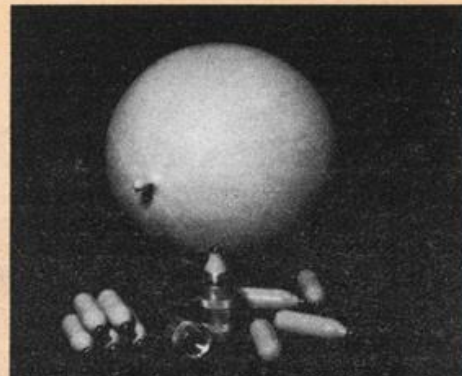
Getty Oil, for example, owns a 35 percent interest in the 207,000-ton Jabiluka uranium mine; the other 65 percent belongs to Pancontinental, an Australian company. Until late last year exploitation of Jabiluka was minimal because Pancontinental didn't have the capital necessary for a large project. But by altering "local equity" laws, the Canberra Parliament has empowered Pancontinental to effectively borrow \$550 million from Getty, which will "guarantee" the investment at no interest until the Australian company raises the bread on its own.

Esso owns only 15 percent of a big mine at Yleerie in Western Australia, but can now subsidize up to 35 percent of its operation and development, and garner 35 percent of its output. British Petroleum, under the new investment setup, now owns a full 49



percent of the extensive deposits at Roxby Downs in South Australia. All three multinationals are slaving in anticipation of Canberra's facilitating wider exploitation of the mine here and at nearby Nabarlek in Arnhem Land.

Because of the global oil crisis, prospects for nuke-fuel development have become so lucrative that only the Labor Party in Canberra is still holding out—officially at least—against the onslaught of big energy-company investment. And the companies themselves have already committed so much money to uranium development, it's unlikely they'll ever seriously explore clean alternatives to nuke fuels.



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Racists Crack Down on "Illegally Settled" Families

JOHANNESBURG—An Indian family was recently evicted from their home here, following a complicated court wrangle, because by using their front door they risked violating the Group Areas Act. The act, one of this country's basic federal apartheid laws, decrees forcible "resettlement" of individuals found to be living in areas forbidden to members of their race. It seems the Indian family in question was renting a house that sat on the border between the Asian and white districts of Johannesburg, with its front porch opening onto the white district. Although the

family was careful to stay off the front porch, using only the back door for entrance and exit, the court decreed the situation intolerable and had them evicted.

As the racist National Party government in Pretoria girds up its loins against pressure from without and Watergate-type corruption scandals from within, forced Group Areas Act resettlements are increasing rapidly. Most South African cities are rigidly districted by race; plush "garden suburbs" around the industrial areas are for whites only, while Asians, blacks and "coloreds" (mixed race) are restricted to slums located a safe distance away. Crooked landlords in white sections, though, often discreetly rent homes to non-whites able and willing to pay exorbitant rents to escape from the violence-ridden slums.

In the last few years, since the bloody riots in Soweto, the main black district here, the police have been cracking down on illegal housing. In 1977 alone, 17,000 blacks, 4,100 Asians and 12,000 coloreds were summarily pitched out of white areas. The cops

have been greatly aided in this by the quickly growing National Front Party, an offshoot of Britain's neo-fascist National Front; Johannesburg Front members conduct regular "investigations" into possible act violations, fingering illegally settled families for the police.

Race evictions are swift and cannot be appealed, though most often the families affected have literally nowhere to resettle: It's estimated that the Asian settlements lack 20,000 housing units, coloreds are 56,000 units short, and black housing is deficient by over 200,000 units. Yet evictions proceed routinely; besides homelessness, the heads of the households involved face up to \$480 fines and 400 days in jail.

In a gesture of passive resistance, a Johannesburg Indian family recently pitched a tent on the very lawn of the white-area home from which they'd been evicted. They lived there for seven weeks, bearing physical testimony to the absurd injustice of the Group Areas Act, until a squad of cops drove them out with billy clubs and tore down the tent.

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Libya Extends Welcome to RFK's Assassin



Sirhan's rap: Parole me—I only murder people when I'm drunk.

BENGAZI, LIBYA—This country's Marxist dictator has sent a personal appeal to Sirhan Sirhan, imprisoned for the murder of Sen. Robert Kennedy, inviting him to Libya if and

when he is paroled.

The letter from Col. Muammar el-Qaddafi is said to have "overjoyed" Sirhan, who is due for release on parole in November 1984. "I like Qaddafi and I think he's a great guy," enthused Sirhan to reporters at California's Soledad prison. "My plan of operation after release is first to go to Libya. After some time in that country I will hopefully go to Palestine."

The 35-year-old Palestinian native said, "I want to take part in the fight again, the fight for the freedom of my beloved homeland."

Throughout the interview, the assassin smiled and denied having any regrets; in applying for parole, Sirhan insisted that he was drunk and not in full control of his faculties when he killed Kennedy and wounded five other people in June 1968. He complained that the courts had added sentences of between six months and 14 years for the shootings of the bystanders, when, in his estimation, "they had only received minor injuries. They were Band-Aid cases."

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A Bird in the Hand Is Dinner in Japan

Farm kids take note: The Taii Sangyo fast-food company of Tokyo is interested in buying wholesale flocks of American sparrows. Sparrows have always been considered a treasured delicacy in Japan, and now that Taii Sangyo has devised a way to fast-freeze them properly, guts and eyes and all, they're coming to America to attain a steady mass-market supply. The company is actually teaching Yank food-supply firms how to stalk and nab the critters alive, but farm kids shouldn't need much instruction at all. They just have to dust a little lime on their moms' clothesline, the barn gable or some larch twigs, and they can make better bread than they could on a paper route.

Tanks for the Memories

Shortly after she jilted her 21-year-old boyfriend, a girl in Bremervörde, West Germany, received a parting visit from him—in a tank. The heartbroken army private drove the tank through her front door, prowled



slowly through the house while the family fled from the house as it fell down around them. He then proceeded to demolish every automobile parked along her block before police—God only knows how—managed to stop him. The lovesick swain, a Dutchman on liaison detail in Germany, is in *very* bad trouble now.

Tot Beats Parking Rap

Beating the Bureaucracy Department: Barry Pamplin, 40, of Swansea, Wales, registered his car in the name of his six-year-old son Jonathan and then proceeded to accumulate some \$900 in parking tickets over the next couple of years. When the Swansea catchpoles finally traced the car's legal owner to dun him for the tickets, they learned that (a) no one under ten years old in Great Britain can be presumed guilty of any criminal offense, and (b) no one but the registered owner of a vehicle can be held liable for its parking-ticket fines. Pamplin never had to pay a groat.

Man Imitates Skylab

After falling the equivalent of 33 skyscraper stories off the hideous east face of the Matterhorn, bouncing off a glacier and pinwheeling through assorted enormous boulders,

U.S. Army captain Steve Rombouts noted "with complete amazement" that he was still alive. Not only that, except for minor cuts and bruises he was unharmed when a rescue-service helicopter picked him up moments later; however, Rombouts subsequently went into such a profound state of shock, just from the trauma of the fall, that he had to be hospitalized.

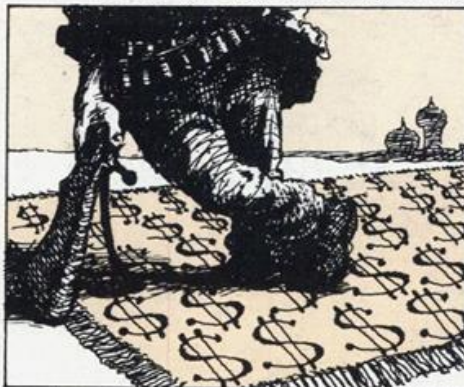
Rombouts had been climbing alone, attempting to reach the 14,700-foot summit unguided on his very first climb. About 3,000 feet short of his goal, looking for a feasible access route across a crevasse, he wound up on the dreaded east face; since it was too dark by then to get back, and impossible to go higher, he tried to descend. His slip and 330-foot plunge occurred just as the rescue-copter squad spotted him. "Lucky to be alive is an understatement," he admitted later from a hospital bed in Visp.

Get Thee from My Bleacher

Abdul al-Oteiba of Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, has divorced his wife, with no alimony to be paid. The divorce-court judge agreed that she'd simply gone too far: She cheered against the side on which Abdul had bet a pile in a football match.

Alladin's Skyrocketing Carpet

Owners of Persian carpets everywhere, of whatever faith, should be fervently praying for the continued health of Ayatollah Khomeini and the prolonged stability of his



revolutionary regime. The word has officially gone forth from Teheran that no handwoven carpets are to be exported from Iran in passengers' luggage or in freight. The cutoff of Persian carpets from the world market has made their already-ineestimable investment value go through the roof.

Tie Me Kangaroo Down, Eh?

An unidentified leaping object has been observed by scores of persons around New Brunswick, a deeply forested province of Canada. According to a sawmill security

guard who first spotted it, the furry creature had a large, long tail, a head like a deer and enormously powerful hind legs with exceptionally long paws; two women who subsequently spotted it from their back porch described it as being "as big as a good-sized German shepherd." The beast is a kangaroo, and while nobody's sure how a kangaroo could have migrated to the Canadian wilds, Toronto Zoo officials say it ought to get along fine there, if left unmolested by hunters.

Duds for Defense

The complete defense budget for the nation of Andorra totals \$4.90. They use it to buy



blank cartridges to fire off at national holidays.

The Proud and the Putrid

If you flush for absolutely *everything*, chances are you're either a blue-blooded aristocrat or an impoverished welfare cheat. The Anglian Water Authority in London, in a study to predict future water needs, recently made a broad survey of how many times people flushed their toilets per diem and reported a very significant variation in flush frequency between rich and poor folks. Once having whetted the world's curiosity with this very interesting announcement, though, Anglian slammed a tight lid down on the whole business: They simply will *not* reveal which socioeconomic subsector flushes the most, and which the least.

Soft-Core Soft Drink

It was bound to happen: After 86 years of insouciantly displaying her uptilted adolescent bosom on bottles of carbonated beverages, the White Rock nymph has been banned finally—in Saudi Arabia. White Rock's Middle East distributor Muffid Eid himself decided last fall that "Psyche"'s unblemished breasts probably offend the eye of the Prophet and told the White Rock people to put some clothes on the lady before shipping any more soda pop. But White Rock, prideful of their enchanting label girl since 1893, just stripped the labels off entirely. Dirty-minded Mussulmen nowadays, on seeing stark-naked soft-drink bottles, have to envision for themselves what *ought* to be pictured on them.

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Dope Dealer's Old Lady

(continued from page 68)

would leave messages like "Tell Shake that vitamin A comes in jars of 500, vitamin B comes in jars of 475 and vitamin C comes in jars of 400. Got it?"

One evening when I was walking home after parking the last of the vans, a trio of sleazy thugs stopped me and whispered, "Come with us," in Spanish. I thought they were business associates of Darwin's and that they needed me to help unload a plane or something. After a long ride in the back of a panel truck, I was led through a suburban garage into a finished basement just like ours with a bunch of guns on the wall, just like Darwin's. Then the fat guy took a shotgun off the wall, pointed it at me and told me to call Darwin. He told me what to say.

"Hello, Darwin, I'm sorry I'm late for dinner. I've been kidnapped by these three guys with guns."

"Far out," he said.

He was stoned. I told him the kidnappers wanted him to put 20 pounds of Hawaiian in a big laundry bag and meet them alone at the Washateria on Oak Street. When? After they stop off for tacos, falafels, egg rolls and pizza, they told me. (Oh God, they're stoned too.)

"About four hours from now, I guess." I was nervous. Darwin didn't even ask if I was okay. I wished I hadn't been so sarcastic that morning when he forgot where he had landed a plane full of red. Now all he would say was "Twenty pounds of Hawaiian. . . twenty pounds of Hawaiian," over and over. Then he said he didn't know if he could make it because he would have to get a baby-sitter. Then he accused me of being melodramatic and told me these guys were probably just trying to bum a few joints and not to get so uptight.

Then the fat guy grabbed the receiver and said, "Look, asshole, if you're not in that laundromat when we get there, we are going to blow this lady away." I pictured Darwin on the other end of the phone telling the kidnapper he's being melodramatic, too. I pictured my old man debating whether to get ripped off or just to let them shoot me. It had come down to it: me or his dope. And the thought of being murdered by some machos with the munchies over 20 pounds of dried-up vegetable matter was making me thoroughly nauseated. It was the moment I had hoped I'd never have to face—finding out once and for all what I meant to Darwin, if anything.

The fat guy hung up the phone and we piled into the van. These guys were pot chain-smokers. They passed around more joints than there were people. One guy had two roaches in his teeth at once. I was too upset over Darwin to smoke much pot or eat much food, but as we went from fast-food stand to fast-food stand the kidnappers got more and more wrecked.

At each place we stopped along the strip

my captors had increasing difficulty making up their minds what to order and figuring out how to divvy up the change from the check. At the Chinese Junk they became positively engrossed in a plastic-Buddha mustard dispenser, and the fat guy was slowly converting all the menu prices into pesos when I saw my chance. I abandoned my order of egg drop soup and just walked out of the place unnoticed.

I went to the nearest gas station and phoned the Washateria. No answer.

"What an ingrate," I thought, remembering that if it hadn't been for me, Darwin would probably never have gotten into the dope business in the first place.

I remembered that I had parked one of the vans at Burgerreich, and as I trudged along I bitterly recalled how I had gotten involved with that selfish prick. It was back when I was a VD investigator for the city health department. They sent us door-to-door to all reported cases so we could ask them with whom they had had sex, so we could go and break the bad news to those poor slobes as well. I kept thinking at the time that there must be a better way to meet men.

Darwin was on my list between a streetwalker and a college boy. He was the first case who insisted he hadn't fucked anybody in eight years. No matter how I rephrased the question, this guy claimed he had gotten VD without any physical contact with anyone.

So I asked him what his symptoms were. He said he had this rash, little red marks in a circle, you know where.

"Have you been around anyone that might have had ringworm?" I asked. "Even an animal?"

He said he worked with parakeets. He had his own parakeet-cage cleaning service and showed me how he used a chalk on a string to mark circles on old newspapers to cut out for cage bottoms. I asked him if the truck outside with the logo Dirty Bird, Inc. belonged to him, and sure enough it did. He really liked talking about his work, and took me into the backyard where he had a garden of various unattractive weeds. Proudly he pointed them out: millet, plantain, flax, hemp.

"Hemp? You mean hemp as in marijuana?"

"Well, hemp as in birdseed anyway," he said. He had thrown a handful of parakeet food into his yard and was selling his own "organic" mixture and thinking of maybe going into health foods for pets. He was molding the seed into special bird bells that sold for 75 cents each. While he was talking he took some dry plants from a hook, shook the seeds into a sack and tossed the leafy remains onto a heap of assorted weeds. "Hemp is an annual," he explained. "It has to be thrown out every year and replanted. Of course, I hate to see it go to waste, so I use it for mulch."

At first I thought he was nuts, throwing

out stuff that people pay \$50 an ounce for all over the city just to get enough seeds to make a few dozen bird bells a year.

I had to pull a six-foot plant off the pile and roll up some of the leaves into a joint in order to prove he was mulching his garden with some pretty powerful shit.

So I was late getting back to the VD clinic and they didn't believe anything I said about Darwin and his parakeets. Darwin called the next day and thanked me for the gardening tip. He said he hated to see anything go to waste so he decided to go into business selling marijuana and did I need any. He said he had some genuine Panama red that was a little on the green side. I thought he was joking.

I was his first customer. I gave him \$50 for some very green dope. I knew his backyard was nowhere near Panama, but I thought it would help him make a clean break from shoveling bird shit. But he never really gave up parakeets. Years later, with millions passing through his

"When they legalize pot, don't you want your daughter to be able to inherit her daddy's business?"

hands, he would still spend weekends cutting newspapers into circles. I just know we're the only people in Cincinnati with round newspaper bundles set out for recycling. Darwin says he needs a straight business as a cover for taxes and such, but I think he's really into it because he can't bear to see marijuana seeds go to waste.

I climbed into the van and drove home. Dejected, I dragged myself up the front walk, wondering what, if anything, I could say to Darwin after all I had done for him, after all my poor parents had put up with.

Dad had thought the pot plants were tomatoes, but Mom had seen a mug shot of marijuana at a golden-age-club meeting. When she spotted the contraband in the backyard, you couldn't shut her up. "Why doesn't your boyfriend stop kidding around with those canarybirds and make a decent living selling drugs?" Of course, Mom was less upset about the children having three sets of birth certificates than that Darwin and I weren't married. "Why?" I would ask her, and she would come up with some farfetched excuse such as "When they legalize pot, don't you want your daughter to be able to inherit her daddy's business?" Darwin would sense how she was rattling me with her one-note theme, and one time he set a plate of hash brownies on the coffee table. She wolfed them down and pretty soon was displaying a grin like the Cheshire cat. The

next day, still grinning, she went to the doctor to see if he could do anything about the pain in her cheeks.

The house was light, the children were asleep in their beds, but Darwin was nowhere to be found. Now I was really worried. Had he walked out on me, taking his Hawaiian pot with him? I checked. The pot was still stuffed in the clothes dryer. Then the phone rang. It was Darwin. He was down at the police station. He said he had just been leaving the house on his way to the Washateria with a large laundry bag on his back when a cop car pulled up the driveway. He said they arrested him on a turn-in by one of his cage-cleaning customers who turned out to be a narcotics informant. Darwin had lined the bottom of the narc's birdcage with a Colombian newspaper. Poor guy really couldn't let anything go to waste. It might have worked out, but the cops got the laundry bag.

"But the Hawaiian was still in the dryer," I said.

"I know," he said. "The bag was full of bird bells."

"So what's the problem?"

"They're sitting here taking all the bells apart and sorting out the seeds. There was already over 600 grams of marijuana seed—enough to get me on felony possession. I could get one to ten and a big fine even without intent to sell."

"Shit," I said. "It's no wonder all the pet birds in this state are behind bars."

But it wasn't funny. The next time I saw him was in the visitors' room at the county jail. He had just had a long talk with his lawyer and he was in no mood to even kiss me hello.

"There's some important stuff we have to do before the trial," he said. "We have to raise bail money by subletting the safe-houses, rehearse Mary Jane, sell the vans and the boat, weed the backyard, catch up on collections, get married, cut out more cage papers..."

"Get married?" I asked, thinking there was some mistake. Darwin was not given to romantic impulses or respectability. What was the deal? "You're afraid I might testify against you."

"Not really," he said, "but this way they can't ask."

My parents, of course, were delighted, even though Darwin got seven years and \$5,000. "It's about time you two made something legal," my mother told me. She was pleased, too, that I was making a success out of Darwin's old dope business and that I sold his cage-cleaning route to an illegal alien. But she found scope for criticism anyway. Why hadn't Darwin gotten himself busted for something more dignified, like a \$10-million stock swindle, or even shoplifting at Neiman-Marcus? She said she was embarrassed to tell her friends her son-in-law is doing time for possession of bird food.

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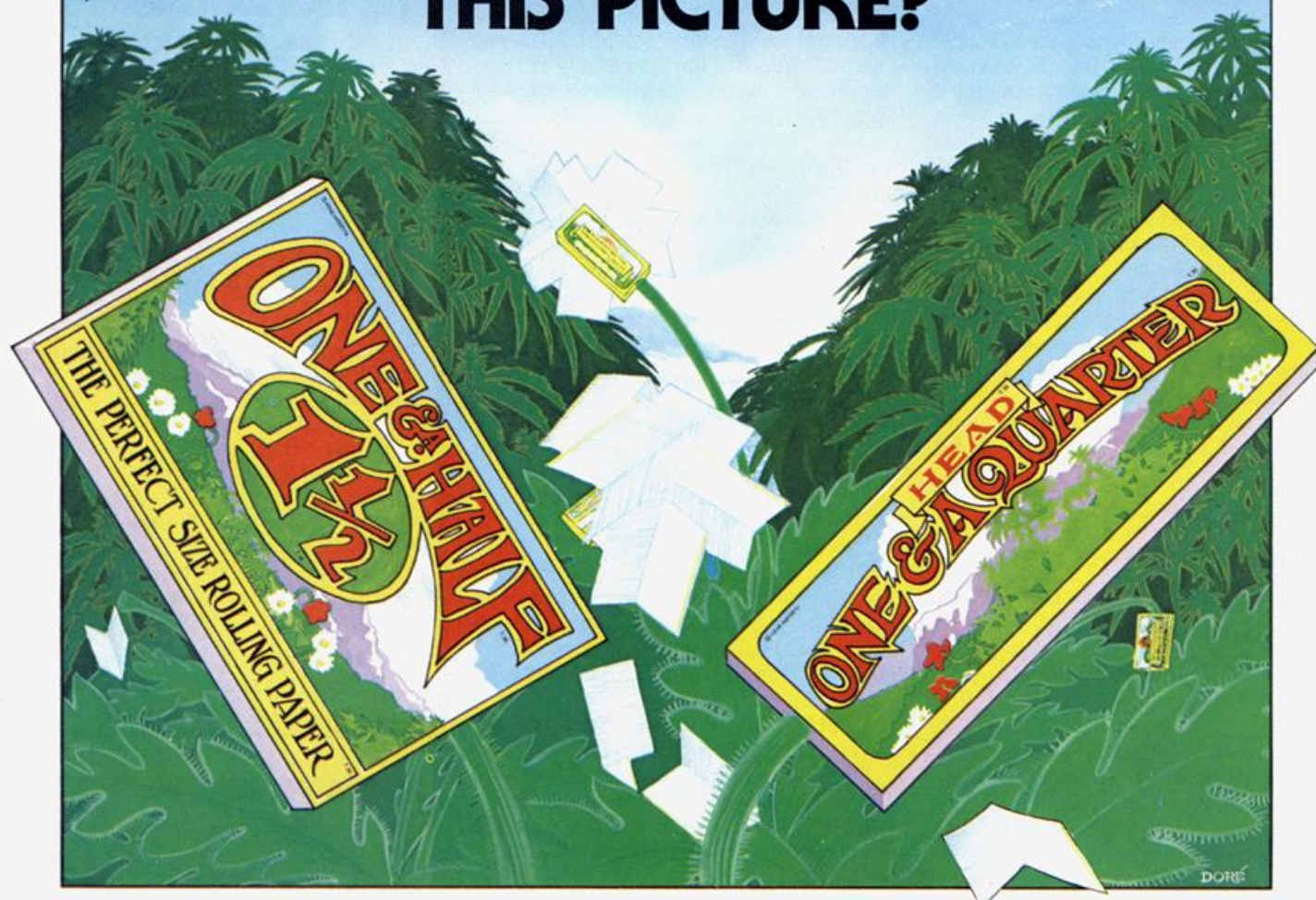
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Future Drugs

(continued from page 65)

TOWARD A MORE PERFECT PAINKILLER

Dr. Akil's enthusiasm is echoed by nearly all her colleagues. Dr. Nathan Kline of the Rockland Psychiatric Institute in Orangeburg, New York, and coauthor of *Psychotropic Drugs in the Year 2000*, believes that, Heisenberg's principle or no, research to date will lead to a variety of new drugs within the next ten years to control mood, expand memory and learning, deepen aesthetic awareness and enhance sexual expression. "If the pharmaceutical companies would listen to me," insists Dr. Kline, "they'd not only increase the total human enjoyment, they'd make money too!"

However, while he and other researchers delve into the so-called bizarre effects of endorphins and other neuropeptides, with an eye on an unprecedented chemical paradise, the major drug companies are concentrating primarily on killing pain. Who can blame them? Americans spend \$10 billion a year on pain-relief medication, so even without following Kline's fanciful advice the pill people stand to make a lot of bread.

To make an efficient endorphinlike painkiller, industrial pharmacologists have focused on two problems: designing a compound that would not be easily broken down by enzymes that naturally destroy endorphins, and modifying its chemical structure to reduce its habit-forming effects. They have accomplished the first objective but not the second.

Sandoz has developed and tested one analogue, FK-33824, which is 30,000 times stronger than enkephalin. Eli Lilly is close behind with its own superanodyne, Ly-127623. Both are habit forming, but spokespersons for the two companies say that they are less addictive than morphine, and that plans are proceeding apace to get FDA clearance to dispense them.

"When we say Ly-127623 is fantastically stronger than enkephalin," explained Robert Frederickson of Eli Lilly, "we do not mean they are that much stronger than morphine. Enkephalin is broken down so quickly that it is almost inactive when injected. These 'protected' analogues, if injected directly into the brain, are 100 times stronger than morphine. If injected into the muscle, they are

2 to 3 times stronger. We will not know how addictive Ly-127623 is until we've tested it on humans. That will take about five years."

A way of avoiding the endorphin-addiction syndrome altogether has been suggested by Dr. Sol Snyder, who first located opiate binding sites. He warns: "Giving people endorphins is like giving them morphine. Instead, if we can find the enzyme that specifically destroys enkephalins and isolate it, then we can develop a new drug that would inhibit this enzyme and thereby indirectly raise enkephalin levels. It would be a much gentler way of juicing up the system."

Just such a drug now seems to have been developed by Dr. Seymour Ehrenpreis of the Chicago Medical School: d-phenylalanine (DPA). He's only tested it on 40 patients, and expects to work with it for at least five years more before it gets merchandised, but he says it looks foolproof so far. "I swear by it," he says. "I've used it myself and it's a very effective analgesic. Instead of putting more opiates into the body, we utilize what is already there. Perhaps that's why there's no building of tolerance."

When the body is exposed to opiates over long periods of time, levels of the endorphin breakdown enzyme, enkephalinase, are boosted; when the outside source is cut off, the body's own painkilling chemicals are destroyed by the unnaturally high enkephalinase levels. Result: abstinence syndrome, the nausea, cramps, chills and sweats of junk sickness. DPA might make a perfect kick drug by letting junkies' natural endorphins keep their panic holes plugged up while they gradually stopped overproducing enkephalinase. In normal people, DPA might even conduce a pleasant endorphine buildup without a buildup of tolerance or risk of withdrawals; it might just turn out to be one of the elusive philosophers' stones of pharmacology—the nonaddictive opiate.

The vision of body and mind as a vastly complex chemical equation, which when charted and understood can be utilized to improve the health and well-being of the organism, is nothing less than a revolution in Western medical science. In light of the importance of these discoveries we can only marvel once again at the fact that more than 2,300 years ago Eastern physicians somehow intuited the same principles and incorporated them into their ancient healing arts. How were the Chinese docs able to come up with something so good, so thorough, so precise? Thousands of years of aimlessly sticking needles in hapless patients? Perhaps they learned it from the yogis who by their own mysterious processes were able to block pain, to walk on red-hot coals and shove needles through flesh with nary a quiver. And the yogis, where did they learn it from? Well, perhaps from plants. What goes round, comes round. ☐

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Freebase

(continued from page 75)

the brain simply turns off and the individual dies.

In 1976, Siegel recalled, a self-confessed freebase smoker was admitted to a Los Angeles hospital emergency room because he was having a lot of difficulty breathing; he was demonstrating Cheyne-Stokes breathing, the first phase of respiratory collapse. Fortunately, the patient recovered sufficiently to be released after several hours.

Baseballers cite chest pain, sore throats, thin wispy voices and shortness of breath as the basic karmic revenge for the high. "The payback is a motherfucker!" chortled one veteran. "I felt like I had the flu the next day. My bones were aching, my brain was bouncing around inside my skull like a basketball. . . . I was wasted!"

Dr. Schoenfeld first came across freebase at a Hollywood party studded with musicians, actors and actresses and minor Tinseltown celebrities. One of the hosts was toting a freebase pipe. "He was really enthused about it. Later on, one of his friends took me aside and told me he had lost a lot of weight, about forty pounds in the past six months. He had a sallow complexion and was really thin. His friend was worried about him."

In this era of fitness mania, when people are so concerned about clean air, noncarcinogenic food and vigorous exercise, questions about the effects of smoking freebase are enough to make a lot of people shy away. But the radical personality changes some baseballers exhibit can also scare people away.

"People who do it all the time, it does a number on your ego," said a television reporter who spends a lot of his bloated salary on coke. "You're power tripping. You've got the sinful candy everybody wants to try, or try again and again. You try to control everyone around you with the dope. After a while, you get paranoid, depressive and downright mean. Freebasers are just plain insulting and abusive, like mean drunks."

In a four-year UCLA study of 99 cocaine users, 30 percent of the sample tried freebase smoking. Ten percent stayed with it, some to the exclusion of other drugs. Mild increases in anxiety and paranoia were measured in the chronic freebasers.

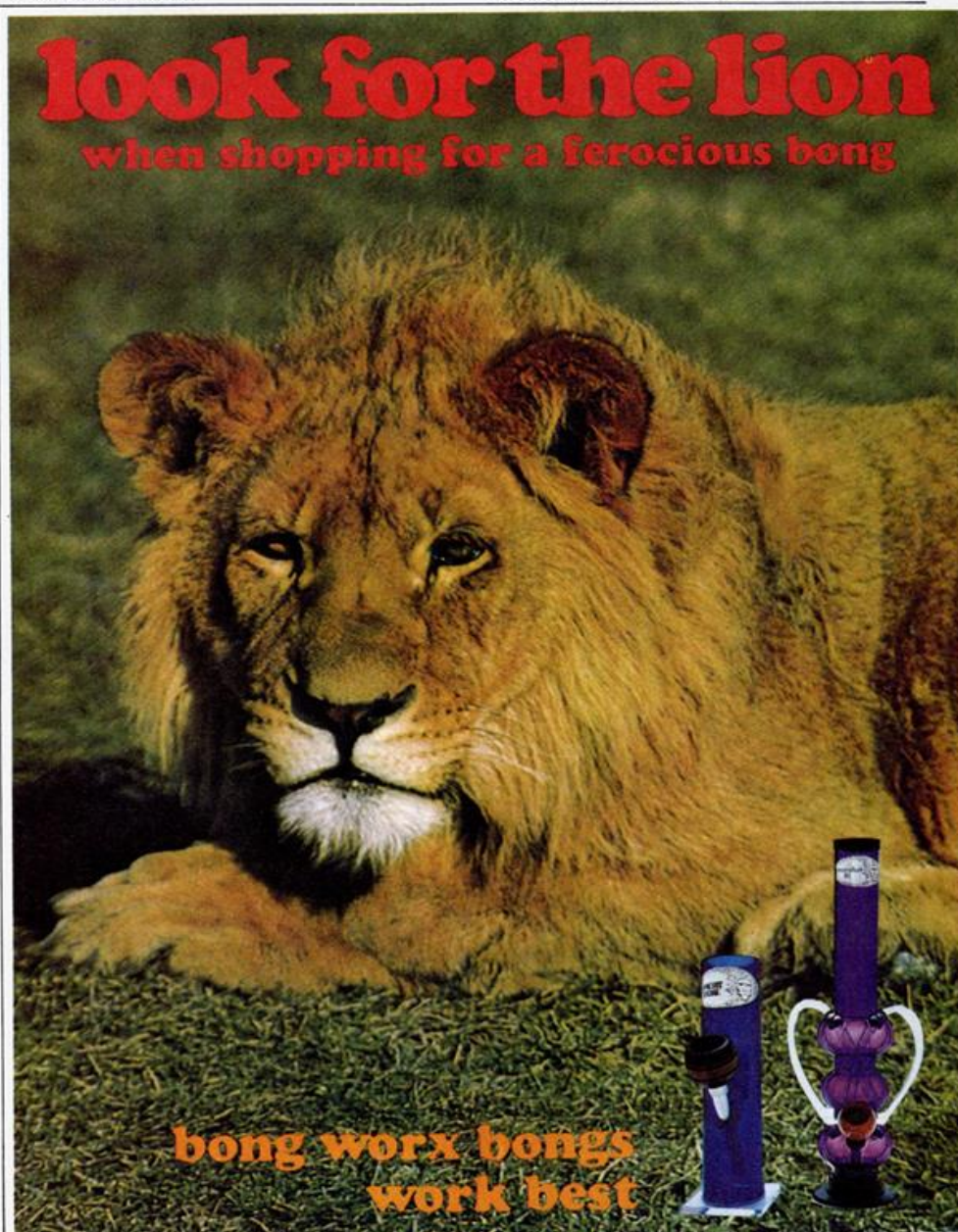
Like the monkeys used in the UCLA experiment, some cocaine smokers do not appear to adjust their dosage sensibly, according to Ron Siegel. "Both the frequency and quantity of dosages escalate rapidly at freebase parties, resulting in episodes of smoking that can last from 24 to 96 hours before users become exhausted and fall asleep."

The long-term effects of smoking are uncertain because freebase has been around the United States only a few years. Peruvian Indians with 20-year *pasta* habits, however, seemed to Siegel much like the speed freaks of the late '60s. In a Lima hospital, Siegel recently examined five patients classified by Peruvian military psychologists as "cocaine psychotics." While Siegel didn't find compelling evidence of any classic psychosis, he said they had severe dependencies that created difficulties in their lives: episodes of anxiety, paranoia and irritability.

The real danger of freebase smoking, he said, is to people with underlying psychological problems. They may be fine with plenty of rest, exercise and a balanced diet but find themselves nutting out on freebase. The classic symptoms of chronic baseballers—namely, paranoia, anxiety and irritability—could trigger psychosis in susceptible users.

A film cameraman warned that freebase can ease the way to a heroin habit. "You get so damned jittery that you'll do anything for some calm and serenity. The dealer who's turning you on offers you some heroin to snort saying it will calm you down. Snorting doesn't carry the stigma that shooting does, so you say, sure. You can spend \$50 getting yourself high on freebase and then turn around and ease yourself down with heroin for another \$25. That adds up to \$75 in one evening just so you can fall asleep about 5 A.M. And you wake up wanting it again."

Ron Siegel summed up the misgivings of both medical experts and seasoned users. "My general feeling is that up to this point in normal recreational usage, cocaine has not created psychological or medical problems or any threat to public health. But now freebase smoking may change that and we may see a relatively safe pattern of use go up in smoke." ■



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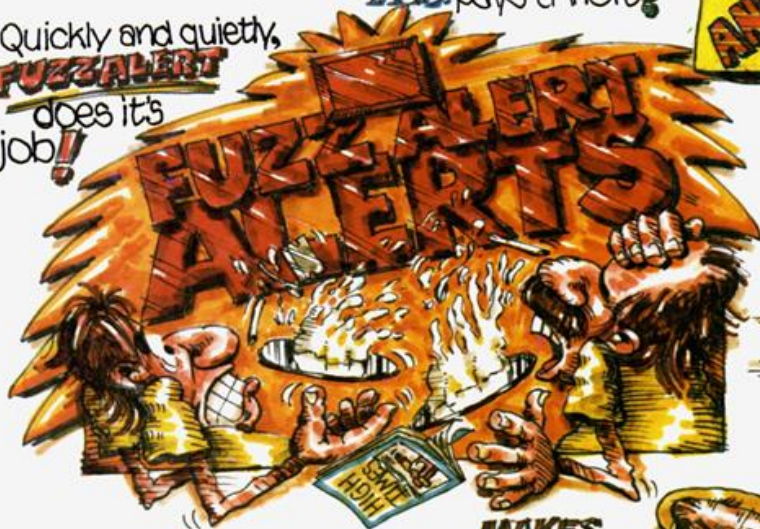


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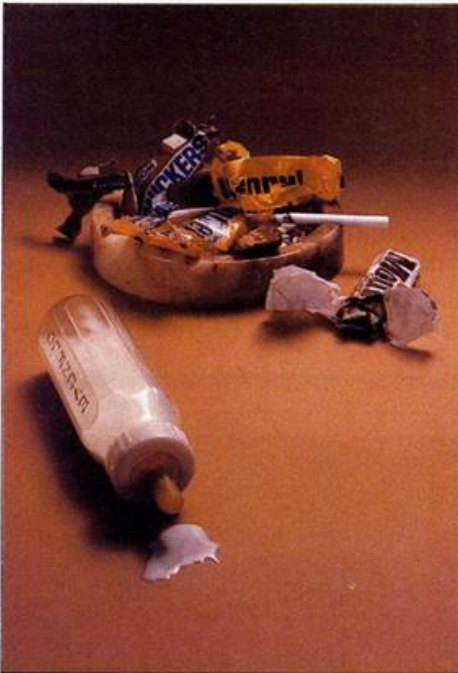


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SMOKE AND JUNK FOOD AFFECT FETUSES

WINNEPEG, MANITOBA—Something in tobacco smoke (or maybe in junk food) evidently directly affects the fetuses of pregnant women, causing them to weigh slightly less at birth. Researchers here, comparing groups of smoking and nonsmoking women, found that the babies of smokers weighed eight grams less, on the average,



If Mom's diet is heavy in malt balls and Marlboros, her baby may be a lightweight.

than those of nonsmokers—despite the fact that the smoking women ate more junk food during pregnancy. While women in both groups gained the same average amount of weight during term, the smoking women averaged a daily intake of 150 more calories and 14 grams more fat than the nonsmokers.

BOOZE AND TYLENOL DON'T MIX

MINNEAPOLIS—Alcohol and Tylenol are dangerous in combination, according to Dr. Craig McClain at the University of Minnesota. Heavy drinkers who try to soothe their hangovers with massive gram-plus doses of acetaminophen (Tylenol's generic name) risk massive liver damage, he says, since alcohol and Tylenol seem to react very badly in the liver. One patient at the university who'd been

mixing both drugs died of liver failure, although he did not have cirrhosis.

Aspirin, as a hangover cure, may slightly aggravate the stomach irritation caused by booze the night before, but if it's taken with folic acid (a common health-food diet supplement), this risk can be minimized. Marijuana will decidedly relieve the blood-vessel constriction causing the headache, and it can lower the level of stomach acid as well. Most confirmed drunks, however, swear that nothing beats the old hair of the dog that bit them—a nip of the same booze they drank the night before.

TRANSPLANTS CURE

SEATTLE—Diabetes, the disease caused by a lack of the sugar-breakdown enzyme insulin, may be cured in the future by a transplant method. Currently the disease is treated by giving patients regular doses of insulin, a dangerous and none-too-effective technique. But doctors at the University of Washington report success in transplanting certain natural insulin-producing cells from the livers of healthy rats into specially bred diabetic rats. While the technique has yet to be tried on humans, it appears to be highly promising: The university lab rats, which were specifically bred to be diabetics, have shown no signs of the disease since the transplants.

OZONE PROCESS MAKES NO-TAR TOBACCO

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Low-tar cigarettes may very soon be no-tar cigarettes, when Agriculture Department technicians perfect a new ozone treatment. The probable carcinogenic elements in tobacco—"tars"—consist of several types of hydrocarbon vegetable matter that, when burned and inhaled, condense on lung tissue to promote "mutagenic" changes there. By treating tobacco with ozone, the department reports, many hydrocarbon concentrates can be removed. This reportedly can be done without removing the nicotine itself, the harmaline-related drug that keeps tobacco addicts torching up for their regular fixes.

High Times has further been informed that some water-bong manufacturers are investigating the Agriculture Department's report with an eye toward inventing ozone devices that will eliminate the tars in grass smoke, while preserving the high-causing cannabinoids. ■

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NADER CAN'T FILE CLASS ACTIONS

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Former Watergate judge John J. Sirica has ruled that Ralph Nader's consumer organizations cannot automatically file class-action lawsuits on behalf of the general public. According to Sirica, consumer groups filing class-action suits should be able to demonstrate that they have a genuine base of public support—they should have dues-paying members and a democratic structure with elected officers. Nader's consumer-lobbying groups have no dues-paying members, and their officers are directly appointed



Nader's raids are limited by Sirica.

by Nader himself. Nader's Health Research Group was suing the Food and Drug Administration in an effort to force the banning of certain potentially dangerous nonprescription drugs. According to a Nader spokesperson, the new decision could make it considerably harder to sue the government for any reason.

NEW CATCH-22 IN JAIL-RECORDS RULES

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA—People in prisons are almost never allowed access to files that the correctional authorities compile on them while they're there. These files are reviewed by disciplinary staff and parole boards, and the information they contain can affect a prisoner's work assignments, barracks placement, access to recreational facilities and literature, and especially a parole release gained by "good time." It's widely known that malicious, corrupt or merely incompetent prison staff often put false information in files, which can make prisoners' work and living conditions significantly harsher and can unjustly delay their rightful release for months or years.

Now the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit has affirmed this situation in federal law and made it even more difficult for prisoners to have false informa-

tion removed from their files. "It is, of course," the court points out, "difficult in the course of ordinary events for a prisoner who has never seen his file to know what information is contained therein." Nevertheless, they hold that an inmate who suspects that his or her file contains false and harmful information must specify, when asking for it to be expunged, exactly what the falsehoods are, to avoid "fishing expeditions" through jail records; "nor may he simply set out the true facts and demand assurances that the information in the file comports with those facts," warns the court.

"We presume on the good faith of the prison authorities to forbear from planting damaging lies in inmates' files," declares the court. Thus, a prisoner may notify the jail authorities in writing that he or she believes false reports exist in his or her file and then be told that it doesn't, and that exhausts the prisoner's powers to have them corrected. Since prisoners or their attorneys cannot examine files, there's no possible guarantee (beyond the good-faith assumption of the fourth-circuit magistrates) that anything at all has been changed in the matter.

COKE MULES LOSE DOUBLE-JEOPARDY DEFENSE

SAN DIEGO—The constitutional assurance against double jeopardy—being tried twice for the same crime—does not apply to drug defendants busted in other countries, the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Ninth Circuit has ruled. Last year two San Diego men, both 26, picked up two surfboards packed with flake coke in Peru and flew them to their connection in El Salvador. But when they entered Guatemala with the surfboards, they were busted and given four years; when they appealed the sentences to a Guatemalan high court, another year was tacked on for impertinence. Ultimately, after serving four months, they came up with a \$20,000 "fine" that commuted their sentences to time served.

Once back in California, though, the two men were promptly busted for conspiracy to import snort into the United States. Attorneys Barton Sheela and Michael Pancer challenged their indictment in district court on double-jeopardy grounds, pointing out that they'd already been tried, convicted and had done time for that coke move. But Judge Gordon Thompson nixed the constitutional challenge, and the ninth circuit has upheld him. ☐



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THE B-52'S TAKE OFF

Let's say it unequivocally: The B-52's are the best new band in years, not to mention the best-coiffed bunch out of Athens, Georgia, in a long time. Besides, they have a nice beat and they're good to dance to.

Live, the 52's come across with overwhelming confidence. Their bizarre "Gong Show" looks are carefully coordinated, and their music is presented with a slightly rehearsed self-consciousness that tips you off right away to their style, togetherness and brains. Front man Fred Schneider writhes around the stage like a sleazily self-assured lizard, while the two girls, Cindy Wilson and Kate Pierson, sing in high-pitched unison from beneath their bouffant wigs like Annette Funicello and Shelley Fabares during that time of the month. Guitarist Ricky Wilson (Cindy's brother) and drummer Keith Strickland are unobtrusive but integral, and the net effect is mind-blowing.

When the group signed a big contract with big Warner Brothers, their ardent followers started grumbling: Would their impact translate well into vinyl? Of course, cynics. Would the group have to "sell out" to win "mass appeal"? Of course not, assholes. The B-52's are presented to us in their debut album (*B-52's*, VSK 3355) fully intact—and if the absence of bouffant wigs and reptilian stage writhing leaves you unfulfilled, don't blame the album. Blame modern technology.

"Rock Lobster" and "52 Girls," the flip sides of the group's first and self-produced single, are preserved nicely, as is "Lava," an extended metaphor between love and the eruption of creamy fluids. We also get a frantic rendition of the names of the planets in "There's a Moon in the Sky (Called the Moon)" and a song about falling down on your knees in "Hero Worship," plus the group's slightly wheezy, slightly cheesy version of "Downtown" that should have Petula Clark running for her air bag.

Unveiled here is a nice piece of retro good humor called "Dance This Mess Around," but the album's true highlight is "Planet Claire." It's about a planet with pink air, and it's set to a Twilight Zone/Peter Gunn synthesis that gets you dancing, reeling and questioning all at once. It should be the group's theme song.

So why are the B-52's so special? I don't know. Maybe it's because they extend the boundaries of new-wave music with their danceable numbers, alternating vocals (the two girls trade off with Fred, who doesn't sing so much as whine on key) and their use of unconventional instruments like walkie-

The B-52's extend the boundaries of new-wave music by trading off vocals and by using unconventional instruments like walkie-talkies and smoke alarms.



New wave's not-so-secret weapon: the B-52's.

talkies, toy pianos, smoke alarms and previously undiscovered vocal ranges.

More likely it's because they sound like nothing you've ever heard before, even though they cling desperately to long-lost

'60s values all the while. To the 52's, Jackie O. is the world's most prominent woman; dancing the Aqua-velva with a guy is equivalent to getting engaged; and "boys in bikinis, girls in surfboards" is the

prettiest picture imaginable. We're all just "boys" and "girls," and natural phenomena like volcanoes and galaxies never interfere with more important daily rituals like frizzing hair, applying zit cream and boogalooing on the beach. Nostalgia has never sounded so fresh.

—Michael Musto

R&B FROM A MASTER

Junior Walker is given only one short paragraph in Junius Griffin's *Motown Story: The First Decade*. And speaking frankly, the singer-saxophonist, even with his string of hits, never reached the heights of his Motown contemporaries. Nevertheless, Walker's all-stops-out party records remain high points of '60s soul. Classic tunes such as "Shotgun," "How Sweet It Is (to Be Loved by You)," "Hip City," "Roadrunner" and "What Does It Take (to Win Your Love)" are favorites to all righteous R&B aficionados.

Generally, Walker has remained true to these traditions as his long-awaited comeback record, *Back Street Boogie* (Warner Bros. 3331) amply demonstrates. His voice is still strong, rhythmic rather than theatric, and while he has learned a few more riffs on the sax, these too are not overused. Walker's greatest talent, as *Back Street Boogie* clearly shows, is still his ability to make a studio record come alive.

Walker has teamed up with unsung Motown production legend Norman Whitfield, who gets second billing here. This, like all of Whitfield's Motown records, is



Walker: Soul man for all seasons.

slick, no rough edges, nothing left to chance. Whitfield gathered together a small (compared to most contemporary R&B record rosters), tight combo interested in churning rhythms rather than

burning leads. Background vocals are supplied by Starguard. While more polished than any of the All Star members, they try and generally succeed at achieving the same feel and presence of Walker's old band.

Songs of note include the title track, a full-tilt rocker, "Hole in the Wall," a sprightly, up-tempo paean to the dance clubs where Walker got his start, and a slow ballad, "Girl I Wanna Marry You," that Walker does up with surprising agili-

ty and moving emotion.

Back Street Boogie is a good party record. Walker retains his old R&B magic while flirting with fusion and funk. That's not in deference to any fads or trends, but as Walker once told radio columnist Charlie Van Dyke, "I'm always willing to be hipped to something new about dancing." Hopefully, Walker's hiatus from the studio and stage is over, and his fans, this writer included, can return to Hip City.

—Andy Bernstein

LIMEY MUTANT MUSE



XTC: Living in the mechanical world.

Imagine the Monkees on STP and you have a fair idea of the kind of music to expect from XTC. This four-man outfit from Swindon, England ("an industrial lump," as they describe it), blends pop structure, punk spirit and a taste for avant-garde experimentation. At their best, XTC produces a sound that is both sprightly and jarring, as well as acutely modern.

"We play notes that other people won't have anything to do with," says the group's lead vocalist and driving force, Andy Partridge. "We befriend these drunken tramp notes that have hidden in the dirty corners of our instruments."

The group has had a fair amount of success in England; the new album, *Go 2* (Virgin V2108), has gone Top 30 there, as did its predecessor, *White Music*. XTC has managed to get one 45, "Statue of Liberty," banned by the BBC. "If it sounds even remotely threatening," says drummer Terry Chambers, "they won't have anything to do with it."

The sense of subversion beneath the bouncy surface is part of the charm of XTC. Like Talking Heads, with whom they have toured, and Devo, fellow products of life in an industrial landscape, the songs of XTC deal in visions of the

modern world—mechanization and alienation. No bringdown though; XTC's work has an irony finer than the Akron mutants and an instinct for the real basics of pop sound.

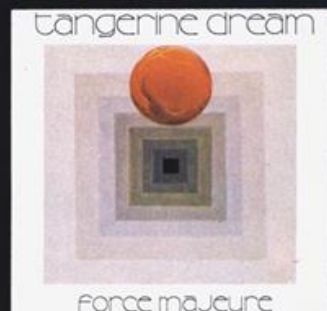
Highlights: "Battery Brides" ("She left dreams of a husband and a lover/Doesn't realize she's on the production line of/Battery brides") builds through slowly swirling tracteries of melody—very sweet on Barry Andrew's keys—that twinkle, skitter and weave through rhythms that alternately glide and stutter; Colin Moulding's "The Rhythm" ("Your side, my side, worlds collide, yes/We kill the beast") veers through nervous shades of tone and chord to reveal a melodic core catchy as "Top of the Pops"; and Andy Partridge's "Beatown" is a political statement ("He says you're all communists, sir/I said they beat you fair and square, sir") that climbs to fire-engine urgency and soars off into space.

XTC produces music with wit and intelligence. Their unique blend of pop influences and unusual feeling for color and rhythm complement a serious concern with life in the age of creeping androidism. Their deft, dry humor sustains some tight rock 'n' roll for the post-industrial wasteland. —Steve Leshure

(continued on page 129)

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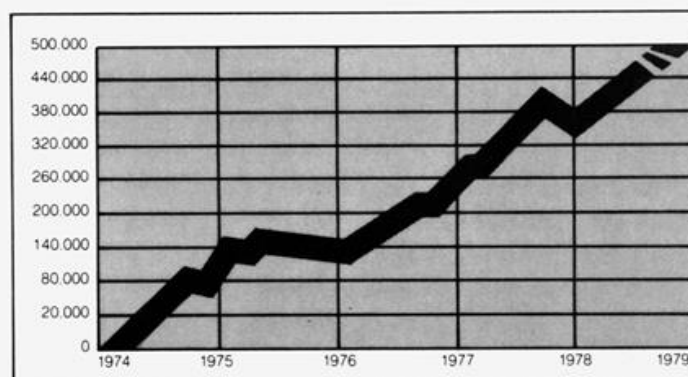
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HIGH

EARTHY, WINDY AND FIERY

After six years on the platinum boogie circuit, Earth, Wind and Fire is still going strong with a positive rhythmic message sent straight from the cosmos. Main man Maurice White is one of the most creative artists in the recording industry, crafting high-stepping music that's also pleasing to the ear. The new album *I Am* (Columbia FC 35730) is a step forward on the good boogie foot into sonic space.

"Boogie Wonderland" is their disco hit. It may not be much lyrically ("I find romance when I start to dance at boogie wonderland"), but with White's vocals and



Richard Aaron / Sygma

E,W&F: A mulligan stew of styles.

the addition of the Emotions as backup singers this song gets down and makes you want to move.

"In the Stone" and "I Can't Let Go" feature arrangements of horns and synthesizers that are tighter than Tina Turner's panty hose.

When Maurice White isn't turning you on with his soulful vocals, Philip Bailey is blowing you out with a falsetto that would make the Vienna Boys Choir envious.

"After the Love Is Gone" was cowritten by Bailey, who delivers the lead vocal. It is a fantastic ballad with a blend of harmonies and chord changes to touch anyone's heart (and climb anyone's singles chart). So put on your dancin' shoes and plug into Earth, Wind and Fire vibrations. They'll make you feel good and b-a-a-a-d.

—Rich Tozzi

WAYLON, PERIOD

Kinky Friedman tells a great story about Waylon when he still had a last name. It was in Nashville around 1973, and the outlaw thing was just about on the verge of happening. Kinky himself was putting together the Texas Jewboys and writing

songs like "Ride 'Em Jewboy," which wasn't exactly keeping him in cigarettes. He didn't have enough money to buy a Yom Kippur Clipper, so he was walking everywhere he went.

One night, he had just finished dinner at the Burger Boy and was walking home when a long, sleek and shiny Lincoln pulled up. It was Waylon Jennings behind the wheel of his new pride and joy. "Hey, Kinky," Waylon yelled out the window, "get in. That walking shit is bad for the image."

Image. Never mind that Waylon Jennings has been recording great songs since he got bumped off of Buddy Holly's last flight. Never mind that the man crisscrossed the South for years playing every little honky-tonk, seeing the world, as he says it, "with a five-piece band looking at the backside of me." A few years ago it suddenly became chic to be an outlaw and wear cowboy boots and a big ol' hat and drink Pearl beer and talk about ladies. America discovered Waylon Jennings.

Now they call him Waylon. Just Waylon. No mention of a last name anywhere on the album cover. And they've collected his greatest hits, like "Honky Tonk Heroes," "Lonesome On'ry and Mean" and "Luckenbach, Texas." Willie even sings on a couple of them. He



Lynn Goldsmith

Waylon: Honky-tonk hobo hits stride.

also doesn't have a last name anymore. Jesus (who also doesn't have a last name), they're good. Waylon's got a voice better than Memorex and the band cooks and you can dance to it and get shitfaced and have a good old time.

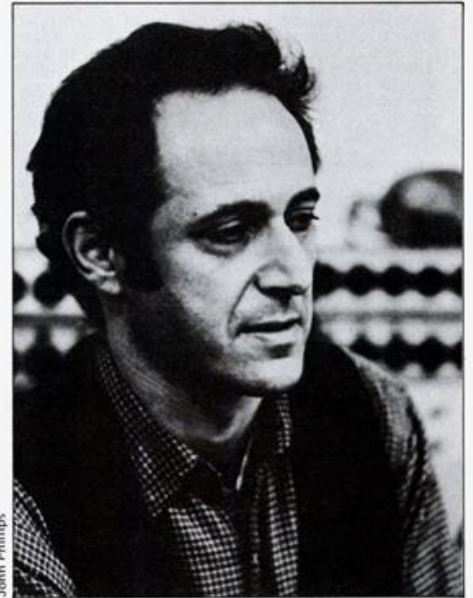
The only thing is that there's another side to Waylon that's been lost in the merchandising. Like Merle and Johnny and Willie, of course, Waylon is not only a macho asshole, he's also a sensitive good American. Remember, the flip side of Haggard's "Fighting Side of Me" was "Every Fool Has a Rainbow." Talk about cultural schizophrenia. But that's what separates the men from the cowboys. And Waylon

knows that. It's hinted at in songs like "Amanda" and "Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Cowboys" from this collection. But it's evident from Waylon's complete opus. Check out the boy doing "MacArthur Park" or "Days of Sand and Shovels." Just think of Waylon giving his unique treatment to a song like Kinky's "People Who Read People Magazine." And if there's a problem with image, shit, let him record under another name. Like Jennings?

—Ratso Sloman

REICH AND ROLL

Steve Reich's *Music for Eighteen Musicians* (ECM 11129) is a new cerebral high for the jaded sensualist. Like a waitress I used to



Steve Reich: Music you can trance to.

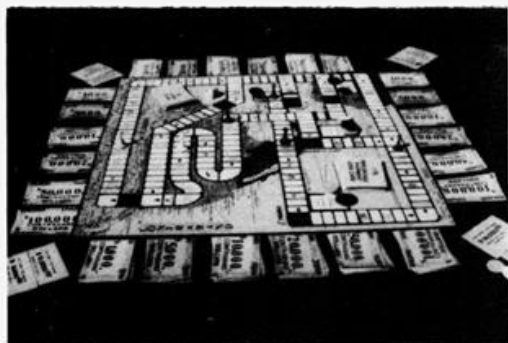
know in Duluth, this album is hypnotic, seductive and gloriously unfathomable.

Reich, who has previously been categorized as a composer for the egghead fringe of the avant-garde, is now being discovered by the progressive and new-wave rock crowd. "Trance music" is the convenient label that is being tagged to this strange, melodic spell that blows in your ear and out of your mind. Reich has taken traditional Balinese and West African percussion patterns (incredibly complex constructions of overlapping rhythms) and allowed them to blossom harmonically by writing each individual line for a different Western acoustic instrument.

Although each rhythm overlaps and "conflicts" with the others, they all obey the same unchanging pulse, which is such a fast, staccato beat that the ear perceives it as a slow vibration. Since each line is played on a different instrument across a whole tonal spectrum, from xylophones, marimbas and metallophones to pianos and violins, resonating together to that one quivering pulse, the effect is of a slowly vibrating chord, dense and luxuriant, rising and falling in intensity.

As the 18 musicians alter pitch and

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rhythm bit by bit, this "field" of music is in constant flux. The overall sound picture changes by slow osmosis, so that one chord trickles into another.

Overlapping waves of rhythm, hypnotic pulse and eerily shifting harmony, all teasingly beyond one's grasp, force the listener into strangely alert passivity. The ear catches and follows a single instrument before it gets swallowed up in the brilliant web. Time itself goes into a progressive warp.

This is one piece of advanced music that does not require a manual to explain why it is so goddamn terrific. It is a new and private experience, which, like that waitress in Duluth, can best be enjoyed lying down.

—Alan Platt

VINTAGE VIPERS

If you think "In a Gadda Da Vida" was the first drug song, you need this album. Bernie Brightman, the guiding light at Stash Records and an old viper who first started smoking reefer when nickel bags cost a nickel and whites were welcome in Harlem, has collected another fine anthology of vintage drug songs on *Reefer Madness* (Stash ST119). Before double-wide rolling papers, spill-proof water pipes and ceramic bongos and gongs, it was the jazz and blues cats who took up the weed and embraced it as their own faster than you can say "Hi Dee Hi Dee Ho."

So naturally they wrote about it. Like Jazz Gillum, whose "Reefer Head Woman" (1938) warns of the perils of the poke to a young girl's psyche. Or Buck Washington, who in "Save the Roach for Me" (1944) pleads, "I ain't talking about Camels, save the roach for me, I ain't talking about Luckies."

Or they just wrote ganja-gone instrumentals, wacky weird stuff like Fats Waller's classic "Viper's Drag" or Louis Armstrong's "Muggles" and Don Redman's "Chant of the Weed."

There are also glimpses of an earlier drug culture, centered around Chinatown and the Mighty O. And Josie Miles's "Pipe Dream Blues" is a wonderful evocation of the Chinese needlework scene: "I burned up 10,000 dollar bills. Yes I burned them every time I lit my pill." "Willie the Weeper," represented here in two versions, is another tale of opium madness in which Willie travels to his favorite "dope shop," smokes some pills and trips out with the queen of Sheba.

This is history. The drug culture didn't spring up full-blown out of Tim Leary's Memory Motel. These cats had been there, way back before Grace Slick took her first aspirin. So kick off your shoes, settle back in that comfy chair, get the papers and stock up on the Twinkies. "White Rabbit" will never sound the same again.

—Ratso Sloman

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LOVE, DEATH, ANARCHY AND INFINITY

THE CHILDLIKE LIFE OF THE BLACK TARANTULA (TVRT Press, \$4); **THE ADULT LIFE OF TOULOUSE LAUTREC** (TVRT Press, \$4.50); **KATHY GOES TO HAITI** (Rumour Publications, \$6), all by Kathy Acker.

"Many people who call themselves writers and have their names on books are not writers, and they can't write," William Burroughs noted in *High Times*, March '79. "The difference being a bullfighter who fights a bull is different than a bullshitter who makes passes with no bull there."

Kathy Acker is a writer, perhaps the only writer of her poverty-obscured, blanked-out generation of have-nots and be-nots. If there are others, they have yet to make themselves heard. Some might call Kathy Acker a punk novelist, but she defies such anar-chic labels.

She has published three novels this year, available through the New York State Small Press Association, P.O. Box 1264, Radio City Station, New York, N.Y. 10019. Prior to this her work was enjoyed by a privileged few who secretly perused it in mailed installments for the latest Acker outrage.

The newest of the three books, *Kathy Goes to Haiti*, is a hot, dirty book that transcends porn to echo the self-disgust of Baudelaire and the blasphemies of Villon. It is the mildest of the three, and the most straightforward. Kathy Acker's first two novels reveal an experimentalist as interesting as Donald Barthelme and the Fiction magazine mafia—but a lot more funky. Her obsessions are love, death, anarchy and infinity.

In *The Childlike Life of the Black Tarantula*, she is less the innocent child than the precocious literary brat. Her objective: total war on the word *I*. Borrowing liberally from Whibley's *Book of Scoundrels*, I/Acker becomes a series of female murderers. Interfacing their lives with fragmentary reporting on the L.A. porn-movie peep-show circuit, the narrator circles down into a lobotomized world and ends in a vision of de Sade, alone in the loony bin, rambling about suicide, murder and bestiality. The result is abstract and poetic: pornography via Levi-Strauss. *The Black Tarantula* is the total opposite of the so-called psychological novel, in which the author gets into his/her head; this author is trying to get out of her head and, at its best, her writing is as intense as the rock 'n' roll to which it invites comparison.

The Adult Life of Toulouse Lautrec continues the masquerade. It is a schizo-

culture murder mystery, time-traveling between 19th-century Paris and 20th-century America. While Lautrec and Van Gogh discuss love and art during a party in a Montmartre whorehouse, a girl is murdered. Hercule Poirot, mustache bristling, is puzzled. The whores relax, gossip about

**Acker's objective:
total war on the word "I."
Borrowing from Whibley's
Book of Scoundrels, I/Acker
becomes a series of
female murderers.**

Jackie O. cruising for black studs in Times Square, exchange views on Henry Kissinger and Keynesian economics. James Dean and Janis Joplin fall in love, are torn apart by Hollywood, move to Paris, are torn apart by Paris. Meanwhile, the hit man Johnny Rocco cools his heels in Brooklyn, still at large. Out of these bits and pieces

Acker creates a hard-core Dream Time.

In *Kathy Goes to Haiti*, beautifully illustrated by Robert Kushner, Kathy Acker's style changes abruptly to linear, minutely detailed narrative. Haiti is already a Dream Time, between sun and sea, fantasy and reality; demon haunted, a country governed by magic in which Baby Doc is Papa Loi, the main voodoo man. Outside of voodoo, the chief obsession in Haiti is sex, and between run-ins with the tonton macoutes and visits to the local medicine man, she recounts her debauches with gusto worthy of Henry Miller. Of course, nothing happens and, less catastrophically than in her previous book but no less surely, the author drifts into confusion. The adventure ends, the solitary woman surveys her destiny: "Some day there'll be a new world. . . . In that future time the woman will be beautiful and the hottest number whose eyes breathe fire, who works hard, who's honest and blunt, who demands total honesty. Greta Garbo in QUEEN CHRISTINA. Meanwhile things stink."



Kathy Acker: Her books echo the self-disgust of Baudelaire, the blasphemies of Villon.

There are those who will say that Kathy Acker is trying to bury literature. If by that they mean the trivial, boring and hackneyed spawn of the big-time publishing mills, she is—an act of euthanasia long overdue. If, on the other hand, writing at its best exhibits what Graham Greene called “the virtue of disloyalty,” these three small-press books may, in the end, be seen as evidence that literature is still alive, well and pissed off.

These books are unique, brave, brainy and consciously arty in the sense that Susan Sontag meant it when she wrote in *The Aesthetics of Silence*: “Before a fully conscious work of art, one feels something like the mixture of anxiety, detachment, prurient and relief that a physically sound person feels when he glimpses an amputee.” —Jeff Goldberg

MARIHUANA—Legalización o Represión, Proceedings of ANIF's Marijuana Conference (Bogotá: ANIF, \$15).

This book may have an enormous impact on worldwide marijuana policies. Otherwise, it certainly wouldn't appear in this section, for it has not yet been translated into English, nor is it readily available in the United States. Interested readers *que leen español*, though, can order it by sending \$15 to Asociación Nacional de Instituciones Financieras (ANIF), Calle 35, No. 4-89, Bogotá, D.E., Colombia.

As part of a well-orchestrated lobbying effort by ANIF, this book may contribute to changing the laws governing pot not only in Colombia, but also here in the United States, where 85 percent of Colombia's total pot production is smoked by some 40 million Americans. *Legalización o Represión* ranks as a kind of marijuana bible among the handful of books written on the subject in Latin America.

What is most striking about this comprehensive review of the political, economic, social, legal and medical aspects of *la marimba* is the almost unbelievable polarization of opinions. The book opens with a speech by ANIF's president, Ernesto Samper Pizano, advocating the legalization of marijuana and suggesting the creation of a U.S.-Colombian joint commission to study its feasibility. The next chapter contains chemically pure U.S. State Department drug policy voiced by the U.S. ambassador to Colombia, Diego Asencio. A good portion of the book continues in this vein. Take, for instance, the words of Dr. Francisco Socarras, the leading exponent of Colombia's own brand of reefer madness. After claiming that 15 percent of all car accidents in the United States are caused by pot (!), Socarras asserts that “the leaders of the criminal gangs use grass before committing the planned crime, since this opens the way to delinquent suggestions.” Yet, right after this, we find two articles by Dr. Norman Zinberg, the respected Harvard University drug re-

searcher, debunking these myths, and another paper, “Cannabis,” by *High Times* contributor Dr. Andrew Weil.

A third of the book is devoted to ANIF's detailed investigation of the “Social and Economic Implications of Marijuana Production in Colombia.” The research focuses on the northern region of el Macizo in the Sierra Nevada de Santa Marta, where 60 percent of the country's pot is farmed. In clean technical language, the study details the entire structure of Macizo marijuana production and commercialization, from the peasant who sells a pound of gold to the first intermediary

**In the final analysis,
you and I have
as much right to
smoke a joint as
the peasant from
the Macizo area has
the right to grow it.**



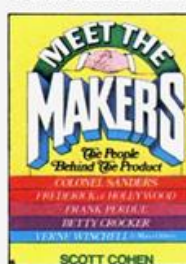
for \$4, to the big exporter, or mafioso, who sells the same pound to the gringos for \$60. The study provides abundant graphs, charts and maps showing the size of the marijuana fields, volume of production, profits and costs, comparisons with other agricultural products such as coffee, impact of the dope economy on the larger economy, and so on.

The book also contains an ANIF study on the consumption of marijuana in the United States, as well as official American propaganda on the issue courtesy of the White House's Lee Dogoloff, the State Department's Edwin Corr and their Colombian counterparts, Attorney General González Charry and others. It may seem a weird combination, arguments supporting the present repression coupled with those proposing nothing less than legalizing the entire *marimba* economy. It is clear that ANIF—which organized both the Bogotá marijuana conference and the publication of this book—was after the second option

but, in a very diplomatic move, included different and radically opposed positions.

This is the first time in South America that a book has attempted to present a rational and dispassionate analysis of the so-called marijuana problem, one that attempts, in the words of the editors, to erase “the fantasy and myth upon which this problem has been viewed,” which, in general, have “generated more heat than light.” It is easy for the U.S. pot smoker to agree with ANIF that Colombia should take advantage of this high natural resource instead of fighting it just to please some Washington bureaucrats. Because, in the final analysis, you and I have as much right to smoke a joint as the peasant from the Macizo area has the right to grow it, especially if he makes 2.5 times more profit with it than he could with any other agricultural staple. —Antonio Huneeus

MEET THE MAKERS, by Scott Cohen (New York: St. Martin's Press, \$8.95). The subtitle



of this book, “The People Behind the Product,” is a fairly apt description of who these makers are. You probably don't know offhand who Walt Morrison, Spud Melin and Bing Muscio are—but everybody knows the Frisbee, the Hula-

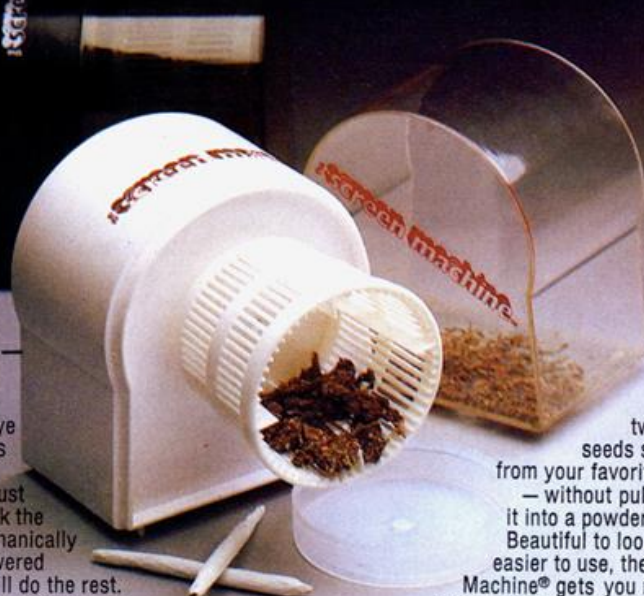
Hoop and Muzak, of which these gentlemen are the respective makers. The big names are here too: Frank Perdue, chicken maker; Steve Rubell, party maker (at Studio 54); Smokey Robinson, hit maker; Andy Warhol, homemaker (yeah, homemaker); and Betty Crocker, recipe maker. Betty Crocker wasn't interviewed for the book, because she doesn't really exist, but what we learn about her is fascinating. She keeps getting younger and younger and was once voted the second best-known woman in the world.

All together there are 30 makers here. With the possible exception of Betty Crocker, what distinguishes these “makers” from the crowd, what sets them apart, is that they've made it. They might make pizzas, jingles, models, dog toilets, ice cream, opinion, trouble or money, but they've all made it and pretty much on their own, too. So in some ways this book is a collection of case histories along the lines of *Looking Out for No. 1* and *The Power of Positive Thinking*. But the interviews here are also lively human documents. This book is what Studs Terkel's *Working* would have been if everyone were a success.

Meet the Makers is also a very funny book, about a laugh a minute if you're a slow reader. There are two reasons for this. One is that most of these makers are funny people—some very wittingly, some just can't help it. The other reason is that the author is as funny as any maker he queried. (continued on page 135)

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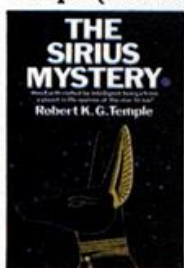
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Scott Cohen is a question maker par excellence, combining the best aspects of pop art and Socratic techniques. He's not afraid of asking obvious questions or entering from deep left field. Mr. Cohen, a frequent contributor to *High Times*, has been "Q&A" editor of *Circus* magazine (talking to 68 percent of the world's rock stars) and is now sports editor of *Andy Warhol's Interview*. He has asked millions of questions in his career and received almost as many answers. His first book has plenty of both. The dialogues here will not only entertain you, but may also hip you to the connection between a good answer and success, as well as provide one of the best arguments yet as to why two heads are better than one, in print.

—Glenn O'Brien

THE SIRIUS MYSTERY, by Robert K. G. Temple (New York: St. Martin's, \$4.95). A



visitation from space buried way back in the human race's past may look farfetched to many, but the possibility sure looks impressive coming from the pen of Robert K.G. Temple, a fellow of the British Astronomical Society. To validate his hypothesis of intelligent intervention on Earth, or "monitoring," from the Sirius star system, the author presents an endless array of Egyptian hieroglyphs, Babylonian legends and Greek myths that not only give weight to his claim but would require a classic scholar for any rebuttal.

Temple's fascination with Sirius began when he came across information about the African Dogon tribe, who live in Mali not far from the city of Timbuktu. The highest initiatory secret of their religion involves the Sirius system. They know, for instance, that the bright Dog Star has a twin "dwarf star," Sirius B or Digitaria, which orbits around Sirius A and is invisible to the naked eye (it was discovered in the 19th century by telescope and photographed for the first time in 1970). The Dogon also know other astronomical data about Sirius that, it seems, only modern instruments could detect or measure, such as the 50-year orbiting cycle of Sirius B, the elliptical nature of the orbit, and more.

Research on the origin of the Dogon's amazing Sirius lore leads the author to ancient Egyptian, Sumerian and Greek mysteries linked to Sirius through a series of intercultural exchanges of esoteric secrets. Among others, we have the Egyptian Black Rite of Osiris, companion of Isis, which was identified with Sothis, the Egyptian name for Sirius. The rising of Sothis "formed the basis of their entire calendar."

Sumerians and Babylonians, on the

other hand, credited a legendary amphibious being, Oannes, with the foundation of their civilization; according to the Dogon, similar aquatic intelligent beings, the Nommos, descended from Sirius in an ark to teach Stone Age humans. Many more arcane facts are included here, such as the organizations of oracles in the ancient world according to "geodetic octaves"; the Flood as seen through Sumerian, Hebrew and Greek sources; and the symbolic meaning of Jason and the 50 Argonauts.

Temple recommends that further research be done on the Sirius influence, particularly in the area of listening for signals in the Sirius dial. In a phrase that inspired Robert Anton Wilson's book of his own psychedelic encounter with the Dog Star, Temple asks, "If what I propose in this book is really true, then am I pulling a cosmic trigger?"

—Antonio Huneus

BLUES WHO'S WHO, compiled by Sheldon Harris (New Rochelle, N.Y.: Arlington House, \$35). Blues Who's Who is an extensive



reference work compiled by Sheldon Harris, a former blues editor of the defunct Jazz and Pop magazine. Eighteen years in the making, it presents the blues universe in one massive volume. Rare photos of the famous and obscure are almost worth the price alone.

Jake and Elwood Blues didn't make it, but the authentically obscure Salty Dog Sam (Sam Collins), Cool Papa (Haskell Sandler) and Henry "Rubberlegs" Williams did. All entries are cross-referenced by nicknames as well as by real names, and listings include aliases, short biographical sketches and a chronology of gigs with dates. Album dates are noted, but there are no discographies. Quotable quotes and awards round out the entries. In the back of the book separate sections list songs (by title and author), blues movies and Broadway shows. With this book, you'll be the referee at the next blues-trivia contest. It ranges over a variety of performers from country to vaudeville to folk to blues shouters to R&B and even sprinkles in deserving rock 'n' rollers.

However, it's strange that Hendrix, Joplin, Butterfield and Johnny Winter merit entries but Eric Clapton does not. Tony "Little Sun" Glover, who has played with many greats including the Allman Brothers, is also omitted, as is Al Wilson, late lamented harp player of Canned Heat. But with these small reservations, this is the best there is in blues bibliography. Sheldon Harris has done all blues people a loving favor. —David Walley



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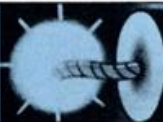
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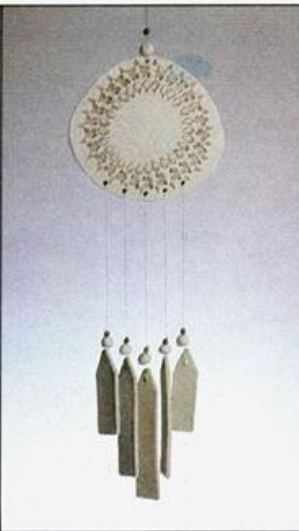
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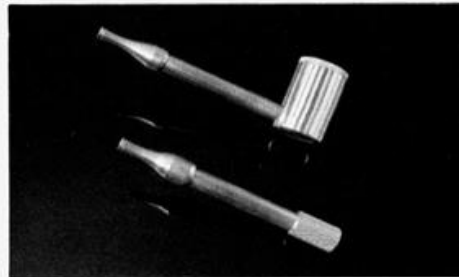


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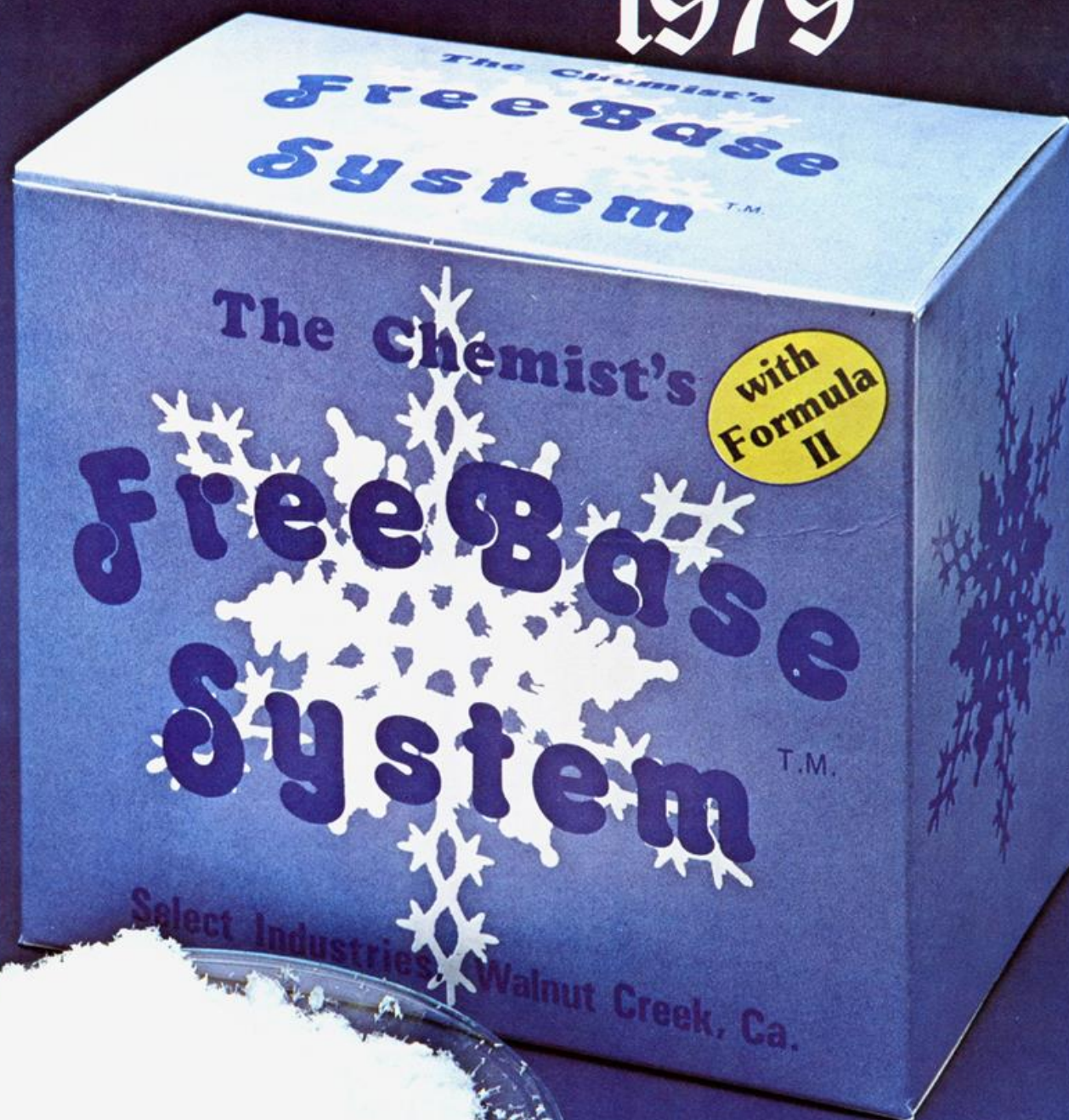
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